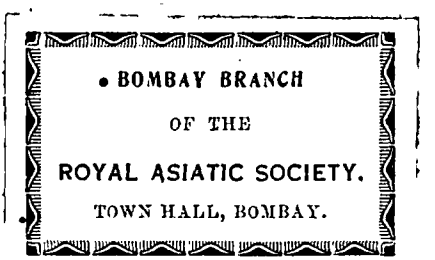
00141392

NOT TO BE ISSUED
OUT OF THE LIBRARY.



Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 26 March, 2016

SD

MEMOIRS

OF

MADEMOISELLE

DE MONTPENSIER,

GRAND-DAUGHTER OF HENRI QUATRE,

AND NIECE OF QUEEN HENRIETTA-MARIA.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

EDITED FROM THE FRENCH.

14.302
ae

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

WWA.h.4

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER,
GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
1848.

141392

00141392

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

CHAPTER I.

MADMOISELLE TAKES GREAT DELIGHT IN HUNTING — SHE IS AGAIN DISTURBED WITH THE PROSPECT OF BECOMING PRINCESS OF CONDE — GASTON, DUKE OF ORLEANS, TAKES AN HEROIC RESOLUTION, AND FORETELS THE RUIN OF THE MONARCHY — MADEMOISELLE AGAIN THINKS OF RETIRING TO A CONVENT 1

CHAPTER II.

THE PRINCESS GROWS REFRACTORY, AND GASTON IMPERIOUS — A GENTLEMAN TAKEN AT HIS WORD — CONDE OFFERS HIMSELF AS CHAMPION — THE PRINCESS OF ORANGE, AND CROMWELL'S AMBASSADOR, ARRIVE AT PARIS — MADEMOISELLE SENDS A CIVIL MESSAGE TO HER FATHER, WHO THREATENS TO THROW HER MESSENGER OUT OF THE WINDOW — THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND PROPOSES TO PAY HER A VISIT . . 20

CHAPTER III.

ARRIVAL OF QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA — SHE ASSURES MADEMOISELLE THAT HER SON, KING CHARLES II., IS STILL HER ADORER, AND THAT HIS AFFECTIONS ARE UNSUSCEPTIBLE OF CHANGE — CHRISTINA, QUEEN OF SWEDEN, VISITS FRANCE — SHE RECEIVES MADEMOISELLE, AND AMAZES HER BY THE ODDITY OF HER BEHAVIOUR, AND THE PECULIARITY OF HER IDEAS 37

CHAPTER IV.

RECONCILIATION WITH MONSIEUR, AND WITH THE COURT — MADEMOISELLE RETURNS THANKS FOR HER SUCCESSES—THE JANSENISTS—CONTENTIONS AT ST. CLOUD RESPECTING MADEMOISELLE — THE CARDINAL BURNS HER WILL — A NEW ALLIANCE IS PROPOSED FOR HER 54

CHAPTER V.

FAILING THE KING OF FRANCE (LOUIS XIV.), AND THE GREAT CONDE, IT IS PROPOSED TO MARRY MADEMOISELLE TO MONSIEUR, THE KING'S BROTHER — SHE IS RECONCILED WITH CARDINAL MAZARIN — DELICATE CONFESSION — LOUIS XIV., MADAME LA MOTTE, AND THE COMTESSE DE SOISSONS — MADEMOISELLE YIELDS PRECEDENCE TO THE PRINCESS HENRIETTA OF ENGLAND 75

CHAPTER VI.

COOLNESS BETWEEN MADEMOISELLE AND HER INTENDED — A LOTTERY WITHOUT BLANKS—SPLENDID LIBERALITY OF MAZARIN—THE KING IN DANGER—AN ALLIANCE PROPOSED FOR LOUIS XIV., WHO SETS OUT TO MEET THE LADY—SOLDIERS OF CÆSAR — RECEPTION OF THE PRINCESS BY HER SUBJECTS 94

CHAPTER VII.

MADEMOISELLE ACCOMPANIES LOUIS XIV. ON HIS JOURNEY TO MEET THE PRINCESS MARGUERITE OF SAVOY—THE KING IS AT FIRST DELIGHTED WITH THE PRINCESS, BUT DECLINES THE PROPOSED ALLIANCE, IN FAVOUR OF THAT WITH THE INFANTA—GRIEF OF MADAME ROYALE THEREUPON—RECEIPT FOR DISAPPOINTED AMBITION, A LA MAZARIN—THE KINGS OF FRANCE AND ENGLAND OFFER TO ESPOUSE THE NIECES OF CARDINAL MAZARIN 118

CHAPTER VIII.

KING CHARLES II. VISITS MONSIEUR, AT BLOIS—PRINCE CHARLES OF LORRAINE—ARRIVAL OF AN AMBASSADOR FROM ENGLAND —DEATH OF THE DUKE OF ORLEANS—DEEP GRIEF OF MADEMOISELLE—SYMPATHY OF THE KING AND OF THE CARDINAL —LOUIS XIV. PROCEEDS TO THE FRONTIER, TO CONCLUDE PEACE, AND TO ESPOUSE THE INFANTA—THE ISLE OF PHEASANTS—FONTARABIA 151

CHAPTER IX.

ROYAL CONFERENCES AT FONTARABIA—CELEBRATION OF THE ROYAL NUPTIALS — AN EARTHQUAKE — MADEMOISELLE IN DANGER—MARRIAGE OF THE DUKE OF YORK (JAMES II.)— DEATH OF CARDINAL MAZARIN—THE BROTHER OF LOUIS XIV. ESPOUSES THE SISTER OF KING CHARLES II.—ECLAIRCISSEMENTS—MADEMOISELLE VISITS HER CHATEAU OF EU—BIRTH OF THE DAUPHIN 198

CHAPTER X.

MYSTIFICATION WITH RESPECT TO LA VALLIERE—QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA, KING CHARLES, AND MADEMOISELLE — LA VALLIERE BORNE FROM A CONVENT BY THE KING—MONSIEUR DE TURENNE PROPOSES TO MAKE MADEMOISELLE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL—SHE PREFERS INCURRING THE DISPLEASURE OF THE KING—RETIRES FROM COURT, AND MEETS WITH ADVENTURES 242

CHAPTER XI.

THE KING RELENTS TOWARDS MADEMOISELLE—SHE RETURNS TO COURT—GIVES AUDIENCE TO CONDE AND TURENNE, AND RETIRES TO THE CHATEAU D'EU—TROUBLES OF THE QUEEN, THE QUEEN-MOTHER, AND THE PRINCESS OF ENGLAND— DEATH OF THE QUEEN-MOTHER—A DELICATE AFFAIR, IN WHICH THE QUEEN SHOWS HER DISCRIMINATION . . . 278

HISTORY

OF

MADEMOISELLE

DE MONTPENSIER.

CHAPTER I.

MADEMOISELLE TAKES GREAT DELIGHT IN HUNTING—SHE IS AGAIN DISTURBED WITH THE PROSPECT OF BECOMING PRINCESS OF CONDÉ—GASTON, DUKE OF ORLEANS, TAKES AN HEROIC RESOLUTION, AND FORETELS THE RUIN OF THE MONARCHY — MADEMOISELLE AGAIN THINKS OF RETIRING TO A CONVENT.

ABOUT a month after my return from Orleans, where I had seen little of his Royal Highness, and been permitted to speak less of my affairs, I received advice from Paris that a sergeant had set out from thence with a subpœna for me from him. He arrived at St. Fargeau in the morning, before I awoke, and Préfontaine, who had seen his

approach, found him walking in the gallery. He spoke to him, and asked him what he wanted. The poor sergeant hesitated in his reply; and Préfontaine said, "We must go and awaken Mademoiselle;" upon which he called one of my women to arouse me, which she did, then bringing in the sergeant, who showed me the subpœna. I received it with great respect, and replied to it in the like manner; though it is true I wrote to Blois, and complained a little, that the agents of Monsieur should venture to proceed to such an extremity. Nevertheless all this did not prevent me from summoning to my relief a company of comedians, who remained at St. Fargeau two months.

After some letters had passed between us, his Royal Highness sent to me the Comte de Bury, by whom he wrote, that he should not stop to trifle with the formalities of law, for that if I did not give up with a good grace that which he required, he should at once put himself in possession of all my property, and merely allow me out of it what he pleased. I instantly replied to this threat; but it produced no effect. Need I say, that when the messengers arrived, I shut myself up in my room, to avoid gratifying the curiosity of the public, which always derives pleasure from hearing what is said of a person so ill-treated, and

who in no way deserves it. I wept, I grieved, and, in the humour I then was, suffered extremely. I called to mind all that I had done for his Royal Highness, and in what way he had returned it.

Préfontaine now advised me to consult with some person of quality, who might undertake to speak to Monsieur upon the subject; suggesting that Madame de Guise would be a very proper party to employ; adding, "She has the honour to be your grandmother, and, as it is likely she will consider your interests, your selection of her will be approved by every one, and the world will commend you for your choice." I wrote at once to Monsieur to this effect; for though Madame de Guise had no particular friendship for me, yet, in the state of my affairs, I knew not what else to decide upon. Indeed, to convince him that I made the proposal without consulting any one, I sent at the same time a power of attorney to Madame de Guise. The reply from Monsieur was, that my proposition had met with his approval; the affair, therefore, seemed in a fair way of being accommodated; and if there occurred any further delay it was not on my part.

In the meanwhile, the pack of hounds I had sent for from England arrived, with some horses. I hunted three days a-week, and took great delight in it. The country round St. Fargeau was

very favourable for the chace, and well suited to English dogs, which are usually too swift for women; but as the country was by no means open, I could follow them everywhere.

Since the death of the Comtesse de Fiesque, I had frequently spoken to Préfontaine of the sort of person I should take for a *dame d'honneur*. I did not desire to have one who might behave to me as badly as she had done; and I thanked God every day for being happily rid of her. I required so many qualifications in the one I should choose, that of all those who occurred to my mind, each failed in some one or other of these essentials. One day it came into my head to take Madame de Frontenac. She was young, and continued attached to me in my misfortunes; I considered her well disposed, and knew that she had really a friendship and kindness for me. "I love her—I esteem her," I thought to myself, and though she is young, yet what does it matter? I am used to her. Préfontaine entered into my ideas, and replied, "What you say is worth consideration; you love Madame de Frontenac, and persons of your quality elevate those who please them; no one will find fault with you for promoting the interest of Madame de Frontenac." It was agreed, however, not to speak to her upon the subject, lest I should happen to change my mind.

Unhappily for me, I did not remain in this resolution to hold my tongue; but, wishing to disclose my intentions, I talked the matter over again with Préfontaine, who did not dissuade me from it. But, alas! he knew the lady then no better than I did—a truth which we have both since discovered to our cost; so far from it, I ordered him to make known to her my wishes. You may well believe that it gave her the greatest delight; she thanked me, with tears in her eyes, and with every demonstration of joy and exceeding gratitude. I begged her to speak of it to no one, not even to the Comtesse de Fiesque.

Madame de Choisy wrote to me from Paris, saying, it was mentioned there that the Queen intended to select my *dame d'honneur*, who was to be at least seventy years old. This alarmed me exceedingly, and determined me to write to Monsieur for his consent to my own arrangement. I sent this letter by Monsieur le Comte de Bethune, that he might present it himself, and use his influence in the affair. And in the meanwhile—poor fool that I was! I fell into the snare in the most stupid manner! Nay, I have heard since that Madame de Frontenac said, "Mademoiselle thinks she has chosen me, and that I am dependent on her: if she had not done

so, his Royal Highness would have obliged her to take me. I depend on him, and not on her."

When the reply came from Blois, which was the same as for Madame de Bréauté, Monsieur de la Grange also sent me the consent of the Queen, which he had much trouble in procuring, for she said, that her niece was taking *une dame d'honneur* qualified by neither rank nor merit for the situation.

In the month of February, 1654, the Spaniards caused Monsieur le Duc de Lorraine to be arrested, on the plea that he had treated with the French, and that at Mount St. Quentin he had not dared to engage, from his having promised on this occasion to take part against Spain. Monsieur le Prince, who was at Brussels when he heard the news, had some fear of being accused of having had something to do with the affair which the world did not fail to impute to him.*

* A French historian relates that the Prince had much to put up with in the freaks and caprices of the Duke of Lorraine. One day, the Duke declared he would not begin the campaign unless a pretty *bourgeoise* of Brussels, with whom he had fallen in love, came and bade him so to do; they therefore had to go in procession to the parents of this girl, begging her to come as he desired. At last he tired out the patience of the Spaniards themselves, who caused him to be arrested and conveyed to the citadel at Antwerp.—*Note by Editor, from Letters of Guy Patin.*

So he sent to me to explain that knowing Monsieur de Lorraine was one of my friends, he should be sorry for me to suspect that he had anything to do with his imprisonment. He begged me also to believe that if he could assist him in regaining his liberty, he would do it with the greatest joy in the world.

Monsieur le Prince had desired his messenger also to see his Royal Highness on the subject of Monsieur de Lorraine's imprisonment; begging me to present him. He, therefore, remained for eight days at St. Fargeau. I asked him news of Madame la Princesse. He said that she was pronounced better by her physician; but that it was not considered she would recover. On my arrival at Orleans I heard that she had taken the small-pox, and that she would die. All this disturbed me not a little, till I heard she was out of danger, as I was aware of the suspicions they had formed at Court, and also of those entertained by his Royal Highness.

One day, after mass, I told his Royal Highness that I had something to state to him: so he took me apart, and I said, "You will be surprised to hear what has happened since last night. As I was going to bed, one of my women came to say, 'Here is a gentleman at the door who desires to speak to you.' I replied, tell him that at this

hour I can see no one. He said, it was an affair of consequence, when I bade him enter, and uttered a cry of astonishment on finding one of Monsieur le Prince's men: on my inquiring what brought him, he said, that it related to the imprisonment of Monsieur de Lorraine, and his orders were to see your Royal Highness, and myself also, if I were at Orleans. So I told him I would speak to your Royal Highness. On learning this, Monsieur looked very apprehensive, and replied, 'I will not see him; pray let him leave as soon as possible!' It was useless for me to press him to see the man; everything I said only increased his fears. But he charged me to make many compliments from him to Monsieur le Prince, and to assure him that he was well pleased with the civility he had shown him in regard to the imprisonment of Monsieur de Lorraine." His Highness asked me many questions, during the day, as to what the man had said; the answers put him in the best humour possible, so delighted was he that Monsieur le Prince should have thought of him.

The court left Paris for the coronation of the King at Rheims. Had I been curious to see it, I could have gone there secretly to have witnessed so grand a ceremony. Many of my friends pressed me; but it has always seemed to me derogatory

to one born to the rank to which I was at court, to appear there *en masque*. It may do very well for a carnival, where we go by our own choice; but we must not allow our curiosity to lead us from propriety: it was very far from my thoughts to act so mean a part. I believe the ceremony of a coronation is very fine; but when we have seen other sights, know the manners of the court, and the people of whom it is composed, and then read of what has passed, it is the same as though we had been present, escaping at the same time the heat, and the trouble of rising early to see the ceremony. The most extraordinary part of this coronation was, that all those who *ought* to have been there were absent.

My affairs were going on much the same in the hands of Madame de Guise, who occasionally asked me for a fresh power of attorney. I had the comedians as usual; yet there was nothing new at St. Fargeau but the marriage of the daughter of Madame la Comtesse de Fiesque with the Marquis de Guerchy. I gave her a superb pair of diamond ear-rings. A marriage of some importance also took place at court—that of Mademoiselle Martinozzi, niece to Cardinal Mazarin, with Monsieur le Prince de Conti, much to the displeasure of Monsieur le Prince his brother.

On the first of January, 1655, there happened an accident at St. Fargeau, which distressed me. Monsieur and Madame de Matha were going to Paris, and, out of kindness to them, I had a comedy performed immediately after dinner. When the play was over they took leave of me, and I retired as usual to record the events of the day in my cabinet; but was soon disturbed by a page, who came, in a great fright, to say that Monsieur de la Boulenerie had just broken his neck. I left my cabinet, and Monsieur de Matha returned, with tears in his eyes, to say, that after getting into the coach they had found it too dark to proceed, so they turned back, leaving the poor gentleman behind; who, unfortunately, mistaking his way, instead of coming over the drawbridge had fallen headlong into the moat. This accident caused us all a great deal of grief. Death is always terrible, in whatever manner it comes, but more especially under circumstances so distressing. As for me, who have ever dreaded it, I feel much for those whom it suddenly carries off. The next day, I went to the chase; and as I returned, the same little page came to tell me that one of my servants had just died of apoplexy. I turned towards Préfontaine, who was near me, and said, "I dread more than I can express the events of this year! I fear, from the way in which

it has commenced, it will not be a favourable one to me. But he tried to laugh away my apprehensions, said they were mere vapours, and advised me to shake them off as quickly as possible.

Madame de Guise now wrote to me to ask my consent to her naming, as arbiters and examiners of the affairs in dispute, a commission composed of the Maréchaux de France and some of the Bishops. I replied, that I had not had any quarrel with his Royal Highness, therefore "les Marechaux de France" were not necessary, neither were the Bishops required to give their absolution, since I had failed in nothing: that all I desired was justice to be done me in the affair. To this I received no reply.

The Comtesse de Fiesque appeared to be acting towards me as one who thought I mistrusted her, and she was right. Her intrigues extended even to Blois; and I saw plainly that she evinced more good will towards the agents of Monsieur than she did to me. When I spoke of this to Madame de Frontenac, forbidding her to have any intercourse with her, she replied, "I neither know what she does, nor what she writes; I never ask her, and she never informs me of anything."

Shortly afterwards, during a visit I made to Chambord, riding one day in the park with his Royal Highness, he said, "Do you know that a

person comes and goes from Brussels to St. Fargeau, in the same way that we send from Orleans to Paris?" I replied, that I did not; and, as a proof, I said that I made no doubt he brought me compliments from Monsieur le Prince, which the Comtesse de Fiesque had replied to without telling me a word about them. And, from some other things I related, he seemed very well pleased that I put no confidence in her, and agreed with me that it would be as well to get rid of her. I asked him to help me in this—saying that he had nothing to do but to get an order from the court on some pretext; and he promised me to attend to it.

It was usual with me to spend Passion Week at Orleans, and I set out with even less pleasure than before; for these journeys always made me melancholy. I had written to Madame de Guise to beg her to hasten the settlement of my affairs; and that I hoped soon to have the honour of seeing her.

One day Monsieur le Comte de Bethune came to inform me that his Royal Highness intended to come and speak with me. But the day passed without his having done so. When the evening came, he went to confession, and I had every reason to believe that I should see him no more that day. The Comte, nevertheless, assured

me that he would come to my apartments; so I waited for him with the greatest patience, in the expectation that his having attended the confessional might induce him, on this occasion, to treat me in a kinder manner than he had recently done, and I sincerely hoped so to arrange our affairs that they might soon be settled. Préfontaine, who loved peace, said he hoped the same.

At that moment Monsieur entered, and taking me aside into the little recess near my bed, said that so great was his affection for me, that he wished for nothing more than to terminate all our differences. I replied to him with an equal degree of affection; and proposed that, as the Parliament was at liberty during Easter, no fitter selection could be made than M. de Nemours and M. le Boüe, with Bignon, the Advocate-general, to decide between us. He replied in a sharp voice, "That is all very well for you, Mademoiselle, who are so clever, to have them to decide our affairs in your presence; but for me, who know little about them, and am not prepared for the course you propose, I will have nothing to say to it." Still I begged him not to refuse me; urging that it would enable us to see whether our people were deceiving us, and consulting their own interests at the expense of ours; so that, if they designed to create ill will between us, they

would be caught in their own trap. He replied, in the same sharp manner, that he was not to be taken by surprise in this way. Whereupon, with tears in my eyes, I complained how unhappy I was that everything I suggested, with whatever sincerity of intention, was misconstrued by him, and that means must have been used to excite his anger against me. To this he merely said, "It is late, and to-morrow there is '*une brave fête*,' let us have done for to-night." Upon which he left me.

The next day, we walked out together, when he talked of Monsieur le Prince with much friendship, observing that he was sure he felt, on his side, the same sentiments. He deplored the unhappiness the Prince too evidently suffered in his domestic life; and observed, that nothing could be more wretched than to possess a consort so little suitable to him, and with no mental attractions. He then asked me: "Do you think, if she were to die, that he would marry again?" I replied, that I could not tell. He then put several more questions to me, and said, that the wife of a man who had performed so many great actions ought to consider herself very happy, and so much more to the same purpose, that it occurred to me he must really have meant to laugh at me, expecting, perhaps, that I should commit myself;

for I knew that he had said to the Comte de Bethune, some time before, "How absurd an idea this is of my daughter, wishing to marry a man like Monsieur le Prince!"

One day, while Monsieur was in my room, I received letters from Paris; and on opening my packet, found one for his Royal Highness, and another for myself, from Monsieur le Prince. I gave one to Monsieur, at the same time adroitly slipping that addressed to me into my pocket. On opening it, he found it was from Marigny, and spoke of a medal that a Countess of Flanders had sent him. Now this medal was in my letter, so that, in the evening, I was compelled to give it him, and to say that I had found it amongst the paper that had enclosed the packet. I believe that he doubted very much the truth of this, although he took care not to betray his mistrust. He often made bitter allusions to what was going on at court, and appeared to entertain great apprehensions lest the King should marry Mademoiselle de Mancini; for all the accounts seemed to agree that he was very much in love with her. As this new fancy had arisen since I was there, I had known nothing of it. He made continual protestations that nothing should induce him to return to court; that if they chose to question his just claims,

and thought to intimidate him by starving him out, he would encamp, with all his train, at Chambord, where there would be game sufficient to keep them for some time; nay, that he would be reduced to the last morsel ere he would surrender his liberty. But as I knew him well, I had some difficulty in believing that he would remain long in so heroic a resolution. He even said one day, that he thought monarchy at an end, for that in the state the kingdom was, it could not continue to exist; that in all those empires that had fallen to decay, their ruin might be dated from the same kind of commotions we witnessed; and he then attempted to prove what he had advanced by just examples. When he had, at last, finished, I replied, "If the valets at the door had spoken thus tranquilly of the misfortunes by which you say France is menaced, I should not have been astonished, but that you, Monsieur, of the rank you are, should do so, appears dreadful to me! for even were you to become a monk, your estrangement from the world should not inspire you with these ideas without causing you great grief: as for me, I am quite astounded at them!"

Such, in short, was the whole tenor of his conversation; it was enough to drive one to distraction, and it always made me feel very unhappy.

The air of Blois gave me a fearful cold, which

lasted three weeks: I could neither go out, eat, nor sleep; so I amused myself with play, for that fatigued me less than talking to the people around me. The Comtesse de Fiesque had begun during this visit to inveigh most bitterly against me, a fact which I have only learned since. I could not fail, however, to perceive, that she often visited Madame de Raré, my sister's governess; and, as her room was in the same gallery with mine, I not unfrequently went there myself. I observed that there was a footman always waiting at the door, who gave notice of my arrival, while, if I entered suddenly, they all seemed very much disconcerted, and her Royal Highness more so than any one. Madame de Frontenac never went to mass with me, that she might converse with Monsieur during the time, so that I began to entertain great suspicions. I communicated my uneasiness to Préfontaine; and such was my perplexity, that I declared I almost wished that my affairs should never be adjusted; feeling convinced that, even if they were, his Royal Highness would observe no bounds, and still find new subjects on which to persecute me worse than before. He tried to combat these impressions; but such thoughts, joined to my cold, threw me into so shocking a melancholy that I wept continually, and the fit would

seize me with double force whenever I saw Monsieur.

One day he found me in this state crying violently in Madame de Raré's room, where I had thrown myself on the bed. He came near me, and said, "I should like to know what in the world you can have to cry for in this way, and what it is that makes you so melancholy? They tell me you are afraid that you are going to die, because you have not slept for seven or eight nights; and that your appetite is quite gone. We do not die so easily, nor of so slight a malady as yours; I think you are extremely foolish to give way to such absurd alarms." I made no answer, but cried more than ever, and he pressed me so much to tell him what *was* the matter, that I said, "The position which you are in, and that in which you place me, cannot produce any very cheering reflections, either for the time being, or for the future; and besides this, I feel how very little affection you have for me." He muttered something intended to soothe me, but the more that is said under such circumstances, the more it vexes us. Indeed, I felt so much, some little time afterwards, on seeing that, in the state of affairs, there was nothing for me to hope in regard to my future establishment, that I took it in my head that I should like to retire to

the Carmelites—not to become a nun, for God had not given me the inclination, but to give up the world for a few years, save money, and, by this timely retreat, obviate any reasons there might exist for my removal on the arrival of the court. By such means, I might gradually conciliate its favour, and appear there again, with the dignity suited to my station. Préfontaine, however, dissuaded me from executing this intention.

CHAPTER II.

MADEMOISELLE GROWS REFRACTORY, AND GASTON IMPERIOUS—A GENTLEMAN TAKEN AT HIS WORD—CONDÉ OFFERS HIMSELF AS CHAMPION — THE PRINCESS OF ORANGE, AND CROMWELL'S AMBASSADOR, ARRIVE AT PARIS — MADEMOISELLE SENDS A CIVIL MESSAGE TO HER FATHER, WHO THREATENS TO THROW HER MESSENGER OUT OF THE WINDOW—THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND PROPOSES TO PAY HER A VISIT.

Soon after, letters arrived from Madame de Guise, begging permission to select whatever persons she should approve, to examine into our affairs, suggesting that we were not even to know their names, but to order our papers to be given up to them, and to sign according to their directions. There was a passage in my letter, (but not in Monsieur's,) stating that she would acquaint me afterwards with all the reasons she had for making this proposal. There was something that seemed to be very arbitrary in thus asking one

to sign in the dark; and, knowing the little good faith I had to expect, it gave me much uneasiness. Yet I was persuaded that if the parties on whom the duty of arbitration was to devolve were the Judges, they could never compromise their honour and their conscience in order to pay their court to Monsieur, and this a little reassured me. I requested, moreover, to see the reply of his Royal Highness to Madame de Guise and Monsieur de Choisy, his chancellor, so that I might return the same to her, and to my *intendant*... Instead of showing me the letters, he merely sent me the copies, and to do this while under the same roof, almost in the next chamber, appeared to me not a little strange, and I expressed my sentiments with some warmth; indeed, from being quick and sensitive to a degree, this manner was very usual with me. Eventually I was well satisfied with the probity and talent of the gentlemen selected to decide the cause; it was agreed that his Royal Highness should pay all the family debts, inasmuch as he had enjoyed my wealth during my minority; and they also obliged him to pay me a considerable sum, charging him with many others that he owed me.

I was informed there was still much more to arrange, but Madame de Guise had a headache, and the intended meeting was therefore adjourned to another day; but she wrote to inform us,

that the affairs were adjusted, and that she would see us at Orleans. This meeting took place towards the end of May. There were present, besides Monsieur and myself, Messieurs de Bethune and de Beaufort, the Bishop of Orleans, the Maréchal d'Etampes, and two notaries. Madame de Guise opened the proceedings, and said, "His Royal Highness and Mademoiselle having done me the honour of confiding in me, I come to give an account of what I have effected, if agreeable to them." I replied, "It is not necessary. When we have given full power to our agents to sign, unseen by us, all is done. Let, therefore, the ratification be similar. Let the notaries write that we have heard the documents read, and that we approve and ratify the transaction." Monsieur then signed, as I did also; and as I did it, I said to him, "God grant that this may bring me repose, and restore me to your good graces! though I sadly fear I shall enjoy neither one nor the other." He embraced me, and replied, "I ask my peace from you, and assure you of my affection." To which I replied, "That I would never fail in the respect which I owed him, and that I should think no more of what had occasioned me so much grief. As to the rest, I should never forgive those who had sought to embroil me with him so unjustly—that I demanded of him

justice, and that if he did not procure it for me, I would obtain it for myself." He became very red, and saying, "This is a very strange discourse!" he left the room; so I concluded what I had to say before those assembled. They replied, that Monsieur had undoubtedly taken offence at what I had said; and that I was, therefore, bound to make him some apology, which I readily granted; adding, that I was ready to submit to everything he ordered, and would fail in nothing towards him; and that it was my affection which had led me to do as I had done, though it had had the effect of alienating his. That my fault had sprung from that source, and that, therefore, I hoped he would pardon me. So the difference was made up between us.

I was rather curious, after this little scene, to read the agreement, of which Madame de Guise had given us each a copy; this I did on my return home, and found that it was conceived in very different terms to those which had been resolved on. In fact, it obliged *me* to pay the half of the debts which his Royal Highness was bound to pay. But I will not enter upon all the particulars of this odd transaction—nothing being generally so annoying as the affairs of others, especially where law is mixed up with them. Madame de Guise was extremely piqued that I should thus discover

the *finesse* she had practised to deprive me of part of my wealth; she, who had undertaken to be the guardian of it. It was evident that she had sought to consider the interests of the house of Lorraine more than of that of Bourbon, and that she had attempted to transfer property of mine to my sisters, because, forsooth! they would have little from Monsieur. All this, I told her, made me perceive that I was a great lady, since it seemed to be the opinion that they were to establish the fortune of my family on what they could obtain from me; but that as I was sufficiently elevated to confer benefits upon them in a different manner, it was a proof how much I must be above them; and, therefore, they had better have reckoned on my generosity than upon my gullibility; and that it would have been more conformable to religious precepts, and the opinion of the world. I told Monsieur that I should be most happy to do what I could for his children; and that this would be the more praiseworthy in me, all things considered. He replied, "You know well that I am not in a position to do anything for you." To which I answered, somewhat rudely, I confess, "But when you have the power, you have not the inclination; this is why I am under no obligation to you." Still, we embraced, and separated on good terms, not

thinking that affairs would oblige him to act as he has since done. Madame displayed the utmost degree of courtesy.

Returned to my chateau at St. Fargeau, I attended to my affairs twice in the week, and gave up the rest of my time to pleasure. Many persons came to visit me, and we made excursions to the most beautiful seats in the environs, where they treated me with fine collations—as also to the woods, where I ordered my violins for our amusement. The Comte de Bethune informed me, that Monsieur was surprised at all this, and that he had expressed a great desire to bring the affair with me to a close. That he had declared to him, "There are people who advise me to have recourse to force, and to put her into the Chateau d'Amboise, until she shall consent to do all I wish; but, as for myself, having no love of violence, I shall not act in any such manner." The Count added, that he had applauded this sentiment, and assured him that he had much better carry the affair through with Mademoiselle *à l'aimable.*

Some time afterwards I was awakened early one morning, with intelligence that some one had arrived from his Royal Highness. The messenger brought me a letter, couched in severe terms; his Royal Highness *commanding* me to dismiss from

my service a person named Nau. I was about to reply to the letter, but the bearer declared that he had orders not to receive an answer; that I was merely to say, that "I obeyed," and nothing else. I began to be afraid that I should also lose Préfontaine in the same manner. But he reminded me of the honour Monsieur had done him in talking to him so kindly at Blois, and how well he had treated him; that affairs would change in time, when I should be reconciled to his Royal Highness, and might obtain the return of Nau. I knew Monsieur; and felt that for me there was nothing too harsh to expect at his hands. I, indeed, wept without ceasing from Friday to Sunday.

On receiving my next packet from Paris, I found a letter from the brother of Préfontaine, enclosing one from Monsieur. Before I opened it, I observed to him, "Here is your *congé*." We were some time before we could summon courage to read it; but it was as I had opined—he was ordered to retire from my service. I now redoubled my tears, for I had double cause to shed them; and this I did with so much vehemence, that the Comtesses de Fiesque and de Frontenac came into my closet. They knew very well what it was for; but not appearing to do so, they began to mingle their tears with mine. At last, it came into my head to write to

the Queen, and to the Cardinal Mazarin, to solicit their protection against Monsieur, as I had strong reason to suspect that he would use force to secure my person. The ladies approved of this idea; but Préfontaine still thought it would be my best course to obey Monsieur in everything, in order by such means to secure his good opinion. He consented to remain ten days after this, to place my affairs in a position that I might understand them, and then left me for Limousin, to visit an Abbé, one of his friends. He had entered my service the first year that Monsieur had put me in possession of my wealth; and I was so well pleased to have it, that at once I spent at least three hundred thousand livres of my income, yet I did not on that account diminish, in any way, my ordinary expenses for the following years. It was the same during my exile; indeed, I spent more, for I kept more dogs and horses than ever; a great deal of company came to see me, and I was engaged in building; yet, notwithstanding all this, my treasurer was very little, if anything, in debt when Préfontaine quitted my service. This must be attributed to his good conduct and management.

A singular adventure happened about this time at Paris. Bartet, secretary of the King's closet, celebrated by his travels during the time Cardinal

Mazarin was in Germany, observed one day at the Tuileries, when they were speaking of the good looks of Monsieur de Candale, "I should like to see him without his *canons*, (an ornament worn at the knee,) and his *moustaches;* I think he would then be no better looking than other people." Monsieur de Candale heard of this, and became offended: while the enemies of Bartet took advantage of it to commit him in an action which they were afraid to attempt themselves for fear of the consequences. One day, in a street near the Louvre, four or five of Monsieur de Candale's men, without masks, and well known, stopped the coach of Bartet, in which he was seated, cut off one of his moustaches, and tore the ornaments off his breeches' knees, exclaiming that this was to teach him to speak with more respect of a person of Monsieur de Candale's rank. This affair was much talked of. Some blamed, others approved of it, as is the way of the world. Bartet was not liked, and people were pleased to see him insulted; whilst others were surprised that Monsieur de Candale should make so much noise about a trifle. It had its day; and some time after this Candale left for Catalonia, taking St. Fargeau in his way; and he himself told me, that at each place he stopped the people all cried out in a merry mood,

" Prenez garde à vous!—take care of yourself—Bartet is after you!"

I return to my own affairs. I became so nervous with the grief they caused me, that, on reflecting upon the serious character of the quarrel with his Royal Highness, I wrote to Monsieur le Prince, who expressed his strong displeasure at the part that had been taken against me, declaring that he would proceed to all extremities; situated as I was, at variance with the court, I had but to command him. I was not slow to assure him how happy his kind feeling made me; but that it must not be, as I felt convinced that they would only make use of his good offices still further to persecute me. I therefore entreated him not even to write to me: adding, that if I could be of any service to him, I would not have required his silence. He knew that when I had it in my power, I had not withheld my aid; but that he must now lay down his arms, and that if I could, without lowering myself, enter into measures with Cardinal Mazarin, I should like to escape from the persecutions of his Royal Highness—being assured that he would acknowledge the extreme necessity which drove me to do so.

The Comte de Bethune wrote to me, about the same time, from Paris, saying, that the Cardinal

had spoken of me with much appearance of kindness, and that he was sorry not to be able to serve me, from the fear that his Royal Highness would engage the court to persecute me, on the plea of the understanding I had with Monsieur le Prince, which I ought not to continue. The Count gave his word that he would write to me, and put an end to it. I sent a reply to be shown to the Cardinal, in which I did not deny the relations which had subsisted, but promised positively to enter into no more for the future; stating that I had made this resolve known to the Prince.

Hearing that Nau had no intention of returning to my service, but wished to purchase a place under the Parliament, the idea suggested itself, that the situation of *Maître des Comptes* would suit Préfontaine, could I obtain it for him. I sent him, accordingly, a blank paper for him to fill up the amount necessary for making this purchase; for my intention was to give him twenty thousand crowns, and to Nau ten thousand. But he returned me the blank paper I had signed, torn, humbly entreating me never to do such a thing again, under any circumstances, for that a power such as this might be abused. Neither would he take my money, declaring that he had neither served me well enough nor long enough to

deserve so large a recompence, and knowing the state of my affairs, he was aware that I might require the money; nevertheless, he was equally obliged as though I had given him that sum. He was a grateful and disinterested young man. As for Nau, he accepted the ten thousand crowns at once, without difficulty.

There was a report that Monsieur de Lorraine was restored to liberty. I wrote to Monsieur and Madame to congratulate them upon it; but they would neither accept my letter, nor receive the gentleman who brought it. During this time, I knew but little what they were doing at court, for I hardly read the accounts in the gazettes which they sent me. They were diverting themselves, as usual, with balls, plays, and *ballets*. The King, who danced very well, took great pleasure in them. All this gave me no concern, for I thought I should see quite enough of it at my return. Not so the Comtesses de Fiesque and de Frontenac; nothing could equal their chagrin at not being at these *fêtes;* and they were continually lamenting it in so disobliging a manner, that it was really hard for me to bear; however, it enabled me to form a correct estimate of their characters, which I remembered. Still, I contrived to amuse myself: a company of comedians had come to St. Far-

geau. Yet it was but the illusion of the moment: I had so much to worry me, and to take away all pleasure; but I felt that my apparent enjoyment vexed those who would have been glad to have seen me annoyed and wretched, so I let the comedians perform sometimes, although I had heard that Madame de Guise was very ill, and two days after, that she had received extreme unction. The messenger I sent brought me word that she was senseless; indeed, she was dead at the time he brought this news. I wrote and received many letters of condolence; but none from their Royal Highnesses. It was a great fatigue to me to write so much, and to tell so many untruths; for I was obliged to speak of my affliction, whilst I felt so little. Nevertheless, I put on as deep mourning as though I had really mourned at heart. In this world, we should do all we can to keep up appearances.

Madame la Princesse Royale, widow of the Prince of Orange, arrived at Paris at this time, to visit the Queen of England, her mother.* She

* "How the young Princess of Orange (a widow at nineteen) struggled through all the difficulties that environed her, and reared her son (our William the Third), without seeing him wholly deprived of his father's inheritance, is one of the marvels of modern history."—*Agnes Strickland's Lives of the Queens.*

brought a very magnificent *equipage*, and dressed most sumptuously whenever she appeared at court; wearing a great quantity of jewels. Every one said that she came with the design of putting herself in the way of the King; and that the Queen would not have been sorry had she pleased him, for they would soon have made her a catholic. But the moment was in no way favourable for her: France had just formed an alliance with the Protector of England, who had sent an ambassador to the court, and a desire was soon testified that the King of England should take his departure, which he did without delay: for we can easily suppose it was not agreeable to him to meet every day an ambassador of Cromwell's. The Queen gave assemblies to the Princess Royal, and private parties, from her not liking to appear in public, being a widow. They fêted her well; but the King was not present, and I do not believe he ever spoke to her. They sent me word of all this to St. Fargeau, where I was passing my time as usual.

On his return from a campaign, the King went to Fontainebleau, and entered with vivacity into its amusements. He continued much pleased with the conversation of Mademoiselle de Mancini; the comedians and the violins were there, and much company: but these pleasures were inter-

rupted by some indisposition of his Majesty, which obliged him to take the waters of Forges, which did not agree with him, and brought on a fever, which caused the queen and court great anxiety. Monsieur, his brother, was also somewhat indisposed. I took care to send to inquire concerning the state of their health.

The sedentary life I had been leading all the winter, and the anxiety I had felt in respect to my affairs, had not improved my constitution, so that I resolved to go to Forges myself, from the mere fear of being ill, hoping that the change of air and the waters would be of service to me. So I wrote to a secretary of his Royal Highness to ask permission to take the journey, which Monsieur well knew was so necessary to me. But when his Royal Highness saw my footman, he fell into a passion with him, and made use of the most cutting expressions. The boy was so afraid that he ran away; for, being a Biscayan, he did not understand French very well. He told me that his Royal Highness spoke of the protest to the declared agreement—said that I had broken my word, and that he would throw him out of the window. I confess that I was in despair to find that his Royal Highness should thus expose our affairs, for he talked in this way to every one who came near him; whilst those

who repeated it to me, shrugged their shoulders very expressively; for he thus showed the great desire he had to get hold of my wealth, and the means he adopted to compass his ends. Had he asked me for it amicably, I would have given it to him, to have saved myself from torment and persecution.

I did not send again to Blois, for I felt that it was a duty of which I was acquitted, since my messenger had been so ill received. During my ensuing journey, I went to Fontainebleau, and dined at Corbeil, where I saw a great deal of company. The same day the Queen of England asked me to name a place where she should bring her daughter, the Princess Royal, widow of the Prince of Orange, who was most anxious to see me. I named Chilly as a better place than Corbeil, where I was badly lodged. Nevertheless I remained there another day, and Monsieur the Duke of York, and several other persons, came to see me, among them Madame la Princesse de Saltsbourg, who appeared to me very much altered; for from having been very pretty, she had become frightful. She was much pleased to see me. I was asked to partake of a collation in the neighbourhood, and begged the Princess to accompany me, which she did. As we were walking in the gardens, I walked faster than she

did—Monsieur de Guise was conducting me—and as soon as I had passed a grotto they made a fountain play, which flew all over the pavement, frightening every one away. Madame la Princesse fell, and all the rest over her. When we had proceeded some way in the garden, not seeing her, I proposed to Monsieur de Guise that we should go and seek her; and we found her with her mask all over dirt, her face the same, her handkerchief, her ruffles, in the most ridiculous confusion possible. I cannot even now think of it without laughing; indeed, I laughed in her face, and she laughed also to find herself in such a plight. She could not even join our collation.

CHAPTER III.

ARRIVAL OF QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA—SHE ASSURES MADEMOISELLE THAT HER SON, KING CHARLES II., IS STILL HER ADORER, AND THAT HIS AFFECTIONS ARE UNSUSCEPTIBLE OF CHANGE—CHRISTINA, QUEEN OF SWEDEN, VISITS FRANCE—SHE RECEIVES MADEMOISELLE, WHO IS AMAZED AT THE ODDITY OF HER BEHAVIOUR, AND THE PECULIARITY OF HER IDEAS.

THE next day the Queen of England arrived: I went to her coach to receive her; she showed me the Princess Royal, and said, "I present to you a person who has a great desire to see you." She then embraced me, with great affection for a person whom I had never met before. Madame la Princesse (d'Angleterre*) was also with her, and

* The eldest daughter of the unfortunate Charles I., Consort of the deceased Prince of Orange, and sister of Charles II.

his Highness the Duke of York. The court of the Queen of England was very well attended. She had in her coach, besides those I have named, her *dame d'honneur*, one attending the Princess Royal, with many ladies, and a number of English and Irish in her suite. I was in a place the best suited in the world to receive such company; for Chilly is a very beautiful, large, and magnificent house. I led the Queen of England through the great hall, the antechamber, and the cabinet: afterwards to the gallery; the whole suitably furnished, as the house of a Maréchal de France and Surintendant des Finances ought to be.

The Queen of England seated herself on a sofa; and her circle was larger than ever it had been—all the Princesses and Duchesses of Paris were there. She dined in a room below; and it may be supposed that I regaled her as sumptuously as I could. Those only dined with her who came in her coach, in addition to Mesdames de Bethune and de Thianges.

When she returned up stairs from dinner, the circle of which I have spoken surrounded her. The Princess Royal talked to me without ceasing; saying how anxious she had been to see me, and how sorry she should have been to leave France before she had accomplished this desire, for that the King her brother had talked of me with so much affection, that she had loved me

before she knew me. I asked her how she liked the court of France? She said she was very much pleased with it; that she had an aversion *horrible* for Holland, and that as soon as the King her brother was settled, she should go and live with him. The Queen of England observed, "I have never known my daughter converse so much since she has been in France. I see you possess a great influence over her, and that if you were much together she would be guided by you." She then added, "Do you observe that my daughter is dressed in black, and wears *une pommette*, (a ball of wood or metal,) because she is a widow, and has never seen you before? I wished that her first visit should be in strict etiquette." I replied, that I was at a loss to see any great necessity of being ceremonious with me. She wore the most beautiful ear-rings I had ever beheld; very fine pearls, clasps, bracelets of large diamonds, and rings of the same. The Queen continued, "My daughter is not like me, she is very lofty in her ideas, with her jewels and her money; she likes display. I told her the other day, that it was necessary for us to economize; but that I had the same love of expense as herself, or even more so: yet she saw the state I was in."

After having remained for some time in the circle, the Queen of England concluded, "I shall now go and talk to my niece." She first

expressed to me her displeasure at the persecutions of Monsieur, and the joy she should have in seeing our affair settled, expressing all this in the kindest manner. At length she exclaimed, "Et ce pauvre Roi d'Angleterre! You are so ungrateful, that you do not even ask any news of him!" I replied, "It becomes me to listen when your Majesty speaks, and not to ask questions, so I waited for the proper time to make inquiries." "Hélas!" she said, "he is so foolish that he will love you for ever: and when he went he begged I would let you know how sorry he was to quit France without taking leave of you. I would not send you word of this, for fear of making you vain; but when I am with you I cannot keep my good resolutions. Think, if you were married, you would no longer be subjected to the caprices of your father; you would be your own mistress—you would do what you pleased, and you would most likely be well established in England. I am persuaded that *le pauvre misérable* will never know happiness without you! Had you married him, he and I should have been more pleasantly situated than we are now; you would have taught him to have lived more happily with me." I said, "If he does not live happily with your Majesty, what right have we to suppose that he would do so with any one else?" She replied to this, by saying many kind

things of him: then added, "Have you not perceived that Madame de Châtillon looks very cross at me?" I answered, that I had not remarked it, neither could I believe such a thing possible. "There is a small house near Marlou," she said, "where the King my son often goes to hunt, and where he sees her. This has given her the idea that he wishes to marry her, and that it is I alone who prevent him; so she has given up coming to see me, and explains the reason to every one." I then told her Majesty I had heard that when her hair was being dressed, Madame de Ricouse, on seeing her in the glass, exclaimed, "You would be a beautiful queen!" But I believe she had no other reply to make to this, than her own desire that it should be so.

Nothing could exceed the extravagant appearance of Madame de Châtillon on this day! She had on a yellow (aurore) taffety dress, bordered with a gold braid; and displayed more artificial white and red than I had ever seen her use. She wore large diamonds in her ears, on her fingers, and her arms—in short, exhibited the extreme of magnificence. The rumour that Monsieur le Prince was in love with her almost turned her head; nay, she did not spare the King of England, my Lord Digby, an Englishman, and the Abbé Fouquet; of course she was very desirous of making Monsieur le Prince jealous of the

King of England; and for the other two gentlemen, she only deigned to make use of them for her interest.

As I had merely remained at Chilly to see the Queen of England, my fear of displeasing the court by being so near Paris, and receiving so many people, induced me to take my departure. When we are in exile it is agreeable enough to see visitors; but I do not know whether it is so to those who have exiled us. The day following, therefore, I proceeded on my way to Forges. We became lost in a wood, although I had taken a guide, and saw the sun set and the morn rise, but without taking pleasure in either: having wandered about till break of day, we heard some dogs bark, and in a short time descried a hovel near Forges, where I arrived at four o'clock in the morning. Instead of going to bed, I went directly to mass, a church being open as if it had been on purpose to comfort me. After it was over, I went to the spring, where I found many visitors, whom the rumour of my arrival had collected sooner than usual; although it was the custom at Forges to get up very early. I tasted the waters, which I did not find disagreeable; and then went to enjoy the repose of which I had been deprived.

The next day I received visits from all who were at Forges, and met there many of my friends. The life we led here was extremely pleasant, and

very different from that usual with us. We rose at six at the latest; then we went to the spring, talked to each other of the regimen we found most beneficial to follow, and the good effect of the waters. A new arrival was an event. It was made known who had joined us the night before; and when he or she appeared, they were immediately addressed in a style due to their importance: there is no place where acquaintance is so easily made. Then came a walk in the garden of the Capuchins; no women, however, are permitted to enter the cloisters, unless in company with persons of my rank; and of such there are very few to be met at Forges. The garden is small, with shady walks, and recesses fitted up with seats to rest in: for myself, I was always obliged to walk about, to keep off the sickness produced by the waters.

After the promenade we changed our dresses, and attended mass, wearing, in the morning, rateen (a kind of woollen stuff) trimmed with fur, and taffety after dinner. The best season for taking the waters is during the dog-days, when it is usually very warm; and the effect of these waters is to make one feel cool. We dined at twelve, with good appetite, which was unusual with me, for previously, however long I fasted, I was never hungry. After dinner, I received company; at five o'clock, I went to the play, which was to me

a great source of amusement. At six o'clock we supped, and then walked to the Capuchins, where we heard litanies—all attending before they took their promenade. At nine o'clock we retired for the night.

On leaving Forges, I resolved on taking the same route back, thereby avoiding Paris; at St. Cloud I learnt that the Queen of Sweden (Christina) was at Fontainebleau, and, as I should take it in my way, I sent to the court to ask if the King would have any objection to my seeing her; for, although in exile, it is the etiquette with persons of my rank, not to visit a foreign Princess without the permission of the King.* From the

* Christina, Queen of Sweden, abdicated the throne at the age of seven-and-twenty, renouncing a sovereignty to which she was every way equal, to enjoy tranquillity and freedom. She had formed this design at an early period of her life, and years only served to mature it. In a letter from her to Chanut, the ambassador from France, she writes:—"I possessed power without pride, and resign it without regret; have no fears, therefore, in regard to me; my happiness depends not upon fortune." To the Prince of Condé she wrote:—"I hold myself as much honoured by your esteem as by the crown I lately wore. If, after having resigned, you should think me less worthy of it, I shall consider the tranquillity I so much aimed at has cost me dear. Yet I do not repent the having purchased it, even at the expense of a diadem; neither shall I obscure the lustre of such a deed by any ignoble regret." Such was the mind of this illustrious personage. She un-

house where we slept, we could see Paris by the light of the moon, a sight which occasioned the Comtesses de Fiesque and de Frontenac to utter many lamentations. For myself, I looked at it without emotion; but as one deprived of all that life has to console us. Yet hearing that the Queen of Sweden was about to leave Fontainebleau, I was most desirous for the return of my messenger

derstood eight languages; and had encouraged all those to come to Sweden who were capable of affording her instruction; her mortification was such on not finding any such persons in her own nation, that she thought it better to live on equal terms with persons of reason and reflection, than to reign over men without genius or learning. These feelings determined her to settle at Rome, where she forsook the Lutheran Church, and became a Catholic. She was much admired at the Court of France, though the nobility and courtiers saw nothing more remarkable in this philosophic queen than that she danced ill, and did not dress in the French taste. But persons of sense found nothing to condemn in her, except the murder of Monaldeschi, her equerry, whom she caused to be put to death at Fontainebleau, during her second visit to France. On being reprehended by Mazarin on account of this deed, she answered that, "though she had resigned her crown, she had not divested herself of the sovereign authority over her own domestics." Not choosing to involve himself in a quarrel with the King of Sweden, the Cardinal contented himself with hinting to her Majesty that her longer residence in France might not be agreeable to the nation; upon which she left immediately.—*Ed.*

from court. He arrived, and said that the King had no objection whatever to my proposed visit. I immediately sent a gentleman to Fontainebleau to make my compliments, and to know where I could have the honour of seeing the Queen, and also to inquire in what manner she would receive me. The Count de Bethune, who was at Chilly, observed, "You had better say what you desire." I replied, that I must have an arm-chair.* He thought that I was in jest; but I laughed at his supposition, and said, "As I have had no orders from the King, as to the manner in which I am to be received, I cannot ask too much; it is better to fail in obtaining what I require than to ask too little—and assuredly she can feel no surprise at it." When she was asked how she would entertain me, she replied, "Exactly as she pleases: for although much is due to her rank, there is no personal honour that I am not desirous of paying her." They then proposed to her the arm-chair — *la chaise à bras* — with which she made not the least difficulty. She then asked, "Will she take precedence of me? for, from the manner in which I have heard her spoken of, it is as well to know; if she met me, for instance, at a door, she might not be disposed to draw back!" They replied, that I

* As a mark, we presume, according to royal etiquette, of equality in point of rank and birth.

exacted very little on this head, but that I was obliged to do honour to France.

I had left St. Cloud for Chilly, whither they brought me this reply at seven o'clock in the evening; I at once dressed myself and went; taking with me several ladies. When I arrived, the gentlemen in waiting, and the officers attending Christina on the part of the King, came to meet me. She was in a beautiful room, *à l'Italienne*, where she had come to see a ballet, so that she was surrounded by a great deal of company, with benches placed round, so that she had hardly space to move two steps to meet me. I had heard so much of the strange manner in which she dressed, that I feared I should die of laughter when I saw her; but when they cried *garé*, to make room for me, and I perceived her, she indeed surprised me, but not in a manner to make me laugh. She wore a grey petticoat, trimmed with gold and silver lace; a plain coloured camlet justaucorps, with lace the same as the petticoat; a lace neckerchief of point, tied with a plain coloured ribbon; a flaxen wig, and a hat with black plumes, which she held in her hand. She was fair, with blue eyes, which at times assumed a very sweet expression; at others they looked, I thought, somewhat wild. Her mouth, although large, was agreeable, and she had fine teeth; her nose large and aquiline. She was

very little, but her justaucorps concealed her bad figure. At first sight she appeared to me like a pretty little boy. She embraced me, and observed that it was a great happiness to have the pleasure of seeing me, as she had very long desired it. She then took me by the hand, to place me on the bench, saying, "I am sure you wish to be seated." So I established myself in the arm-chair. There was a door, through which we could see a ballet performing. She said she had waited for me; but I excused myself from being present at the ballet, on the plea of my being in mourning for my sister De Chartres, who had only been dead thirteen days. So she begged me to remain where I was, which I did: the ballet was very pretty.

After the ballet, we went to the play. Here she surprised me very much—applauding the parts which pleased her, taking God to witness, throwing herself back in her chair, crossing her legs, resting them on the arms of her chair, and assuming other postures, such as I had never seen taken but by Trivelin and Jodelet, two famous buffoons. She repeated the verses that pleased her; spoke on several subjects, saying everything in a very agreeable manner. Then she sunk into a profound reverie, drawing very deep sighs; and recovering herself suddenly, as a person who awakes in surprise. She was in all respects a

most extraordinary creature. After the comedy, they brought us a collation of fruits and preserves. We then went to see some fireworks on the water. She held me by the hand when they went off; for there were some that came near enough to frighten me. She laughed and said, "What! a heroine be afraid! one who has been exposed to such dangers, and performed such noble actions!" I replied, "That I was only brave upon an occasion for being so, and that was quite enough for me." When the fireworks were over, she took me aside and assured me how sorry she was to hear of all that had passed between me and his Royal Highness; and that she would do everything in her power to reconcile me with the court, for that I was not made to live in the country, but born to be a Queen. She earnestly hoped, moreover, that I should be Queen of France, for that it would be most advantageous to the state;—in short, that I was the most beautiful, most amiable, and greatest Princess of Europe; and, finally, it was politically required that she should speak of all this to Cardinal Mazarin. I thanked her for what she said, but begged she would not think of doing such a thing. They then came to say that the repast was ready, so I rose and took my leave, returning to Chilly. It was two o'clock in the morning,

and quite broad day, before I was in bed. The next morning I sent to beg her to come and see me; but she excused herself, saying, the gentlemen who were with her, on the part of the King, had prevented her doing so; at which she was much chagrined.

From Chilly I went to Pons. Those who were about the court now informed me that there was an idea of marrying me to Monsieur the King's brother. Madame de Brienne acquainted me with this; and that the Queen, who reposed confidence in her, was most anxious that it should take place, and had related, that at Compiègne, when his brother had asked the King to give him an appanage, his Majesty replied, "I will marry you to my cousin: she is very rich, and will make your fortune." Since that time he had thought of nothing else; and, aware that it was a suitable match, I was not sorry to hear that they wished to bring it about.

I was delighted to return again to St. Fargeau, where I found my solitude very agreeable. I have not spoken of the reception given in Paris to the Queen of Sweden, because all the gazettes have related the particulars. I shall merely say, that it equalled that given to Charles the Fifth. Whilst there, she visited all the fine houses and

libraries, and the *gens savans* paid their respects to her. She went to the communion at Notre Dame, where those who saw her were in no way edified by her devotion as a newly-made Catholic in her first zeal; for she talked the whole time of mass with the bishops, and stood all the while.

From Paris, she proceeded to Chantilly, where Cardinal Mazarin went to see her; bringing with him the King, and Monsieur his brother, who had both taken off their orders. The Cardinal said, "Here are two gentlemen of rank, whom I wish to present to you." Upon which they kissed her robe; when she raised them, kissed them, and said, "I am sure they are of noble birth." She then conversed with them, and called the King, *mon frère*, and Monsieur the same. When they had paid their visit, they galloped back to Compiègne. The next day they came to see her again, with the Queen, who afterwards gave me a most amusing account of the meeting; saying, that although she had often heard her described, she never could have fancied that she was what she found her. She was very much pleased with the court; and having heard her speak of the King's love for Mademoiselle de Mancini, to recommend herself to him she declared that they must marry; ob-

serving to the King, "If I were in your place, I would marry a person I loved." I do not think this could be pleasing either to the Queen or the Cardinal; and, perhaps, it helped to hasten her departure, for at court they do not like those people who give their advice unasked.

Hearing that on her way she would sleep at Montargis, I had a great desire to see her again, so I sent on relays, and taking with me Madame de Thianges and Madame de Frontenac, arrived there at ten o'clock at night. On alighting, they told me, in Italian, that she was gone to bed; so I appeared not to understand them, but begged they would tell the Queen that it was Mademoiselle. After having repeated this several times, they begged I would come up stairs alone, where I found her in bed, a candle on the table, and with a napkin round her head for a night-cap, with not a hair to be seen, for her head had been shaved a little time before. Her chemise, without a collar, was fastened with a great bow of flame-coloured ribbon. Her sheets did not come half way down the bed, and she had a vile green coverlet. She did not look pretty in this way. She was very glad to see me; asked me whom I had brought with me, and feared I was much fatigued. I then inquired what she thought of the King? She replied, "He was very courteous,

and a fine-looking man: that it was a pity he did not love so beautiful a person as Mademoiselle de Mancini: that she considered Monsieur, his brother, very handsome; but that, with her, he was shy, which had surprised her, for she had thought the King the most *farouche*.

The next morning I found her looking very pretty, with a new *justaucorps*, well embroidered, and in a very good humour. She proposed to Madame de Thianges to accompany her to Rome, for that it was a *sottise* to stay behind to amuse her husband; that the best of them were worth nothing; and that it was much better to leave them. She inveighed much against matrimony, and advised me never to marry—*elle trouvait abominable d'avoir des enfans*. I saw her get into her carriage. Nothing is so strange as to behold a Queen so unlike a woman.

CHAPTER IV.

RECONCILIATION WITH MONSIEUR, AND WITH THE COURT—MADEMOISELLE RETURNS THANKS FOR HER SUCCESSES—THE JANSENISTS—CONTENTIONS AT ST. CLOUD RESPECTING MADEMOISELLE—THE CARDINAL BURNS HER WILL—A NEW ALLIANCE IS PROPOSED FOR HER.

THE reconciliation of his Royal Highness with the Court, which occasioned my two ladies so much joy, did not produce any great results. The visit he paid to it whilst I was at Forges neither advanced his affairs nor those of the persons who were banished, and who suffered for his interest. Cardinal Mazarin pretended to have the gout, to excuse himself from going to meet him; for which I think he was right, and, had I been in his place, I would have done the same. My affairs with his Royal Highness, of which nothing had been said for some time, again began to attract attention; and I received a decree of

counsel, by which the King confirmed the agreement drawn up by Madame de Guise, and which his Royal Highness and myself had signed: and, as he had always said that he would see me when our affairs were settled, I now wrote to him to that effect.

Madame de Sully paid me a visit at St. Fargeau, and told me that the Comtesse de Fiesque felt so displeased at finding herself not agreeable to me, that she had advised her to leave. I then explained how very little I was satisfied with her, and that I should be glad for this to take place without any *éclaircissement*, as it would prevent a decided quarrel; and, as she was about to make a journey to Guerchy, it seemed to me a good opportunity for us to part, merely bidding adieu as if for the journey, when she need return no more. However, I had little expectation that she would carry her threat into execution; but my people remarking, the next day, that Madame de Frontenac looked as though she had been shedding tears, gave me some hope that she would put it in practice. It was the first day of the year 1657, when she came into my room in a magnificent dress, powdered and decorated to the last degree. She said, "I have a great project in view." I did not ask her what it was. In the evening she came again; Madame

de Thianges, and some others were with me; when, looking like a fury, and with great heat she said, "I have received accounts from Paris which oblige me to go there to see to my affairs; at the same time they have obtained and sent me the permission so to do, which has given me the greatest joy in the world, for I am delighted to quit you." I replied, "I am delighted that you have procured this liberty." She then added, "I have long wished to leave, but knew not where to go; otherwise I should not have stayed; for I dislike very much to be near you, feeling that you have not treated me as I deserve." To this I said, "When you desired to come here, you were very well received." She replied, "It would have been very ridiculous had you not received me well, when I did you the honour of coming." I explained, that it was I who did her the honour in receiving her, and that my consideration for Monsieur de Fiesque had alone induced me to retain her. Upon which she said, "You accuse me of having been in the interests of Monsieur against you. It is true: for I have done you all the harm in my power, and I would do it still, were it to begin again. I consider that Monsieur has treated you too well; and if he would have believed me, he would have carried matters further. It was I who was

the cause of Préfontaine and Nau being taken from you: I said all I could against these gentlemen, for it was sufficient that they were esteemed by you, to make me hate them. I even did more; I sent word to Monsieur that it was shameful that men who displeased him should be on the *pavé* at Paris, so that he had them sent away: in short, there is nothing which I could do against you that I have not done; and indeed I should be sorry if you did not complain of me, for I mean to publish manifestoes against you that will expose you to the whole world." I replied very quietly, "If you declare war against me, you will certainly not gain the advantage: all the Princes in Europe are my relations, and they will not give up my interests to promote yours." I was fearful that her repeated impertinences would wear out my patience; so I broke up the interview, on her saying she should take her leave of me on the morrow, as she did not mean to quit until the middle of the day. When the hour came, she looked very foolish and embarrassed. Kissing my robe, she declared that she never should have thought of leaving me, but that hearing from Madame de Sully how much I desired it, she had taken this as an order.

Every one of my household looked terrified when they saw her take her departure; those

who were in her interests were alarmed as to what would follow, whilst those in my confidence were not sorry to see her depart. Madame de Frontenac cried the whole day, and could in no way be consoled for the loss of her *camarade*, as she termed her; all her comfort, in short, was in writing to her and hearing from her again. Nor was it long before a rumour got abroad of her going with her husband, Monsieur Frontenac, to Paris; and, as every one seemed to know it, I asked her when she intended to set out? She replied, "On Monday." Without adding—"If I am permitted." It is true, there had been something said long before this of a law-suit, and my permission was asked for her attending; which I had granted. On Sunday she asked me if I had any commissions? I gave her some trifling ones; she saluted me, and that was all.

I shall pass over a great deal concerning my affairs—merely stating, that knowing the day my cause was to be pleaded I was most impatient to learn the result. They accordingly awoke me at four on the morning after, to inform me that my cause was gained. The Advocate-General Talon had done wonders. The news gave me the greatest joy. I immediately awoke the company I had with me, and we went to church to return thanks to God.

The Comte de Bethune, who was at Paris, adjusting the affair between his Royal Highness and myself, terminated it as he had hoped. He sent a notary to see me ratify the agreement; he wished me to read it, but I said it was unnecessary—that the reading of it would be disagreeable to me—the recollection of all that had passed the same; we would therefore conclude it as we begun, by not reading what was signed.

Soon after this, Monsieur de Bethune sent to me, naming the day he would expect me at Orleans, where I found him on my arrival. We did not remain there long, but sending on relays, proceeded to Blois, and found my sisters two leagues from thence. They had come out to meet me, bringing me the compliments of their Royal Highnesses, and expressions of the impatience they felt to see me. My sister de Valois kissed my hands, and said that she was delighted to see me, and I readily believed it; for she had always shown great affection for me. On arriving at Blois I felt a great and sudden oppression at my heart: every one came to receive me at the foot of the staircase, and I went straight to the apartment of Monsieur, who saluted me, and said he was very glad to see me; to which I replied that I was delighted to have this honour; he appeared

extremely embarrassed; and I believe that it was very plainly to be seen in my face that I was conscious of what had passed, and that the good and bad treatment I had received had alike made a strong impression on me. We neither of us knew what to say, and but for my two greyhounds, called Reine and Souris, which his Royal Highness began to caress, scarcely a word would have passed. All that he did with the intention of pleasing me, only made me the more sad; I felt disposed to cry; he perceived it, and said, "Go to Madame." She received me very well, making many professions of kindness; telling me, during my visit, that she loved me as well as her own children, and that she did not wish to see them well established more earnestly than she did me. I found there were great hopes at Blois of my sister's marriage with the King—I neither believed this nor wished it: we are not best pleased to see a younger sister placed above us.

His Royal Highness wrote to Cardinal Mazarin, to state that a reconciliation had taken place between us, and that he begged that he would induce their Majesties to consent to my having the honour of paying my respects to them. Monsieur le Comte was entrusted with this despatch. Indisposition obliged me to remain at Blois a day longer than I had intended; yet I

heard no news of Monsieur de Bethune until I had arrived at Limours. Madame de Frontenac arrived there about an hour after me, but without my having sent for her. The next morning, when she undrew my curtains, she said, "I am the most unfortunate creature alive, not to be on good terms with you. I have done nothing that ought to displease you; for if I have seen the Comtesse de Fiesque, you never desired me not to do so. She respects you more than any one, and I have never heard her speak of you but with the greatest regard; and whilst she expresses herself thus, I cannot think why you are so displeased at my seeing her." I replied, "She has so offended me on every occasion, that I naturally feel an aversion for her: it is right you should know this, to prevent you acting as you have done." She said, "If you desire that I should see her no more, you must assure me you will treat me as formerly, and that we shall be on good terms; for without this assurance, I cannot give her up." I replied, somewhat sharply, "What! you offer me the alternative in an affair where I am the mistress! Do you place me on a par with the Comtesse de Fiesque? Do you mean to infer you cannot live in the world without either her or me? All that you advance to justify yourself, only still further condemns you.

Say no more: you give me concern." I turned on the other side, and she drew the curtain. It seems she had a great desire to return to Court with me; but I would decide nothing positively either one way or the other.

One day they informed me that Port Royal des Champs was not more than two leagues from Limours, and I conceived a strong fancy to go there. It is right to say what induced this curiosity, for an abbey of the order of St. Bernard is nothing extraordinary to see. Jansenius, Bishop d'Ypres, who was considered to have died with a reputation for sanctity, had written on what St. Augustin says of grace; the Abbé St. Cyran, a very learned man, and who had lived as virtuously, took up the same opinion, which Cardinal de Richelieu, either not liking, or fearing, caused him to be put in prison, where he remained till the regency, when the Queen set him at liberty. This Abbé frequented the Convent of Port Royal, which is in the Faubourg St. Jaques, because at certain times many from the abbeys beyond the city, and more especially those near Paris, are transferred to it. Le Val de Grace is also made use of in this way. Monsieur Arnaud had several sisters in this monastery. He gave himself up to devotion, with Monsieur Dandilly, his brother, and Monsieur le Maitre,

his nephew. They were often at this house, where they served God with great zeal, and their neighbour with infinite charity. Many of the Doctors of the Sorbonne visited them; so that they always had good preachers in the Church of Port Royal. France having become tranquil, living in the country was as safe now for nuns and monks, as for people of the world. The inmates of Port Royal in Paris, accordingly, were sent to Port Royal "des Champs," whither also the gentlemen I have named retired; and, following their example, many who wished to give up the world went there, spending their lives in study, and working in the garden; assisting the poor in the neighbourhood, and leading a life very unusual with them—penitence being there carried out with a stricter hand for men of the world, than for such as had taken the vows. They were called 'Jansenists,' in the same manner as we say 'Calvinists'—a name that frightened the world, which considered them as little better than heretics; yet was their devotion sincere. Retired from public life, they were without ambition, without interest, and charitable in the extreme; if their doctrine was bad, we may still hope that by their good behaviour, and by their prayers, they will obtain the necessary light to change it.

There was at Port Royal des Champs a small college, where they received boarders, who were brought up in the fear of God, instructed in the belles lettres, and all the sciences necessary to their well-doing in the world; instead, therefore, of the scholars leaving college the fools they usually are, requiring time to fit them for the society of men and of polite persons, these, on quitting their studies, possessed as good manners as though they had been brought up at court and in the great world; yet this college was prohibited from receiving children, the order was carried into execution by an exempt of the King's gardes du corps, and it was clearly to be seen that this act was instigated by the Jesuits, who did all in their power to damage the institution.

On reaching Port Royal, I asked for Monsieur Dandilly, whom I knew, although it was long since we had met. They told me he was in his chamber, so I went thither. Observing me look at his table, he said, "You are curious; you wish to see how I amuse myself; I am translating some parts of the work of Sainte Théréze." I thanked him, and replied, "I love this saint extremely, and I shall be glad to see her appear as she ought. Up to this time, her works have been badly translated." I then entered

the convent, where I found the community very numerous, the nuns looking devout, pure, simple, and without any affectation. The church was very much decorated. I walked everywhere over the convent, and looked at everything, and I believe there is nothing to be seen in this establishment, but what may be met in any other—everything wears the same aspect as in all the abbeys of the reformed order of St. Bernard. The nuns were quite astonished to hear me exclaim—"Ah, voilà des Saints!" when I saw the images in their cells; but they did not venture to question me upon it. When I took my leave, Monsieur Dandilly said, "You have seen that we have here the images of saints, whom we pray to, and reverence; that our sisters have chaplets, and that we have also our relics." I replied, "It is true that I have heard there was no value set on these things here; and I am very glad in being convinced to the contrary." He added, "You are going to the Court; will you take the trouble of reporting to the Queen what you have seen?" I promised him I would, with pleasure; upon which he assured me of the prayers of the community, joined with his own, and further uttered many fine things to induce me to become a *devotée*. I left very well satisfied with what I had seen and heard.

On my return, I found the answer from Monsieur de Bethune. It told me that their Majesties and Cardinal Mazarin had received most graciously the compliments of his Royal Highness and myself, and the entreaty made by him for my return; and that if I would repair to St. Cloud on a day that the Cardinal would name, he would meet me there, and reveal to me the particulars of an attempt that had been made to injure me. I guessed in a moment that it originated with the two women, who had never ceased their paltry intrigues against me; and I pondered on it all the way to Limours. There I learnt that they had given it out that I never should return to Court; for that I had made a will by which I had left all my fortune to the Prince, and that this was known to the Cardinal. You may imagine the effect that all this had upon my mind in regard to these ladies, and the little favour it disposed me to show to Madame de Frontenac, who had a great desire to accompany me to the Court. But for all her entreaties to this effect, I replied, that the public had seen that she had by no means given up her intimacy with Madame de Fiesque, although she knew the manner in which she had behaved to me; and that I therefore wished the punishment to be known as well as the fault. She calmly replied, "At least let

me hope that, on your return, I may have the honour of seeing you." To which I rejoined, "Await the orders I shall send you." The morning she saw me get into the coach, she was in great trouble, and her tears flowed abundantly. My firmness was very great, for I tranquilly witnessed these tears: if I had altered my looks, or given myself up to any regret, it would have been caused by the recollection of the time when she had laughed and I had wept.

I arrived early at St. Cloud; there I found every one waiting my arrival. Monsieur de Bethune told me of the obliging manner in which I had been spoken of, and the impatience the Court testified to see me. Monsieur (the King's brother) had said, "I will give up my apartment to my cousin"—that the Cardinal had also said he would give up his; for it was for him to do the honours of the house, as being Governor of Fére. He told me at the same time, that the Cardinal had expressed great joy at this reconciliation, saying, "You see how very well disposed I am towards Mademoiselle, and the real pleasure I have in serving her. I have laughed at what they have sent me as her will, and we will, if you please, throw it into the fire. I know that I can trust to her word, for she is a princess *de bonne foi;* and I can hardly believe

that at her age she has even thought of making a will." After this, he spoke very well of me at table, where he praised me much, observing that I was the richest match in the kingdom; that Monsieur (the King's brother) had shown great *empressement* towards me, and that the rumour of the Court was, that he thought of marrying me, for he had said to the Queen, "I know not where Mademoiselle's train will lodge, for they tell me her equipage is alarming!" to which the Queen replied, "She used formerly to follow the Court, and her train never found any difficulty; and I should not think that she has now so many people." The Comte de Bethune said that I had not more; to which Monsieur rejoined, "She has everything she pleases, for she is very rich."

When they separated, the Cardinal informed Monsieur de Bethune that the King was going to make a little tour with the army, and that I must await his return near the Queen, that he might see them together; that he would let me know when it was time I should depart; and that, in the meanwhile, I might repair to Paris, and do what I pleased, for I was mistress of my actions. Thus the King and Queen had previously decided it. I wrote to the Cardinal to thank him for the kindness he had done me; and to express to their Majesties the impatience I had to see them.

Never was there such a rush of company to St. Cloud! All the particular friends of the Cardinal hurried to see me, with all those of rank among my own. Madame la Princesse de Carignan came with the greatest *empressement*, and said — "I bring my daughter-in-law, the Comtesse de Soissons,* (the Cardinal's niece,) to see you in a litter; she is *enceinte*." I went to receive her. Madame de Carignan paid me many compliments; but her daughter-in-law said nothing. It was so crowded and warm, that I begged her, fearing, from her state of health, that she would be incommoded, to retire to my cabinet, saying that I would join her there in a moment, which I did. Her mother remained with the rest of the company. The Comtesse was a long time silent, when all of a sudden she said, "Why do you not wear your ruffles, like other people?" I replied that I found them inconvenient. To which she answered, "If you think that it makes your arms look more beautiful, you are mistaken." She then added, "My mother-in-law is so tiresome, and so dreadfully afraid I shall hurt myself, that she follows me everywhere." I then paid her some compliments,

* Mademoiselle de Martinozzi, sister to the Princess de Conti, who was married at Compiègne to the Prince of Modena.

said how glad I was to see her, and that I hoped we might feel a friendship for each other. She answered not a word. I did not find her half so pretty as they had said; and when I looked at her, I could not understand how the King had ever fallen in love with her.

News reached me from the Court that it had left Fére, and departed for Sedan, so as to be near Montmedi, which was besieged by the Maréchal de la Ferté. I was sorry for this, as I feared it might retard my journey; but I heard from the Cardinal, who informed me that I might set out for Sedan whenever it pleased me; begged me to send word of the day I left Paris, and the time that I should be at Rheims, that an escort might be there to receive me. All this I found on my arrival, with orders from the King to take four hundred horse that were at Rethel, so that I might be conducted with the dignity and safety necessary to a person of my quality.

I pass over all the anxieties that occurred, and the honours paid me during my journey, simply stating that on reaching the faubourg of Sedan we halted to send to the *prairie*, where we heard the Queen was, to know if it would be agreeable that I should come to her there. Her messenger returned, saying that it accorded with her wishes: so I went, and arrived in the prairie

at speed, with the gendarmes and the light-horse, their trumpets sounding in a most triumphant manner. As I approached the coach of the Queen, they gave the word to halt, and formed *en escadron*, between her coach and mine. I alighted about twenty steps from her Majesty, and kissed her robe and her hands. She did me the honour of embracing me, said that she was very glad to see me, and that she had always loved me, although there had been times when she had felt very angry with me; yet not so much so for the affair at Orleans as at the Porte St. Antoine, when, if she could have caught me, she would certainly have strangled me. I replied, that I deserved anything, since I had displeased her; but that it was my misfortune to have been with those who had induced me to act against my duty. She then said, "I have merely mentioned this to get everything off my mind; now all is forgotten; and I am persuaded I shall love you more than ever." I kissed her hands; and again she embraced me. She then looked at me, and said, "You are not in the least altered, although it is six years since we have met; if anything you are looking better—you are fatter, and your complexion is much more beautiful." I asked her, "Has not your Majesty heard that my hair is becoming grey?" She said she had;

when I added, "I wish not to deceive; I have not put powder in my hair to-day, that you may see that it is so;" and she was quite astonished to observe it at my age. She then asked me how I had amused myself at St. Fargeau? I told her, and that I had never felt *ennuyée*.

On entering the town, the Queen bade me observe that, to do me honour, there was a reinforcement of the guard at the gate. I found this very pleasing, and remarked, "Until now, they have treated me as a foreign Princess." On reaching the Chateau, the Queen spoke to all the persons with me, and made inquiries after others. The nieces of the Cardinal then came forward, and I said, "I must be introduced to these ladies, for I believe they do not know me." Hortense was a beautiful girl, but with no grace of manner. I then spoke to those in waiting on the Queen, among whom was Mademoiselle Gourdon, of a high family in Scotland, whom I had known before. They were all very well-looking, and pretty.

On reaching my apartments, I found a gentleman from the King—Monsieur (his brother), and the Cardinal, who waited to express the regret they felt in not being at Sedan to receive me; but that the siege of Montmedi, which was nearly at an end, prevented them from quitting it;

although they felt the greatest impatience to see me. The next morning I attended mass with the Queen; and then went to her room, where she did me the honour of showing me some pendants for the ears. She also improved my hair, which she did not like; arranging it herself, with the greatest condescension. I then received visits from all at Sedan: these were not many in number.

After dinner, I returned to the Queen, who took pleasure in conversing with me. Whilst at cards, she said, I should find the King very much changed: that he was much grown, and become so fat, and so bold, that she thought I should consider him very good-looking. As for Monsieur, I should see him scarcely altered; but that he had a very handsome head, and was very like me. Whilst at the collation, she observed, "My niece eats exactly like my son; she very much reminds me of him." At her toilet, one of her women said, "Madame, does not Mademoiselle very much put you in mind of Monsieur, your son? It gives me the idea of a great many things when I look at her." The Queen smiled; so that all this, joined to what every one said, made me feel assured that they were thinking of uniting us.

Every evening the Queen went to the prairie,

where she made me relate to her all the differences I had had with his Royal Highness—when she would interrupt me by exclaiming, "You are very clever!—what a pity!—how unjustly you have been tormented!" with other obliging expressions, concluding by saying, "What promises has he not made me!—and in what has he not failed!"

CHAPTER V.

FAILING THE KING OF FRANCE (LOUIS XIV.), AND THE GREAT CONDÉ, IT IS PROPOSED TO MARRY MADEMOISELLE TO MONSIEUR THE KING'S BROTHER—SHE IS RECONCILED WITH CARDINAL MAZARIN — DELICATE CONFESSION—LOUIS XIV., MADAME LA MOTTE, AND THE COMTESSE DE SOISSONS—MADEMOISELLE YIELDS PRECEDENCE TO THE PRINCESS HENRIETTA OF ENGLAND.

WE were expecting, every moment, news of the taking of Montmedi; and a week after my arrival, word was brought that the enemy had offered to capitulate. The King arrived at Sedan about two in the afternoon—the Queen had waited dinner for him. He came at a gallop, but so wet and dirty, that the Queen, who saw the state he was in, from a window, observed to me, "I do not wish you to see him until he has changed his dress." I replied, that it mattered very little to

me. He entered: and however wanting in style of dress, I thought him very handsome. The Queen said, "Here is a Demoiselle I must present to you, and who is very sorry for having been so naughty; but promises to be wiser in future." He began to laugh: and she asked him, "Where is your brother?" He replied, "He is coming in my coach; I could not persuade him to travel on horseback: he would not appear in an undress: he is adorned with the nicest care." Upon saying this, he looked at the Queen and laughed, wishing me to understand that all this was for me. He then related everything that had taken place at Montmedi, and an adventure he had met with on his return. In a part of the wood, called *Le Trou de Souris*, a party had fired at the coach containing two of his gentlemen, and wounded the coachman: that they had immediately got on horseback, and rode into the wood in pursuit of them, with ten or twelve fusileers—had killed one or two, and taken the rest prisoners. The Queen asked, "Where was your brother during the action?" And the King replied, that he had remained in the carriage, *parce qu'il n'etoit pas botté.* Every one said that the King had been the first to plunge into the wood, although they had done all they could to prevent him.

At the moment, a carriage was heard; upon which the King said, "Here is my brother!"

And he came in, dressed in grey, *une petite oye de coleur de feu* — and all *fort ajusté*. After saluting the Queen, he came to me—drew me to the window recess, and embraced me; expressing great joy in seeing me, and protesting that he thought me very handsome. I replied, that he was much grown: and we continued to praise each other. The Queen then told me to go to dinner; adding, "In the evening we will sup *en famille*." I made a low courtsey, and returned to my residence.

On their informing me that the Cardinal had arrived, I again went to the Queen. He was at the window, with her Majesty, in the cabinet. When he saw me, he advanced into the great room, and the Queen exclaimed, "Monsieur le Cardinal is come to see you." I saluted him, and observed that, after what had passed, it was right that we should embrace; which I should do *de bon cœur*. He then approached and embraced my knees. Upon which I raised him, and embraced him. He then observed, "How much pleasure it gives me to see you—how much I have desired this—but, alas! I was not master of the obstacles which opposed it." We then began to laugh at the story the ladies had told about the will; after which he joined the conversation with their Majesties and Monsieur.

At supper, Madame la Comtesse de Fleix gave

me the napkin, which I handed to the Queen. The King would never wash. The Queen observed, that he did not care about it, and wished me to wash with him; which, it may be supposed, I declined. She then said to him, "It is all of no use! My niece will have nothing to do with you." Her Majesty was seated in the centre at table: we ate in private: that is to say, the Queen's ladies attended on us, but there were a great many people present. The King sat at the end on the right, Monsieur and myself on the left. The Queen observed to Monsieur, that it was very uncourteous in him not to have placed me above; but he replied, there was no need of *that* ceremony among relations. Madame de Fleix waited on me with the cup, the same as she did on them,—indeed, every honour was paid to me: the violins played during supper, and we danced afterwards. Upon this occasion, the Queen made me a great many compliments on my dancing, and on my general deportment. The King talked much to Mademoiselle de Mancini, and sometimes to me. I feared to question him; and of his own accord he said little.

The next day I attended mass with the Queen. The Cardinal was present, and said that he had been to see me, and was sorry not to find me at home. After mass, he came again, so I desired

him to get into my coach. He seated himself at the door near me, and observed, "If any one had predicted to you, in 1652, that Mazarin would be seated in the same vehicle with you, in 1659, you would not have believed them, would you? And yet here is that naughty Mazarin, who has done so much harm." I laughed, and replied, "For myself, I have never thought him so very bad. I have always remarked that affairs prospered wherever he was." "And you have said as much," he rejoined. "I know that you and Monsieur le Prince have often laughed at the *emportemens* of his Royal Highness against me; and you have said, '*Il reviendra:* he is a good man; therefore I shall be very glad; he has always treated me well, and it is to our interest that he should return.' Is it not true that you have said this?" I confessed that I had; and added, "That I was very glad he knew it, as it would prove that I had no dislike to him." He then spoke of Monsieur le Prince; observing, "He owes you many obligations; you saved his life, and you would marry him were his wife dead, even though all this time he is in love with Madame de Châtillon, who says that she will have him; and, as far as she is concerned, I do not doubt her." I replied, "That the Princess was not then in a dying condition; and that the

marrying Monsieur le Prince was very far from my thoughts: but that if his wife did die, such a thing might come to pass. As it was, God had left me in a position to accept any establishment which I might owe to his goodness; and that I was sure, depending, as I now did, on him (the Cardinal), and his esteem for me, it would be an advantageous one." He replied, "That he would do everything in his power to show his zeal for my service; and that I should have been Queen of France but for my father, who, by his bad conduct, had rendered all his (the Cardinal's) plans abortive; but that it was no use to speak of the past." I offered to reconvey him home; but he said, "You must not use ceremony with one who is your servant, and to whom you have promised friendship; if you do, I shall think you are treating me *en Mazarin*." This made us both smile; and I returned to my room. After dinner, the King came to see me, and talked to me in the kindest manner possible. I wished to attend him to his coach, but this he tried to prevent, paying me the same compliments that any other man might have done. Nevertheless, I acted up to my intention. When at his coach-door, he said, "You must order me to enter, otherwise I cannot do so before you." Nothing could be more obliging than I found him.

After he had left, Monsieur (the King's brother) came to see me. He said, "You are going to the Queen's; let us proceed there together." I replied, "You think you are speaking to the Maréchal du Plessis?" for when I was last at Court they were always together. He answered, "No; I have now no governor; I take care of myself." He wore a new dress, which, in general, he did every day. During the time I was at Sedan, I played at loo with the Queen. Monsieur and myself went halves; but finding I paid little attention to the game, she made me leave off, when Monsieur took the cards, which he did not keep long, but gave them to Madame de Fienne, and we sat and talked together. He asked me how long I should remain at Court? I told him I did not know the day I should leave, but that it would be soon, as I wished to go to Forges. He replied, I was laughing at him; for that was all very well when I had nothing better to do, but now I must remain. I replied, "That next year I would; but that it would be too long for the first time." He then took me into his room to see his jewels. The Count de Bethune was annoyed that I had not invited his wife to go with me; but she was looking over the Queen's game, and I did not think it necessary, as I had two or three of the Queen's

ladies with me, and the room to which we were going was very near the one we were in. Madame de Bethune was not to be put out of humour. She exclaimed to every one, "Can we ever feel *ennui* when we see the King and Queen every day? I love the Court so well, I hope I shall never quit it, but remain with Mademoiselle until she is married." I had no idea of this. We may like people very well, without wishing them to live with us for ever. The Queen said to me, "The Comtesse de Fiesque is a fool, and *une evaporée.* I was always surprised at your taking her. As for Madame de Frontenac, if I dared so say, it would be, that I was very glad she had served you as she did. Whoever heard of taking such a creature as that for your *dame d'honneur*, possessing neither birth nor merit?" I was not on such terms then as to offer my advice; but at any other time I would not have allowed it." "Helas, Madame!" I replied, "I have truly suffered for my fault; let us say no more about it."

I begged the Comte de Bethune to ask the Cardinal when he thought it right that I should leave. His reply was, "That I was mistress of my own time, and that I might remain as long as I liked." I went to see him in the chateau where he lived, and he was very averse to my

leaving. When I sent to request an audience, he returned me word, that if I had any order to give, he would hasten to me, but it was arranged that I should wait upon him. A chair of the Queen's, therefore, was sent to me, for it was difficult to take coaches about the chateau. He came to meet me, and took me to the *ruelle** of his bed. On his again begging me to remain at Court, observing that the King and Queen much approved of it, I replied, "That his Royal Highness, who had not remained longer than three days, might not approve it; and, besides, there was my wish of taking the waters." He observed that my health was very good; and that the air of the Court would agree with me equally well. He then inquired into the state of my affairs; spoke of Monsieur le Prince, and of Cardinal de Retz; saying, that the latter had "a black soul;" that the other was very amiable, and that he could easily become reconciled with him.

* This was the space or alley in the alcove between the bed and the wall, which was approached by confidential attendants, or persons who were honoured with a private interview. Here there was a small door, near the bed's head, communicating with a secret passage and staircase; and we may suppose the expressing of "a back stairs intrigue" has reference to this arrangement.—*Ed.*

I told the Queen that I should take leave upon the following morning. The King inquired at what hour ? that he might order me an escort. I replied, at any hour which he pleased. During my stay at Sedan we had danced every day; and although Monsieur had often invited me to these balls, I never went but when the King sent for me; he would observe, "I beg you will come here and dance every day that you remain at Sedan." He became very intimate with me; spoke of his musketeers; asked me, if I did not like their beautiful casaques? said that nothing was finer than two blue squadrons, which I should see when they escorted me; and he then wished to know if I had ever heard the timbrels? I replied, that I had. He asked me where ? I smiled, and said, with a respectful air, "With the foreign troops that were with us during the war. The recollection ought not to be very agreeable to me, for it was during the time that I displeased your Majesty." Adding, "That in asking his pardon, I ought to solicit it on my knees." He replied, "I ought to go on my knees myself, to hear you talk in this manner." In the evening the King rode on horseback, as he usually did, and made me and the young ladies of the Queen ride with him, when he showed me, one after the other, his horses, which I found very

beautiful. We danced in the evening, as usual; after which I took leave of the Queen, who treated me, as she had ever done since my arrival, with the greatest possible kindness. I wished to go to the King's room, but he bade me adieu in that of the Queen, as also did Monsieur (his brother).

The next morning, between seven and eight, Monsieur came to say farewell again; which was a great exertion for one who never rose before eleven o'clock in the day; and I left Sedan very well pleased with my visit.

[We pass over the particulars of Mademoiselle's journey to Forges, Blois, &c., and at once return with her to Paris.]

I arrived late at Paris, for I had a cold; and as I had not slept the night before, I made up in the morning for the rest I had lost. I was confined to my room four days, which prevented my going to the Louvre. Monsieur (the King's brother) came to see me the day after my arrival; and did me the honour of observing, that he had been very anxiously expecting me. He was very well dressed, related all the news with the greatest kindness, and gave me some Portugal oranges. He then spoke of the lotteries: I had never heard of them, so he had to explain, and soon made me know all about them. We talked

of nothing else. The King and the Queen sent to inquire for me; the Cardinal also gave as a reason for not coming to see me, the affliction he was under at the loss of his little nephew. This little boy was at the Jesuit college, and, while playing with the other scholars, suggested the game of being tossed in a blanket, each one in turn holding the corners. The Abbé d'Harcourt, who held one corner, and who was very feeble, let it go, and the little Alphonse Mancini fell, and fractured his skull. He was only twelve years old, and was quite a prodigy of learning, having nearly finished all his studies. He was *un esprit vif;* and the Cardinal had placed great hopes on his advancement; he slept in the same room with him, and to render him capable of serving the King, he spoke of everything in his presence, showed all the despatches, and accustomed him to affairs.

It is easy to believe that during the first days of my arrival my house was never empty; for those who were not attracted towards me by their duty or their love, were so by novelty, which is always charming to the French. Monsieur came a second time; and I learned that he spoke of nothing but the *empressement* he had for me. I could not fail to perceive it, neither did it displease me, nor did anything else

in regard to him; a young prince, handsome, well made, and brother to a king, could not but appear a desirable connexion for me. When my cold was better, I went to visit the Queen, who received me with every sort of kindness. I did not stay to see the King, who was out; and fearing the damp air, I made my visit shorter than usual.

Upon the death of his nephew, the Cardinal went immediately to the Bois de Vincennes, where he remained some days. The same evening the Duc de Lesdiguieres gave a supper to all his family, handsome and numerous enough in themselves to form an assembly. The King and Monsieur went there in masks; there were also some of the Queen's ladies. The King danced and talked a great deal to La Motte Houdancour; and it was noticed that he had given up his visits to the Hôtel de Soissons. He won a handkerchief of Venice point in a lottery, and some other trifle suitable to a demoiselle, both of which he gave to La Motte. The Queen sent to me to go to a play with this lady; and during the whole of the comedy the King did nothing but stare at her. On my return, I paid a visit to the Queen of England, who had been absent since my arrival at Paris. Nothing was talked of but this new friendship of the King's;

all the men were pleased with it, hoping it would make the King *plus gaillard.* The Cardinal returned from Vincennes; he was shut up for three hours with their Majesties: upon the breaking up of the conference, the King took no further notice of La Motte.

The Cardinal came to see me the day after his return to Paris, and stated the severe affliction he had suffered as the reason for not having come before. I informed him that I had been ill, and not able to go out; but that it seemed to me, after so long an absence, that I had better not go to the Louvre too often, from fear of being accused of forwardness. He replied, that I ought not to entertain any such apprehension, for that I was in every way born for the Court, and fitted to be there from the rank I held; that there was a play that day, to which I must go; for both the King and the Queen wished me to be present at every amusement. He added, that if I liked to go masked I could; and the King very often did so. I replied, that indeed I was dying to attend some diversions; for that the fêtes were the things that had made me so much regret Paris. It was, perhaps, very childish, I added, for a person like me to make such a confession; but I had now so much confidence in him that I should conceal nothing; at the same time, begging

him to believe I should never act without asking his advice.

The month of January passed with nothing but theatricals at the Louvre. My cold prevented me going often; neither was I tired of staying at home, for I had always the best company. I put money into several lotteries, but was not successful. I held one at my own residence in February. Madame la Maréchal de l'Hôpital gave a ball, to which we went in masks—that is, dressed in gold and silver stuffs, and caps and plumes. The ladies were much decorated; the men wore silk stockings and embroidered habits. When we entered, we had on our masks, which we took off at the moment. After having danced, we repaired to a room, magnificently decorated, to take refreshment; but, as there was only one cover, and one arm-chair, the King said to me, "Seat yourself there, ma cousine, it is your place." The Comtesse de Soissons smiled, and said, "I will sit there;" which she did, although Monsieur told her not to do so. This familiarity with the King surprised me, for it was not so before I left the court. All seated themselves at table; the King the last: saying, "as there is no other seat but this, I must needs take it." He helped himself to no dish that he did not offer to others, and begged us to eat with him.

For me, who had been brought up in great reverence for etiquette, all this astonished me very much; and it was long before I could accustom myself to it. But when I saw others do it, and the Queen told me that the King did not like ceremony, but wished us to eat from his dish, then I did it; otherwise, the faults of others would not have been sanctioned by me.

On my preparing to leave, the King said to the Comtesse de Soissons, "Let us take my cousin home," for we had come in separate coaches, having with me the ladies of the Queen. To these he said, as he ascended the coach, "Mesdemoiselles, my cousin will dispense with your attending her: return to the Louvre." This was remarked by every one, from his addressing himself to La Motte. So they went; leaving with us only Gourdon and Fouilloux to accompany back the Comtesse de Soissons, and we set off at speed; so rapidly, that the King's guard had great difficulty in keeping up with us. The King said, "How delighted I should be if robbers would attack us!" His Majesty's coach was left far behind, so that, until it came up, we walked on the terrace in the court of the Luxembourg, the 3rd of February, at three o'clock in the morning, as if it were in the month of July. Monsieur asked me if I would go the next day to

the fair? I was delighted to accept the proposal; and bought a quantity of cabinets and mirrors, which I required to ornament my residence.

A very grand ball was given at the Chancellor's, to which the Queen and the Cardinal went, taking the Princess Royal of England, who was delighted, not having attended any but those at the Louvre. The fête was most magnificent—the repast also. I was dressed in pearls, and with no bouquet, on account of the mourning I wore for Monsieur de Candale. Some days after this ball, the rumour was, that the Queen of England complained that I had attempted to take precedence of her daughter; and that the thing was planned between me and Monsieur. I went to the Cardinal, and explained that the Princess of England was seated at play with Mesdemoiselles de Nemours; that I had followed the Queen; that when at the end of the gallery, I called her before entering, and we had walked hand in hand, which we usually did; and that I could see nothing in all this to find fault with. The Cardinal replied, "It was remarked the other day at the Queen's that you wished to pass before her." To which Monsieur said, "And supposing she had done so, would she not have been right? We shall have enough to do with people dependent upon us for bread, if we permit them to

go before us. What will they not want besides?" This was repeated to the Queen of England, who wept very much at hearing it. The Queen took Monsieur to task, and said, "Considering who you are, and those of whom you speak, you ought not to be the first to talk in this manner." I blamed him very much, and told the Cardinal, that I was willing to render to the Queen of England, considering her position, and her relationship, all the respect possible; were it otherwise, I might have some disposition to dispute *le pas* with her daughter: as it was, I had no such idea. He replied, "The Kings of Scotland gave place formerly to the fils de France; so that you are entitled to precede the Princess of England." I begged him not to speak of it; for, considering the position of my aunt, I should be sorry in any way to mortify her.

The King had composed a ballet, which I went to see performed with the Queen. As the ball was given in the great hall, where every one attended without being asked, there was a great assemblage of persons, and among the rest I saw the Comtesses de Fiesque and de Frontenac. They were so changed that I hardly knew them; indeed, they concealed themselves behind others, and with their hoods, as though they dreaded to show their faces.

A day or two after, at the fair, Monsieur informed me, from the Queen, that I must not lay aside my jewels, as she wished me to appear in them again shortly, at a ballet. I guessed in a moment that it was to be given to the Queen of Sweden. He said it was; but begged I would not speak of it. I was, therefore, decorated at this ballet as before. The Queen of Sweden appeared dressed in the same manner as ourselves, and the costume became her very well. At these ballets I saw persons whom I had not met elsewhere. Préfontaine was there, whom I had not seen since we parted at St. Fargeau. It brought to my recollection the extent of my privation when I had lost him—the confusion which it had occasioned in my affairs—and all the vexations which these occurrences had given me. Such recollections were ill suited to the scene of a ballet, and my countenance wore little of the gaiety becoming on such occasions.

CHAPTER VI.

COOLNESS BETWEEN MADEMOISELLE AND HER INTENDED —A LOTTERY WITHOUT BLANKS — SPLENDID LIBERALITY OF MAZARIN — THE KING IN DANGER — AN ALLIANCE PROPOSED FOR LOUIS XIV., WHO SETS OUT TO MEET THE LADY—SOLDIERS OF CÆSAR—RECEPTION OF MADEMOISELLE BY HER SUBJECTS.

MADAME de la Basiniére gave a magnificent ball and supper, at which the Queen of Sweden danced in so ridiculous a manner, that she made all the company laugh. The account we brought toher Majesty of the Queen of Sweden's dancing gave her a desire to see it. In order to laugh with more freedom, it was arranged not to have a large assembly, but that the King should send to her some evening to know if she would please to descend from her apartments, for there was dancing every night. But we had not the pleasure the Queen had proposed; for one of the gentle-

men hinted to the Queen of Sweden that we were laughing at her, and that she had better not dance. In fact, she did nothing but make very low courtseys; and the ball ended very quickly. I had now a quarrel with Monsieur, (the King's brother,) on account of Mademoiselle Gourdon, who, having no partner for the *branle*, called Madame Frontenac's husband, who, out of respect to me, was hid behind the others, although I had not forbidden him to appear before me. I said to Monsieur, who danced with me, "Your Gourdon is *une sotte!*" And one word leading to another, we bickered to such a degree, that I would not give him my hand for the courante. Every one perceived it at supper, where we sulked, they told me, exceedingly.

The next day a party was made up for us, and we were to attend in masks. When I arrived at the Louvre, Monsieur was dressed like a girl, with flaxen hair. The Queen said he looked very like me; but it required all the pains in the world to induce him to unmask, so that I might see him. The King observed, we were so many, that we had better separate. I entreated that he would allow me to go with him; and Monsieur went with the Queen's young ladies. This quarrel lasted between us for several days, when the Queen made us embrace, and we became as good friends as ever.

The King and Monsieur had then *un grand démêlé.* Monsieur had broken through Lent, and had eaten in his chamber. He came one day into the room, where the Queen dined with the King, and finding a skillet of boiled meat, he took some on a plate and showed it the King, who told him not to eat of it; but Monsieur said that he would. The King replied, "I will engage you shall not." Upon which the dispute grew so angry, that the King, in trying to snatch the dish from him, gave him a push, which threw some drops of the broth upon Monsieur's head, whose hair was very well dressed, and who prided himself in its arrangement. This so exasperated him that, no longer master of himself, he threw the dish in the King's face, who was in no way angry at the time; but some of the Queen's women exciting him against Monsieur, he became so, and said that if it were not for respect to the Queen, who was present, he would kick him out of the room. Monsieur retired to his apartment, where he remained all the day alone; but the Queen and the Cardinal made up the quarrel the next morning. Happily, I did not leave my residence that day, nor go to the Louvre till it was settled. The first time we met, Monsieur said, "Do not speak to me, or they will think we are talking of what has

passed." He afterwards told me, with much grief and resentment, of the manner in which the King had acted towards him.

It was now reported that the Queen and the Cardinal did not like the intimacy between me and Monsieur. I resolved immediately to speak on the subject to the Cardinal, and went to him under the pretext of other matters; when he said, "How are you going on with Monsieur?" I replied, "As well as one can, with so childish a person." He rejoined, "The Queen and myself are quite annoyed to see that he amuses himself with nothing but ordering dresses for Mademoiselle de Gourdon, and thinks of nothing but decorating himself like a girl." I replied, that I thought they wished him to lead no other sort of life. "On the contrary," he said, "the Queen and I are both desirous that he should ask leave to join the army." I observed, "That is what I reproach him with." "Then it is the greatest favour you can do the Queen," he added. To this I replied, "They say she does not approve of my being so much with Monsieur." His Excellency replied, "Do not believe those who tell you this: the Queen is delighted when he is with you; for you will give him good advice." Upon this, I exclaimed, "I have not yet given him any; but if I do, be assured it

will neither be contrary to the wishes of the Queen nor to your own." "What advantage can I have," he said, "in seeing Monsieur expose himself? whilst, if he is well disposed, I am sure that he will do me the honour of esteeming me." I left, well satisfied with this conversation, part of which I repeated to Monsieur: so we continued to take our promenades together.

I had another interview with the Cardinal, whilst he was under some embarrassment concerning the advice he had given his Royal Highness respecting the marriage of my sister with the Duke of Savoy; saying that we ought to accept it directly, for, considering that the King had no inclination for my sister, it was the best match in Europe. Still he would not think of counselling the King on such affairs; he would choose whom he pleased; but if the King had to select one of his Royal Highness's daughters, he knew which would be the most suitable, and that if he were listened to, the thing would be soon done. Now, he begged the King not to ask his advice upon the matter, because he should not give it; he ought to follow only his own. He added, that he had the greatest desire to see me established; and he wished there were a thousand emperors and kings in a single state, so that among that number I might pos-

sibly find one worthy of me; still, I need not distress myself, he would make my establishment his own special affair. I thanked him for the good-will he showed me as much as lay in my power. I saw he was very anxious to know the reply of his Royal Highness, and the Queen told me that it was, "he received with pleasure the honour which Monsieur de Savoy had done him in asking his daughter, but that she would not marry while the King remained single." As for myself, who had no wish to see my sister a queen, I was not at all sorry at what I heard.

A little while after this conversation, Monsieur le Cardinal acted in a manner *fort galante* and very unusual: he asked to supper, their Majesties, Monsieur, the Queen of England, the Princess her daughter, and myself. We found his apartments well arranged, and the supper magnificent, especially the show of fish, for it was a Saturday in Lent. We danced during the evening; and he afterwards led the two Queens, the Princess of England, and myself, into a gallery, which was full of all that we can imagine of jewellery, ornaments, and beautiful stuffs of every variety of material, from China. There were chandeliers of crystal, mirrors, tables, cabinets of all kinds, cups of gold, perfumes, gloves, ribbons, and fans; the gallery

was as full as the shops at a fair, with this advantage, that there was no trash—all was selected with the nicest care. He would not tell us what all this was for, though every one saw that he had some design; and they said it was to form a lottery, and that he intended to *present* the tickets to the Court. I could not believe it, for he had there more than five hundred thousand pounds' worth of goods and clothing. Two days after, the mystery was explained. We were again invited to his residence; when he led the Queen into his cabinet, where we drew the lottery. There were no blanks among the tickets which he gave to the ladies and gentlemen of the Court. The largest prize was a diamond, worth four thousand pounds: thus each one had his chance; and this gallant liberality made much noise at court, all over the kingdom, and in foreign countries. It was very extraordinary, and I think never had there been seen in France so much magnificence. Yet many people made jests at the Cardinal's expense; not that I saw any room for it, for assuredly nothing could be more polite or more splendid.

At the conclusion of Lent, the Court began to talk of leaving Paris, and even of setting out forthwith. Monsieur asked if I were going; but I had resolved not to quit Paris, or if I did, to visit Forges. The evening I took leave of the

Queen, she did not show me any extraordinary kindness, but simply said, "I hope the waters will do you good, and that we shall meet again shortly." Monsieur begged me not to stay long, but to come and join them soon. The Court then set out for Amiens, from whence the King left, and proceeded to Hesdin, hoping that his presence would re-animate the troops, and urge them to do their duty. On the return of the King, the Court proceeded to Calais; and Dunkirk being attacked, the King rode backwards and forwards from the siege to the Queen. The Maréchal d'Hocquincourt was wounded at this siege, and died a few hours afterwards.

During the time the king was conducting himself gallantly with the army, Monsieur remained, like a child, near the Queen, although he was now seventeen. The Queen passed her time, as usual, between prayer and cards. Monsieur walked with her ladies by the sea-shore, taking great pleasure in wetting himself, and in throwing water over others, and in buying ribbons and stuffs that came from England. The traffic with this country was very easy, owing to its vicinity, and the alliance about to be made with the Protector, who sent my Lord Falconbridge to salute their Majesties, and to present horses to the King, to Monsieur, and to the Cardinal.

14392

The joy at the taking of Dunkirk did not last long; the King returned from the army ill of a fever, which was considered dangerous. The news soon reached Paris, where they exposed the Holy Sacrament to view in all the churches, with supplications for his recovery. I was about to depart for Forges, but these accounts retarded my journey. The news now arrived that the antimony prescribed had taken no effect, and the doctors had no hopes; they even feared that when I received the letter, his Majesty would be no more. I was much afflicted; the King was my first cousin; he treated me kindly; and besides, to see a King die so young, gives one a great shock. I liked Monsieur very well, nevertheless I could not think it an advantage for him to become King: he was too childish to govern, or even to know what was right. It was not that he was deficient, but he had no solidity, knowledge, or experience: the State would fare ill in his hands. I confess that all this made me grieve doubly at the malady of the King, and not from interested motives. I knew he would not marry me, and I had as much reason to believe that a change of position would not alter Monsieur's feelings towards me; but I had that love for the glory of our House, that I was ambitious that all those belonging to it should sustain it with that dignity

which my grandfather had done, and that we should never see any one King but who could thus sustain it.

News was now brought from the Court that the King had received the Viaticum, and that the Queen and Monsieur le Cardinal had left his chamber in despair. Monsieur had not seen the King from the first days of his illness; and when he became purple he would not risk it. After all these melancholy accounts, we heard that the second dose of antimony had been taken with effect, and that a strange doctor had done wonders.* Soon we learnt that he was out of danger, which gave the greatest joy to everybody; and I resolved to set out for Forges. When my intended departure was known, all the world came to see me to say adieu.

News came to me at Forges that Madame de Fienne, with some others, had been banished from Court. Madame de Choisy came to tell me of it, and said, "I pity Monsieur more than her; for when we part with a friend such as Madame de Fienne, it is a great loss. She has judgment,

* An empiric of Abbeville cured the King with an emetic wine, which the court physician looked on as poison. He sat on the side of the King's bed, and said, "The young man is very ill, but he shall not die."—*Age of Louis XIV.*

and is a person capable of giving good advice to a young man like Monsieur, and of directing him; for she has most liberal sentiments, and has been brought up at Court. I replied, that if Monsieur had not a better head to direct him, his affairs could not be expected to go very well. She said, "If you had seen him before Madame de Fienne and myself took such pains with him, you would confess how much he is improved in our hands." She then began to pity the fate of Madame de Fienne, and said, that if Monsieur did not provide for her, he would be the most unworthy of men. I replied, that Monsieur had very little money, and that he had already given her a great deal; to which she answered, "He may, perhaps, have given her a hundred thousand pounds' worth of jewels and other things; *voilà une belle affair!* It seems to me that princes ought to give without ceasing, or they are not good for anything."

I had constantly sent during the king's illness to inquire after him; and it now seemed my duty to dispatch an express to bring accounts of his recovery. He returned with the news that his Majesty was going on well, and that he had most graciously received my compliments, as well as the Queen, who had sent a courier to Madame de Choisy to say, that she was much occupied with the affair of Madame de Fienne. The subject

was much talked of: and it was reported that Madame de Fienne had been too happy during the King's illness, evidently desiring his death, in the hope that Monsieur would then give her more money. This the Queen had discovered; and the King's nurse came to her, and another of his *femmes-de-chambre*, to say, that Madame de Fienne was crouched down outside the door to learn what was going on within. The Queen was in the King's room at the time, and was so exasperated, that she rushed towards it, saying, she would throw her out of the window. Some person held the Queen back, and, but for this, the thing would have been done.

When the King's health permitted it, they removed him from Calais, where the air was bad. There was a bed arranged for him in the coach, which conveyed him to Compiègne. Madame la Comtesse de Soissons appeared to feel deeply interested before the King; but during his illness she had amused herself the same as usual, not even showing the regret she ought to have felt, after the King's kindness. It was reported to me, that one day the Queen said to her, "Whenever I see you, I feel disposed to weep for you." She made no reply, but turning round, she asked those near, "What did the Queen say?" This was to pay great attention, indeed, to her Majesty!

but she had shown as much by her want of anxiety during the King's extreme danger. Mademoiselle de Mancini, to whom his Majesty never spoke but as the Cardinal's niece, and this in the most indifferent manner, had almost killed herself with weeping, which confirmed the belief that she loved the king passionately.

From Compiègne the Court went to Paris, and from thence to Fontainebleau, whither I followed shortly afterwards. Monsieur gave a collation the next day at a hermitage called Franchar,* where twenty-four violins were in attendance. We went on horseback, and in our riding-habits, with liveries. The Comtesse de Soissons, who was indisposed, went in a coach. When we arrived, they took a fancy to scramble amongst the rocks—the most inconvenient in the world! and where you would have supposed nothing but goats could find footing. As for me, I remained in the garden of the hermitage, watching them climbing and descending, Monsieur and many of the ladies staying with me. The King then sent for the violins, and ordered that we should all follow him. We were obliged to obey, though it was not without difficulty; and we no sooner resolved to venture, than we found ourselves obliged to return. I am surprised that no one was hurt, for we ran great risks of having our

arms and legs broken, or even our skulls fractured. I think that the prayers of the good Hermit must have preserved us. After supper we returned, *en calèche*, with a quantity of flambeaux, when we went to a comedy. They next set fire to the forest, and there were several trees burnt.

The Court was now very charming; there were the French comedians and the Italians, and we often made excursions on the water, with violins and other music, or *en calèche*, when the King rode with the Comtesse de Soissons, Mademoiselles de Mancini and Fouilloux; Monsieur, with others of the Queen's ladies, whilst I usually went in the coach with her Majesty. His Royal Highness paid the Court a visit. I went to meet him, and was received with kindness. He descended from his coach in the forest as soon as he saw me, and talked for some time, when we again got into our coaches; I ordering mine to go before, from the curiosity I had to see how he would be received. When they said, "Here is Monsieur le Duc d'Orleans," the King and Queen were playing at cards; they hardly rose from their seats, and continued their game. I do not think this very much pleased him. Every one seemed surprised at the little account they made of him. Their Majesties went out

the same as usual, but without being accompanied by his Royal Highness. I went to see him in the evening, and he treated me very kindly.

The next day, he walked with the King and Queen; but as the King rarely wore a hat, it very much embarrassed his Royal Highness, who was not so young as the King, and who dreaded the damp air. Their Majesties allowed him to remain a long while without telling him to put it on, although he had placed his gloves on his head, thereby showing the fear he had, lest he should suffer from the exposure. It was remarked by all. When the Cardinal arrived, and he walked with him in the little garden, his Royal Highness was as long in telling him to put on *his* hat; and this, it was protested, was done in return for their Majesties' conduct towards him. He came to see me every day in my room, or I went to his. I spoke of the little care he had taken of my fortune, and the *empressement* he had shown for that of my sisters. Instead of receiving this in good part, as a father who felt a kindness for his daughter, he displayed the utmost spite and hatred towards me, with none of those good feelings which he naturally ought to have had. We parted on very bad terms; he leaving me in anger—I bathed in tears, and overwhelmed with the grief I felt, at seeing

myself so badly treated. He remained only a few days at Fontainebleau after the arrival of the Cardinal, and I was very glad of his departure. Monsieur le Cardinal had told him that there were great negotiations going on with Madame de Savoy; yet, notwithstanding, the Queen was always thinking of the Infanta of Spain; therefore, there was no room for him to hope that my sister would ever espouse the King. The Comtesse de Soissons, from her situation, was not able to come of an evening to dance at the Queen's; so the King amused himself with Mademoiselle de Mancini in her stead.

Monsieur le Cardinal did not remain long at Fontainebleau, but went to Paris to see Madame la Princesse de Conti, who lost her son nine days after her confinement. Cromwell died at the same time, so that the respect due to the little De Conti spared the affront which the Court might have offered, in putting on mourning for the destroyer of the English Monarchy; for myself, I would never have worn it, unless expressly ordered so to do by the King. I owed this respect to the Queen of England—my near relation. The Queen even had the goodness to excuse my coming to the Louvre when the Ambassadors from Cromwell were there. The Cardinal now informed their Majesties that their presence

was necessary at Paris, and that he had some idea a journey must be taken to Compiègne, so that the King might be on the frontiers. The Court left for Paris the next day. They began to arrange the journey to Lyons; and it was agreed that Madame de Sevry* should be there with her daughter, and that if it happened that the King appreciated her attractions, he would marry her. Nothing was talked of at the Louvre but this journey; the Queen was to remain at Paris, with the young Monsieur, who was always on good terms with me, although he no longer paid me the same marked attentions. To tell the truth, I was not ambitious on that head, for the more I knew of him, the more I perceived his weakness of character; he was more studious of external appearance, than of rendering himself conspicuous by great actions. Though I might esteem him as my cousin, I found that I could never have loved him as a husband.

Since his return from Fontainebleau, the King

* Christina, second daughter of Henry IV., wife to Victor-Amadæus, Duke of Savoy. Her life was passed in a perfect storm, both at court and in her family. They disputed with her the guardianship of her son, opposed her power, and attacked her reputation. She died in 1663.—*Age of Louis XIV.*

had discontinued his visits to the Hôtel de Soissons, where he had been previously every day in the habit of going, giving himself up to amuse Mademoiselle Mancini every evening. Nevertheless, the journey to Lyons was to take place in five or six days. Before departing, the King begged the Queen, his mother, to be of the party, for that he could not make up his mind to leave her in Paris, when he considered that her consent was necessary to his marriage. The Queen most readily consented. I had been confined to the house for some days, and had been bled. She talked to me much of their journey. News was received that Madame Royale would set out from Turin at the same time that the Court left Paris. The Abbé d'Amoreti, who negotiated the affair on the part of Madame Royale, had set out some time before, to apprise their Majesties of it. The night before his departure, when he took leave, he strongly urged them to allow him to convey a positive promise to Madame Royale, but they assured him of nothing but the journey; and that if Mademoiselle la Princesse Marguerite pleased the King, the affair would be concluded. Upon this promise, Madame Royale came to Lyons; whilst their Majesties set out from Notre Dame, hearing mass before they departed. I accompanied them, and the King appeared as gay as possible, talking

of nothing but his approaching union. The weather was most charming, which induced the King to propose to me that we should ride on horseback the next day, if it continued equally fine, for the country was so beautiful, that it was much pleasanter than being in a coach. Mademoiselle de Mancini, some of the Queen's ladies, and myself, did as he proposed. The King was always near Mademoiselle de Mancini, to whom he talked in a most gallant manner.

When we returned to the coach, he began to dispute with the Queen upon the greatness of the House of France and that of Austria. He said, "The other day, the Queen and I had nearly come to blows, on the grandeur of our two Houses." The Queen replied, "That is true; for how can one bear the hauteur with which you extol that of France?" Upon this, the King observed, "I have here a good second. My cousin is just as proud as I am." The Queen replied, "Yes, you are both proud—the one as much so as the other!" I began to laugh; and the King asked me, "Is it not true, *ma cousine*, that the founders of the House of Austria were only Comtes d'Hapsbourg while we were Kings of France?" I answered frankly, "That it did not become me to say so; and that it was equally difficult to hold my tongue. That it was true,

the House of Austria was great and illustrious; but that it must yield to us." The King replied, "If the king of Spain and I were disputing together, I would soon make him yield. How happy I should be if he would terminate this war by single combat; but he will take care not to do that—none of that race ever fight. Charles V. would not meet Francis I., although he pressed him constantly." The King talked in this way, in the most agreeable manner. The Queen observed, "Although I know you are only jesting, and that, seriously, you would not wish to fight against my brother, this conversation does not please me; let us talk of something else."

When we arrived at Dijon, Monsieur d'Epernon, who is Governor of Burgundy, came out of the town to meet their Majesties, with all the *noblesse* of these parts. The next day, on entering the Queen's room, I found her closeted with the King and Monsieur le Cardinal. She said, "Here is a Demoiselle whose advice we will ask." I approached; and she continued—"the Abbé d'Amoreti is returned to tell us that Madame de Savoy desires that my son should give her precedence. What do you say?" I replied, "It is never done. My father never gave it to the late Monsieur de Savoy; and it is

not my advice that it should be done now?" They all laughed; and the Queen observed, "The King has an excellent advocate in my niece, to maintain the grandeur of his House—never was there one so proud!" The Cardinal said nothing, as one who would not decide so hastily as I had. He asked their Majesties if they would like that the Abbé should come in? So they sent for him, when he made the compliments of Monsieur de Savoy to their Majesties, and expressed to them the hope he had of meeting them shortly. He also thanked them for the favour that had been shown in restoring to them again the citadel of Turin; for this was the pretext for the journey of Madame de Savoy. The Cardinal then said to the King, "Sire, Monsieur de Savoy has so much impatience to see your Majesty, that he wishes to come hither, if you make any stay; or to meet you upon the road between this and Lyons. But I have informed the Abbé that your Majesty is in haste to be at Lyons; that you will make no stay in any other place. It is therefore better that Monsieur de Savoy should wait, and come to Lyons." The King then presented his compliments to Madame and Monsieur de Savoy, through the Abbé, who returned to meet them.

We made a short sojourn at Dijon, that the

King might settle some affairs; for they had convoked the States of the province before the usual time, hoping that the presence of the King would induce them to vote a more considerable sum than was their custom. The King danced every evening, and the Comtesse de Soissons played with the Queen, or remained at her lodging. Every evening his Majesty ordered a grand collation, equal to a supper; so that he did not sup with the Queen; and by these means he remained four or five hours talking with Mademoiselle de Mancini; Mariane, Hortense, Fouilloux, and La Motte, were also there; they began always with cards. The Marquis d'Hallui, de Richelieu, le Grand Maître, and some others, played next. Hortense remained to play the cards of the King with Mariane, the Grand Maître, and others, while the King went and talked to Mademoiselle de Mancini; Fouilloux, with the Marquis de Hallui, and Richelieu with La Motte, and this was carried on during the ball.

All the principal people in the province, and even in the town, came every day to see the King dance. I went once. There was also a ball given by the Marquis de Tavanne, to which the King went masked; taking with him those I have named, as well as Monsieur and

myself. On leaving the ball, the King came to breakfast at my residence. During the journey, he never addressed a word to the Comtesse de Soissons, and at Dijon the same. One day he did a thing which was remarked by all, although merely a bagatelle: during a collation, the Queen sent to him to ask for some *rissolles* (a sort of minced pie), and I made the same request; he sent some to the Queen, but finding them not enough, she asked for more. The King then sent word, that he had enough for her and for me, but that there was not enough left for himself or for his company. Every one believed that this was meant to apply to the Comtesse de Soissons.

The King still continued to perform part of his journey on horseback, and Mademoiselle de Mancini with him; for me, the weather had become so bad, that I had discontinued it. Every night, wherever we arrived, he played and talked in the same way as I have related he did at Dijon; yet he never spoke to the Comtesse de Soissons—not even in the coach, when he was in the best of humours.

We found the *Bourgeois* throughout the towns we passed, outside their walls, under arms; and never had Bourgeois so well-disciplined an air, or so much the look of good soldiers! This is said to be owing to the long residence of Cæsar in these

parts; the martial disposition is supposed to have been handed down from father to son; for it is ever remarked, that soldiers raised in Burgundy are better than those of the other provinces.

We went from Châlons to Tournu, where the Comtesse de Soissons found herself indisposed, and discontinued travelling with the Queen. The manner in which the peasants were dressed was the prettiest sight in the world!—the girls wearing hats which exceedingly became them. We travelled for a long way by the banks of the Saone, having before us the view of Dombes, which is on the other side. The country people, and even the monks, came over the water, asking those who followed the Queen's coach, "Where is *Mademoiselle?*" The King took pleasure in showing me, and they cried out, "Vive le Roi! and Mademoiselle!" for we were passing through my estates while thus viewing the country of Dombes. We slept at Villefranche, which is the capital of Beaujollois, and were to set out early the next morning for Lyons, for there is no pleasure in putting oneself to the trouble of being received in a great city late at night. So they all rose betimes; as for me, I was up before daylight.

CHAPTER VII.

MADEMOISELLE ACCOMPANIES LOUIS XIV. ON HIS JOURNEY TO MEET THE PRINCESS MARGUERITE DE SAVOY — THE KING IS AT FIRST DELIGHTED WITH THE PRINCESS —BUT DECLINES THE PROPOSED ALLIANCE, IN FAVOUR OF THAT WITH THE INFANTA — GRIEF OF MADAME ROYALE THEREUPON — RECEIPT FOR DISAPPOINTED AMBITION, À LA MAZARIN—THE KINGS OF FRANCE AND OF ENGLAND OFFER TO ESPOUSÉ THE NIECES OF CARDINAL MAZARIN.

THE morning after our arrival at Lyons, the Queen received news of Madame Royale, to the effect that she would be there on the Friday Monsieur le Cardinal went forward to meet her; the King travelled with the Queen. In his coach were their Majesties, the Maréchal de Villeroi, Madame de Noailles, and myself.

We found all the road full of splendid equipages. Madame Royale and Monsieur de Savoy, her son, had a great quantity of mules, with bells and magnificent housings, some of black velvet,

others of crimson, with the arms embroidered on them in gold and silver. The mules of all the persons of rank had these bells. We found *la litiere du corps* of Madame Royale, preceded by twelve pages dressed in black, bordered with black velvet, followed by her guards, with an officer at their head: these wore black *casaques*, braided with gold and silver. There was another litter belonging to Madame Royale, and several others. We met quantities of coaches with six horses, followed by footmen in livery, all bearing evidence of a grand Court. When they heard that Madame Royale was near, they came to inform the King, who immediately mounted on horseback, and went to meet her. The Queen said, "I confess I am very impatient to know what the King will think of the Princess Marguerite;" yet she showed neither desire for nor dislike to this marriage; but she said, "If I could have the Infanta, I should be overwhelmed with joy! Nevertheless I cannot but be content with what pleases the King. At the same time, I think that he would better like the Princess of England."

She ceased speaking; for the King galloped back, threw himself from his horse, and approached the Queen's coach, with the most gay and self-complacent manner. The Queen said "*Eh bien, mon fils?*" He replied, "She is much smaller

than Madame la Maréchale de Villeroi—her shape is the most graceful in the world—her complexion——." Here he hesitated for a word, and then said, "olive-coloured, and it becomes her well. She has beautiful eyes; she pleases me, and I find her to my fancy." The Queen said, that she was very happy to hear it, and immediately we were told that Madame Royale approached. The coaches stopped; she descended, and the Queen also. I was the first to get out, when I saw the Princess Marguerite, whom I found well made, but not handsome. Madame Royale was not so good-looking as I had expected: she was wrapped in cloaks, and appeared fatigued. She saluted the Queen—kissed her hands—and uttered a thousand compliments; she seemed a great flatterer. After this, she presented her eldest daughter, widow of Prince Maurice of Savoy—her Uncle, then the Princess Marguerite. She then, observing me, said to the Queen, "Your Majesty will allow me to embrace my niece?" saying to me at the same time, "I should have known you from the resemblance you have to the Princes of your House!" Her daughter then embraced me very warmly.

Madame Royale then entered the coach, seating herself near the Queen. The King placed himself next the door, with the Princess Marguerite.

I was suffering from a cold, and therefore placed myself behind with Monsieur. The King began, the moment they were seated, to talk with the Princess Marguerite, as if he had known her all his life, and she with him the same, which surprised me exceedingly, for the King is naturally cold, and very little disposed to be sociable. I was pleased at listening to what they said. The King spoke of his musqueteers, his gendarmes, light horse, regiment of guards, and the number of his troops—of those who commanded them, and how they marched. I judged by this that he took pleasure in the conversation, for he was always so full of the subject, that I was sure it was a most agreeable one with him. He then asked her particulars of the guards of the Duke of Savoy, of which she informed him. I dared not listen to everything, from apprehension that they should remark it, so that I did not hear all their conversation. The King then spoke of the pleasures of Paris, and she of those of Turin. She said to the King, '*écoutez*,' and the term appeared very familiar to me for the first time of meeting. I listened also to Madame de Savoy, whose mouth never seemed shut: nothing could exceed her attention to the Queen, whom she praised to excess. We had a double guard on her account; instead of two companies, as was usual, we had

four French and two Swiss. Madame de Savoy did not fail to exclaim, and to say to his Majesty, that in the late King's time the regiment of guards was not so fine.

On arriving, she did not remain long with the Queen, who said, "You must be weary, pray go and rest yourself;" and the King led her to her residence, while the Queen entered her cabinet with Monsieur le Cardinal, who said, as I have heard him observe, "I have some news to relate to your Majesty." To which the Queen replied, "Is it that the King, my brother, has sent to me to offer the Infanta? for that is what I least expect." "Yes, Madame, it is that," replied the Cardinal. We may judge of the joy of the Queen! She said that she was greatly pleased, for the affair had been so long put off that she still feared the obstacles to it. The Cardinal then showed her the letter, in which the King, her brother, informed him that he wished for peace, and the marriage of his daughter with the King; and that he begged that, on his side, he would assist both the one and the other, as he would do on his own. The Queen said, that she believed her brother made this offer in good faith, but that the world, which had no such faith, laughed at her, being of opinion that the Spaniards, by the obstacles they threw in the way, showed no desire for the honour of such alliance.

While the King was conducting Madame Royal to her residence, Mademoiselle de Mancini came to ask me what the King had said of the Princess Marguerite, and how he had behaved towards her. I replied, that it appeared to me that her manners had pleased him. I heard afterwards that she said to the King, "Are you not ashamed, Sire, at their wishing to give you so ugly a wife?" I went to see Madame Royale the next day; she was neat and well enough dressed, and appeared as though she had *been* handsome, looking older than usual at her age, and not very unlike my father, although more *passée*. Still, she strove all in her power, by dress, to prolong the remains of her beauty. I imagine that she had spoilt her complexion by the drugs she had used, and that it might formerly have been beautiful. Her figure was also spoilt, while she retained her good looks, and the air of *une grande dame*. Her eldest daughter had a fine figure, and the appearance of a person of consequence. As for the Princess Marguerite, she was extremely *petite*, with a very pretty figure; but when she walked it appeared as if her hips were too large for her size, showing too much in front, and not a little out of proportion. Her eyes were large and agreeable—her nose large —her mouth not pretty—her complexion very

olive-coloured, and yet with áll this she was not displeasing. She had much sweetness, although with a proud air—a great deal of wit—clever and cunning, as was sufficiently evinced by her conduct.

Madame Royale narrated a great many histories of the Court of Savoy, and of Monsieur her son, whom she mentioned every moment, in order to let us know the mutual affection there subsisted between them, and the extent of her influence; she even declared that he never had a *sol* but what she gave him; and that sometimes he would say, "Mamma, please give me a little money, and do not ask me what it is for." That she would give him this sum, and reply, "I do not wish to know what it is for, my dear." It was evident also that she liked to speak of her devotion.

The King went, the day after her arrival, to see her, early in the morning; and entered the room of the Princess Marguerite. Every one said that he wished to surprise her, so that he might see her figure in an undress, for it was rumoured that she was hump-backed. But care was taken that, if so, it should be kept in the back-ground. He was as cold in the morning as he had appeared *empressé* on the day of their arrival, which seemed perfectly to astound Madame de Savoy; as for the Princess Marguerite, there

was no change to be seen in her manner. In the evening, at the Queen's, the King never ceased talking to Mademoiselle de Mancini before her, and without addressing to her a single word.

The second day that Madame Royale was at Lyons, the Queen went to see her; I was ill in bed with a cold. Monsieur de Savoy arrived, and the King went two leagues from Lyons to meet him; Monsieur did not go, because Monsieur de Savoy could not come and see him at his residence. He wished Monsieur to give him precedence,—this seemed to me less strange when I knew the reason than when they at first told me of his pretensions. He observed, that his Royal Highness, my father, had always treated his father differently from other sovereigns; that Monsieur de Savoy had given to those of Mantua and Modena a chair with a "back," which my father never had done, and that he wished to have one with arms; and it was on this point they were agreed, but not on giving the *pas*. It was, therefore, resolved that Monsieur de Savoy should visit Monsieur in the morning before he was up. I believe that he never consented to this, and that he did not go at all. He arrived in the evening, when there was an exceeding crush in the Queen's room. He entered with the King; and ran from the door to where the Queen

was seated, pushing aside every one in his way. He laughed, and was as much at home with the King as though he had known him all his life; doing everything with a certain familiarity which only high birth confers, in the intercourse with those before whom others would tremble. He observed the same manner even with the Queen; throwing himself, with a gay air, almost at her feet, while she embraced and raised him. Madame Royale looked very happy; he approached, and she gave him her hand, which he kissed. We thought him very good-looking; he had a small figure; was ingenious, acute, and agreeable; his head noble, his face long, his eye handsome, large, and intelligent; his smile was extremely agreeable, his carriage proud, his manner lively; in everything he did, frank, and almost blunt in his way of speaking. He looked at every one, and declared that he knew all those present by their portraits. He asked where was Mademoiselle Hortense; and seemed to think her very beautiful. He was simply dressed in black, richly embroidered; with a *justaucorps* of black, and a handkerchief tied with a slight flame-coloured band, which, altogether accorded well with his intellectual and animated manner.

After having been some time with us, he left with Madame Royale. I saw him again going

from the residence of the Queen. He returned, and came to the side where I was, and began to say that he had set out late from Chambery, for he had been two or three leagues to hear mass. I replied, "What! you are so devout?" He replied, "I am decidedly so. I go to hear sermons, I attend mass, I fast in Lent, and the tenor of my life corresponds with all this." I began to smile, and observed, "I perceive plainly that you are a good dissembler." He replied, "Truly you are just as good a one to treat me thus, and to say such unjust things of me, the first time I have ever seen you." I answered, "We are such near relations that we may speak the truth to each other." Thus did we rally one another always when we were together; but it did not last, for he never remained long in the same place. The next morning I found him at mass at the Celestins; as I rose from my devotions, he threw himself on his knees near me, saying, "I wish to show you that I am devout." I there saw his livery, which is beautiful—red, with badges of blue velvet, decorated with braid, Isabelle colour, and blue. He had several pages and as many valets. While at Lyons he always used the coaches of the King—his pages and valets following; and all the officers of his guards had their *bâtons*, which had a very fine appearance.

The pretensions of Monsieur de Savoy gave scope for those of his sisters also. The Queen and Monsieur le Cardinal informed me that the Princesses would not come to see me, if, in my own house, I did not give them the precedence. I replied, that it seemed to me that I could very well dispense with their visits; that Monsieur de Savoy had not been to see Monsieur; and there was no necessity that his sisters should come to me. The Queen observed, that she saw no difficulty in receiving them as they desired; that it was a mere civility, involving no sort of consequences; and, besides, there was a reason for it, to which I could make no reply—they were *petites-filles de France* as well as myself. I replied, "But they are so by their mother's side, I by my father's; this is a sufficient reason for not giving the *pas* to them." Upon this, the Queen said, "I wish it so to be." To this there was no reply; so I merely added, "After having given my reasons to your Majesty, there is nothing left for me but to obey." Thus were two circumstances advantageous enough to the House of Savoy; the one that Monsieur de Savoy should put himself on a par to contend with Monsieur, and that I should yield precedence to his sisters.

On the Monday after the arrival of Monsieur de Savoy, he went to the King's apartments im-

mediately after dinner, and from thence to the Queen's, with the King. The same day we were going to the Hotel de Ville, a beautiful edifice lately erected. The Queen left as soon as the King appeared. We found Madame Royale in the court, when it was remarked that the coach was full of the children, or rather the grandchildren of Henri le Grand. In it were the King, the Queen, Monsieur and Madame Royal, Monsieur de Savoy, his two sisters, and myself. I remarked, as did the others, that Monsieur de Savoy followed close to the King, and by this little device he always contrived to be before Monsieur. There was a great collation to be partaken of standing, but we soon seated ourselves round the table, Monsieur de Savoy on the right of the King, which our Monsieur pointed out, with emphasis, to the Queen. She replied, "You are a meddler—you always want to be making mischief." Monsieur de Savoy asked the King if he would like him to come in the evenings to play with him? But the King replied so coldly that he never went.

After the first day, the King had conversed no more with the Princess Marguerite. Nevertheless she contrived to put on it the best face possible, especially on the night of the ball. I had the curiosity to inquire of the King, whether

he would dance with her oftener than with me. He answered, no: and that, so far from his being affianced to her, he would take care that she did not take the *pas* of me. We danced upon a great stage, very brilliantly illuminated. The Queen and Madame Royale were in the hall, with Monsieur de Savoy, who would not dance, that he might not stand *next* to Monsieur. The King led me out, with the Princess Marguerite, placing me on his right hand, the Princess on his left. I was told that Monsieur de Savoy danced to perfection, and that he delighted in it, and when I inquired why he did not do so that evening, every one replied, I "knew the reason." He was dressed in black, with a collar of Venice point; and, when the ball was over, he went on the stage, and observed, "I am dying for want of a dance; and I will go and send off a courier to Chambery, to say, that to-morrow on my arrival I expect to find a ball prepared expressly for me." On the breaking up of the assembly, he took leave of the King and Queen; but as for me, I never bade him adieu, the Queen having left me at my residence by the way, and he set out the next morning early. Before he left, he made several turns in the Place de Belle Cœur, jumped over the little wall that skirts the mall, and exclaimed, on his departure, "Adieu

France, for ever! I quit you without the least regret!" I suspect that he was in no way satisfied to observe affairs in the position they were; indeed, it was given out that Madame Royale had made this journey contrary to his advice, and to that of her daughter, who had begged to be left at Chambery, and not to be subjected to a refusal; but Madame Royale would not hear of it.

Monsieur de Savoy, however, left all the Court extremely pleased with his appearance: they thought him very good-looking, and were charmed with his courtesy to all. The King was equally satisfied with his conduct towards himself. The Queen pronounced him very handsome, declaring that he had quite the air of a man of distinction. He descanted much on the war, and the King showed him his musqueteers, when they both complained of the effeminacy of their brothers, which stood in the way of their acquiring any reputation which might have proved advantageous to the character of their respective armies. In short, it was only our young Monsieur who left dissatisfied with this visit.

I am of opinion that the great coldness shown by the King to the Princess Marguerite was the result of the hopes held out by the King of Spain. Madame Royale had some imperfect

knowledge of the coming of Pimentel: she begged the Cardinal, therefore, to give her some reply, being perfectly aware that there was no wish to keep to the promises which had been held out to the Court of Savoy. She was very angry; and it was even reported that, in her passion, she had knocked her head against the wall. The Cardinal confessed to her, that it was true they had received news from Spain, but there was no breaking of faith in that, for that when it became a question of peace, it seemed to him that it would be a crime not to listen to the proposals just made. Madame de Savoy then observed, that, as for the Infanta of Spain, she had nothing to say against her being preferred to her own daughter; but that she conceived she ought to have some promise with regard to the Princess Marguerite, in case the King should not marry the Infanta. This was not objected to; and a paper signed by the King, and I think by some of the Secretaries of State, was given to her. It was generally believed, that it contained a promise, that in case the King was not obliged, for the good of all Christendom and of the State, to marry the Infanta of Spain, he would espouse the Princess Marguerite of Savoy.

Still the lady made many complaints to me on the subject, and she was suffering also under a

shortness of breathing, which much tormented her while speaking. She appeared greatly changed, and often seemed to have been weeping bitterly; nor was she consoled apparently until the good Cardinal, somewhat conscience-smitten, presented her with some jewels, pendants for the ears, of diamonds, and gold ornaments set in black enamel, besides a number of other bijoux and perfumes. It was a present as well-timed as *bien galant.* She talked of nothing else; and every one admired the happy change from crying all the morning, to being so gay in the evening. As for the Princess Marguerite, no alteration was to be seen; she always conducted herself with admirable tranquillity, acting in the affair just as if it had concerned another.

When they left, they set out in the Queen's coach, the Princess Marguerite seated at the door with the King, the same as on their arrival, though the conversation was not so animated. About a league from Lyons we alighted, to take our leave, and then separated. Madame Royale wept, and her eldest daughter, a little; but the Princess Marguerite shed no tear, and seemed much more disposed to be angry than sorry. On our return, the Queen showed that she was extremely glad to be rid of them all, and jested at Madame Royale for having shed tears,

observing that she was the most consummate actress she had ever seen. She did not say so of the Princess Marguerite. She admired her conduct, and the firmness and strength of mind with which she had borne all that had happened.

On our return to Paris, it was very cold, which is not to be wondered at, considering the winter had set in; yet we talked very agreeably in the coach. The King, as if inspired by new devotion to Mademoiselle de Mancini, was always in the best humour—indeed, quite gay, and had something to say to everybody. He advised her to read several works, and gave his opinion upon them in a manner which showed his perfect knowledge of letters. I never knew any one have so much actual good sense, or speak more judiciously. I had always said he would be a great Prince, and I have infinite delight in having seen that opinion confirmed by all the world.

At Nevers, we found the Cardinal, whom we had not seen since we left Lyons, for he had come by water. The Comtesse de Soissons and Madame de Navailles were with him, and thus our little Court was augmented. I quitted it at Cosne, to go to St. Fargeau for a few days, while it continued its route to Paris. The King asked me

why I left, and the Queen ordered me to remain away no longer than I had stated. She had treated me most kindly the whole of the journey; and I was informed that she regretted my absence.

On my return, I alighted at the Louvre; but, being dressed in a *justaucorps*, I entered by a back door, so that no one should see me. Monsieur, however, came out of the Queen's closet, and we stood talking some time, till the Queen, who was with the Cardinal, hearing me speak, called me to her. She treated me very kindly. Monsieur le Cardinal informed me that he had a very beautiful little dog from Boulogne to present to me. I was much gratified, for I love dogs; and the next day I showed it to every one, telling them who had given it to me.

The next day I went to a ball at Monsieur's, which, as usual, was very agreeable: every one was dressed much more than I was. They teazed me about it: I excused myself by saying I had only just arrived in Paris. The truth was that I disliked to over-dress myself, relying upon the natural expression of my features, and my deportment. We often disguised ourselves at these balls, making the prettiest masquerade you can conceive. Monsieur, Mademoiselle de Gourdon, and myself, were dressed in white and silver

stuffs, trimmed with silver lace, and rose-coloured edging; aprons and stomachers of black velvet, decorated with silver lace. Our dresses were fashioned like those of the Bressane, with ruffles and collars the same as theirs, of yellow linen; but in truth ours were of finer material, being made of *passement de Venise*. We wore hats of black velvet, with pink, white, and flame-coloured plumes. My bodice was laced with pearls, and fastened with diamonds: our hair dressed *en Paysannes de Bresse:* we carried crooks in our hands—varnished and decorated with gold. There were several shepherds among the gentlemen; and never was there a masquerade more agreeable or magnificent. The Queen found our dresses very much to her taste; which was saying a great deal, for she was extremely difficult to please in matters of this kind.

One evening, when I had not been at the Louvre, Monsieur informed me that the Queen was going the next day to dine at Val de Grace, to receive Don John of Austria, who was coming to see her, incog., on his way from Flanders to Spain. So I went to dine there also; taking some pains with my dress, in the idea that we should always appear in our best before strangers. Don John arrived as we were at vespers. He was a little man, well enough made, but rather

fat, dressed in grey, with a *justaucorps* of black velvet *à la Françoise;* and as these *justaucorps* concealed the defects of the figure, there was nothing to be said of his. He had black hair and a handsome head, his countenance noble and agreeable. When he addressed the Queen he went on one knee, whilst she held out her hand to him, in the manner of Spain, and spoke to him in Spanish, calling him, "My Nephew." She then turned towards Monsieur and myself, introducing us as her son and her niece. He drew his foot slightly back, in that sort of way that it could hardly be called *reverence.* When we detected this pride, we were very angry at his thus showing it. On meeting him next day at the Louvre, he was a little more gracious, and on his saying that he would go to the fair with us, Monsieur sent his guards and his Swiss to the gates of the fair, to clear the way; yet he passed before a shop where we were, without uttering a word, which very much surprised us; for he ought certainly to have thanked Monsieur for the honour he had paid him. He asked him what he had done with his little jester? (folle) He said that he had left her with his equipage. She arrived some days afterwards, dressed as a man —her hair cut as such, and with a hat and sword. She was deformed, and her eyes looked

across; but to make up for this she had an infinitude of wit, and was a very pretty fool. The King liked her so much, that she never quitted the Louvre. She talked without ceasing of the Infanta. I know not whether this displeased Mademoiselle de Mancini, but she conceived the greatest dislike to her: she called her "the fool," and despised her. Capita, for so she was called, made some jests upon her to revenge herself; the young lady heard of it, and was so exceedingly angry, that the favour the King had shown the little fool was turned into hate: he would suffer her no longer, so she was obliged to be sent away. Everybody made her presents.

They began now to talk confidently of the peace; and every time Monsieur le Cardinal went to his residence, they said it was to see Pimentel, who did not show himself publicly. My father came to Paris, where he remained ten or twelve days. He complained much of the *ennui* he felt in being there, and of his anxiety to return. "Everybody tires me!" he would say. "I am no longer fit for this: if I remain here long I shall die of fatigue." I said I was sorry to see him in this humour: that I hoped he would not leave Paris; for the longer he stayed, the less, situated as he was, he need trouble himself with visits. He came to see me every day,

and I perceived that he was wounded to the quick, because neither the Queen nor the Cardinal made him a party concerned in the visit of Pimentel, who, every one said, was in Paris. He wished to see peace concluded for the good of the State; but his favourite project of marrying my sister to the King, made him fear it, because he saw that it would not be obtained without the marriage of the King with the Infanta.

At a ball given soon afterwards, Pimentel appeared with the Cardinal in public. I conversed with him a good deal, and apologised to him for the crowd and the confusion, by observing that it was merely produced by the pleasure the French derived from seeing their King; for that they thus testified, on every occasion, the great affection they felt for him; and no wonder; for never was King more amiable, or endowed with more wonderful power and influence. At length, the important and long-projected journey to St. Jean de Luz was determined upon, and every one made preparations, ordering magnificent dresses, worthy of the marriage at which they were going to assist. When we left Paris, it was amidst the acclamations and joy of the people, mingled with benedictions and good wishes for the happy success of the royal expedition, and for its

future results. But first, we merely repaired to Fontainebleau, where we stayed some time. A wish was expressed to sleep at Gergeau, so as to avoid passing through Orleans; but, hearing that his Royal Highness was at Chambord, it was settled that the Court should rest at Blois. On the day appointed for our arrival there, the King observed to me in the coach, "I have not changed my dress nor arranged my hair, for if I set myself off, I shall only increase the regret of your father, mother, and sister. I have, therefore, made myself look *le plus vilain* that I possibly could, to disgust them with me." He said these droll things in the gayest manner. His Royal Highness came beyond the park of Chambord to meet the King, escorting him to the chateau to see Madame; after which, they mounted their horses, and went to shoot pheasants. The Queen remained at the chateau, for there was no place where she could take a walk. My sisters were not there; and on the Queen's inquiring for them, my father observed that he had sent them to Blois to make room for us, and that, as he had also done the same with his servants, he was sorry that he could offer us nothing to eat. He supped with the King and Queen. As for me, having my people with me, I wished to do the honours of the house; so I gave a supper to all the ladies

who were with the Queen, and to my young ladies also.

The next day we dined at Blois, where my father entertained the King in the château. My sisters came to the foot of the stairs to receive his Majesty; and unluckily, certain flies called gnats had stung my sister (the King's former intended), spoiling her beautiful complexion, and making her look quite an object; added to this was the chagrin she must have felt in having been flattered with the hope of wedding the King, for she had always been addressed as "the little Queen." She now saw him proceeding on his way to marry another: and all this did not improve her appearance. As for the little Valois, she was very pretty. They wished her sister to dance, and the Queen requested it of Madame de Raré; but she danced badly, although they had said that she danced extremely well. My father also had said that she talked immensely, and was very amusing, but she would not utter a word. The officials of my father's establishment were so little *à la mode*, that although the dinner was magnificent, it was not good, and their Majesties ate very little. All the ladies of the Court of Blois, a respectable number, were dressed like the dishes—that is to say, *point à la mode*. I

never saw the King or the Queen in such extreme hurry to leave; which had not a courteous appearance. Nevertheless, I think my father felt as they did, and that he was heartily glad to be rid of us.

On the day we left, he came at four in the morning to awake me, seated himself on my bed, and said: "I hope you will not be angry at my disturbing you, since I otherwise should not have time to see you. You are about to undertake a long and tedious journey, although it is well known that peace is not so easy to make as it is believed, and perhaps it never will be made; your absence, therefore, may be even longer than is supposed likely. I am old and worn down, and may die during your absence; I charge you, therefore, with the care of your sisters. I know well that you do not like Madame, and that she has not always behaved towards you as she ought. These children have no provision; therefore, from love to me, I hope that you will take care of them. Madame cannot be of any great use to them." He embraced me three or four times, and I him also, and with much tenderness,—I have a good heart, and this little evidence of proper feeling readily touched me. Indeed, I spoke as I felt, and my language was full of respect, tenderness, and gratitude, for the sin-

ecrity with which he had spoken. We then separated, and I again fell asleep. If I had not often dwelt upon this circumstance, I should have thought it a dream, when I considered all that had previously taken place between me and my father.

On our departure from Blois, no sooner had we got into the coach, than their Majesties began to talk of all that had passed, and to amuse themselves at the expense of Monsieur (my father). It happened that he valued his pheasants exceedingly, and took a great pleasure in preserving them. The King first observed, "Your father was not very well pleased with my killing fourteen of his pheasants." In short, his Majesty seemed to derive entertainment from every occurrence on the road. I have forgotten to state that before the King left Paris, Monsieur le Cardinal had sent his three nieces to Brouage; this made a great noise, and it was observed that the King was much chagrined at his taking that step. Nay, it was reported that he even went on his knees before the Queen and the Cardinal, to obtain their consent to his marrying Mademoiselle de Mancini.* But as this was the

* Cardinal Mazarin, aware of the cabals that had taken place during the King's illness, saw how necessary it was to the greatness of a minister, to have an heir to the

mere rumour of the day, I shall say no more upon the subject, since it is as little becoming in me as in any one else, to dwell upon what is done by their superiors, or to repeat all that has been said of them. During our progress, the King conversed with me a good deal, for the other ladies in the royal coach were not so well suited to his taste—they were serious, and he was not so well acquainted with them. His conversation turned chiefly upon the war, and the others were not nearly so well informed of its details as I was; the King, therefore, more frequently addressed me, either because he took more pleasure in talking with me, or perhaps from my entering more fully into his views on subjects of general interest.

throne. Two parties presented themselves to his mind—the Princess of Savoy and the Infanta of Spain. But the King's affections were otherwise engaged; and he was half tempted to let this passion take its course, and to place his niece upon the throne. He had the address to sound the Queen-mother on the subject. "I am afraid," he said one day, "that the King is violently bent on marrying my niece." The Queen replied, with the spirit innate in the daughter, consort, and mother of kings, "If my son could be capable of such a degradation, I would put myself, with his brother, at the head of the whole nation, both against him and you." Mazarin, it is said, never forgave the Queen for this reply.—*Ed.*

During our brief sojourn at Bourdeaux, the Queen pursued her usual avocations, visiting the convents, and playing high at cards in the evening. The King amused himself with reviewing his regiment of guards, and commenting upon the despatches which he almost daily received from St. Jean de Luz, where the Cardinal was hard at work, with Don Louis de Haro, to effect a peace. It may readily be conceived how much the Queen was rejoiced when she perceived that the affair was making a satisfactory progress.

In the journey from Bourdeaux to Toulouse, nothing particular occurred worthy of observation, if I except my visit to the Château de Nerac, where we remained for a day. It is frequently alluded to in the Memoirs of the Queen (Marguerite of Navarre). The stories which she relates of what took place during her residence there with the King my grandfather (Henri IV.), made me curious to visit the gardens, which appeared to me beautiful in their rusticity, as well as from a thousand associations, and the remains of their former appearance. I could perceive that, in their day, they had boasted their modern air and tastefulness; but as everything here changes, their appearance was just as I have described it. Toulouse is a very beautiful town, upon the

Garonne, and one that, by its noble aspect, the extent of its population, and bustling character, reminded me more of Paris than any place I had yet seen. Generally the great towns in the provinces are nearly deserted—you see almost as few people as shops, but Toulouse exhibited both the one and the other.

During the period that the Cardinal continued at St. Jean de Luz, when the peace, including the stipulation for the marriage of the King, was nearly concluded, one of the sons of the King of Spain died. I have forgotten to state, that so long as he had only one son, the King of Spain was never solicitous about the marriage of the Infanta; and, indeed, it was only upon the birth of a second son that Pimentel came to Lyons: this event, therefore, rather alarmed the Queen,* until the

* In the year 1656, Mazarin had sent Lionne to the Spanish court to negotiate a peace, and to demand the Infanta. But Don Louis de Haro considered that, however weak Spain might be, France was not in a better condition, and rejected the Cardinal's propositions. The Infanta, issue of the first marriage of the King of Spain, was intended for the young Leopold. Philip IV. had then by his second marriage only one son, whose weakly infancy afforded no great prospect of his surviving. They chose, therefore, that the Infanta, who might probably become the heiress of Spain's vast dominions, should transfer her rights rather to the house of Austria, than to one who

Cardinal reassured her, by saying that it would involve no change, since the King of Spain had no wish to break off the treaty. Indeed, it was so much for the good of Christendom, that he hoped God would bless his intentions, and give him another child; and it so happened, for the Queen of Spain became *enceinte* a short time afterwards. We went into mourning for the little Prince, but left it off on the Cardinal's return, because it is not worn in Spain for children under seven years old. This regulation is as it should be; for the church rejoices in the death of those who die under that age.

The King and Queen went to meet Monsieur le Cardinal on his return from St. Jean de Luz. This event produced the greatest joy, for every one had as much reason as he himself to feel satisfied with the peace. The day after his arrival, he came to visit me, when we withdrew

was the enemy of her nation. But, soon after, Philip having another son, and his wife proving again *enceinte*, the danger apprehended in giving her to the King of France appeared to be less, while the battle of Dunes had rendered peace necessary. So Spain promised the Infanta, and demanded a suspension of hostilities, and Mazarin and Don Louis met on the frontiers of France and Spain; yet more than a month was idly passed in arranging the difficulties which occurred as to precedence, and in regulating the ceremonies.—*Age of Louis XIV.*

from the rest of the company to another room, as he declared that he had much to say to me. He began, "It shall never be laid to my charge, that I prefer my own interest to that of my master, and of those who have the honour to be related to him. I am fully aware of the wide distinction between my family and the members of his House." After this exordium, he continued, "The King of England has proposed to me to marry my niece Hortense; and my reply has been, that he did me too much honour, for that whilst there were suitable cousins-german of the King to espouse, it would not do for his Majesty to think of my nieces; for that, in that event, he might find cause to repent having committed so great a fault, no less than myself for having consented to it." I thanked the Cardinal, and replied, "That when affairs had gone so far as they had done between me and the King of England, without being concluded, there was little reason to believe that they ever would be; and that I had too high a sense of my own dignity to wish for any such a thing to be proposed, if the King of England did not think of it, or wish for it himself." I therefore strongly advised him to give the King his niece Hortense, for that I should be most happy to see her my first cousin. In short,

we separated very well pleased with these mutual protestations of friendship.

The Queen of England also showed a great desire for this marriage. The Cardinal informed me of it, and we both agreed that it would not become him to evince the same anxiety. I discovered much good sense in what he said—indeed, since I knew him better than I had done before the Fronde, so well disposed as he was, I found him capable of doing justice to all parties. As I had not the same occasion to hurry as the Queen of England had in asking the hand of Hortense, I listened to all they had to say to me with the greatest indifference: for, on recurring to the subject of my marriage, I found there was nothing more difficult than to come to a decision, although there were several parties who might very well have suited me. I am persuaded that, in these affairs, the result must be left to Providence, for a Superior Power alone can direct the issue of events. I am rather apprehensive that my former resignation did not spring from the principle we ought to entertain, and that it was the extreme indifference I felt towards the parties who proposed, which induced me to treat the subject with a degree of tranquillity in some measure natural to me. The same Providence, manifest in all, had not

yet decided for me, as regarded that settled state in which I might hope to find a more perfect repose. I am convinced that such repose cannot be obtained, except by a perfect submission to its will. I know also that it would be presumption in the best of us always to be praying and meditating. We are not sufficiently perfect thus to place ourselves, as it were, immediately in the presence of God. I think even that it is good at times to withdraw our thoughts from the subject, out of a feeling of veneration and respect, and that at fitting seasons, when we feel at perfect peace with the world, we ought then to employ ourselves in prayer, without apprehension of doing what is wrong.

CHAPTER VIII.

KING CHARLES II. VISITS MONSIEUR AT BLOIS — PRINCE CHARLES OF LORRAINE—ARRIVAL OF AN AMBASSADOR FROM ENGLAND—DEATH OF THE DUKE OF ORLEANS —DEEP GRIEF OF MADEMOISELLE—SYMPATHY OF THE KING AND OF THE CARDINAL—LOUIS XIV. PROCEEDS TO THE FRONTIER TO CONCLUDE PEACE, AND TO ESPOUSE THE INFANTA—THE ISLE OF PHEASANTS— FONTARABIA.

As the King of Spain could not set out from Madrid to accompany us to the frontier town (Fontarabia) until the first day of April, we talked of passing the winter in Paris. There was some idea also of going into Languedoc, and to Provence, where there were still some remains of discontent; we were thus some days without deciding what we should do, for at Court matters are often discussed before the time arrives, especially in regard to travelling. The King of England passed through Blois; and I heard that they decked out my sister to the best advan-

tage, wishing to marry her at any price. Monsieur de Lorraine also went thither, and sojourned there with his nephew, Prince Charles, a youth of fifteen, for some time. The Prince took his meals with my sisters, and Madame was delighted that he should be so much with them. Nevertheless, boys of that age will occupy themselves with other thoughts than the dressing of dolls, and accordingly he did not fail to fall in love with the daughter of Madame Raré, the governess of my sisters; while his governor, the Marquis de Beauveau, was dreadfully alarmed lest he should take a fancy to my sister. To obviate this danger, he did all in his power to prevent his pupil from seeing her so often. As for Madame, who had very little foresight, she thought of nothing but praying and eating, to cure herself of the vapours, a plan which, joined to the sedentary life she led, was just the way to increase them.

Although the Court of Monsieur was very much decreased since his exile, she paid no attention to his affairs, and never even saw her daughters for more than ten minutes in the morning, and the same in the evening; when she would say to them little else than, "Hold up your head; keep yourself straight;" and this

was the extent of the instruction she ever afforded them.

After Christmas, we left Toulouse to repair to Montpellier, where we remained three or four days. It is a very pretty town, but the streets are so narrow that no conveyance larger than a chair could pass through them. It was said that the women were very pretty, but we did not find them so. From thence we went to Nimes, to Arles, and to Aix, where their Majesties were lodged at the Archbishop's palace, belonging to the Cardinal Grimaldi.

On the second of February, which is the fête of Notre Dâme, *Te Deum* was sung in that cathedral for the Peace, which was published in all the public places as soon as the ceremony was finished. Nothing could equal the general joy, visible among all classes of the people. For myself, I felt anxious, without knowing why. I went to my residence, and was unable to repress my tears during a whole hour. I observed to Comminges, "I am sure that some unexpected misfortune is going to happen to me—I feel a presentiment of it." He laughed at me, and assured me it was merely the vapours—nothing more. I was wretched, however, for the next twenty-four hours; when, by dint of laughing at

myself, and considerable exertion of mind, I ceased to think of it, being amused, moreover, with the rumour afloat, that Monsieur le Prince was coming. This delighted me extremely; but Monsieur de Longueville came a few days before him. The day he arrived I was with the Queen, and felt quite anxious to behold the hero of the Fronde again. Her Majesty, at length, observed, "Go, my niece, and take a short walk. The Prince has entreated that there may be no one present at the first interview between us." I smiled, but it was with vexation, as I replied, "You know I am nobody; and don't you think that Monsieur le Prince will be astonished if he should not find me here?" But she insisted on it in a sharp voice; so I took my departure, not, however, without the determination of complaining to Monsieur le Cardinal. This I did on the following day, declaring that if any such thing happened again, I should take my leave; upon which he made me a great many excuses. I at once sent my compliments to Monsieur le Prince, and expressed the impatience that I had to see him. He returned me word, how extremely chagrined he felt that he dared not come to see me until he had visited Monsieur (the King's brother), and thus I did not see him until the next day. He was as well received at

the Court as if he had never left it. The King conversed with him familiarly of all that he had achieved in France and in Flanders; and this with as much apparent pleasure as if these actions had all been performed in his service.

My Lord Germain came to Aix, and conversed with the Cardinal on the question of the marriage of the King of England with Hortense; but he resolutely opposed it. It was now determined by the Court to repair to Sainte Baume and Toulon; and I entreated the Queen to dispense with my company while they made this little excursion, for that I was suffering from a severe headache, which had kept me awake all night. I had met the Prince at a comedy and ball, where he conversed with me a great deal, and the King had joined in our conversation. They talked much of the war, and both the Prince and myself laughed heartily at all the freaks and follies we had committed—the King cheerfully entering into our *badinage;* so that, though I was still suffering from headache, I did not feel in the least tired.

The Prince, however, soon left us for Paris, where he had not yet been. He came to see me before his departure, repeatedly assuring me that he should never forget the obligations he owed me, and that he should continue for life strongly attached to my interests.

The same evening, while occupied in my chamber, a courier entered abruptly, and threw a large packet on the table, at the same time exclaiming, "Do not be alarmed; but your father is ill, not dead, and probably he will not die of this attack. Is the Cardinal here? for I have a packet for him also." I was extremely alarmed, and most anxious to hear what he had to say to me. He informed me that his Royal Highness had been taken with a seizure, but that he had recovered from the fit, and they had sent to Paris for Guenault. On opening my letters, I found, from the accounts they gave, that he was very ill. I sent to the Cardinal, and told him of my great desire immediately to set out for Blois. He replied, that he was not sufficiently acquainted with the usages of France on these occasions, to inform me what was best to be done. Others advised me to remain until I received a second courier. My friends all gathered round me, endeavouring to amuse me, and to divert my anxiety. I sent for the Grand Vicar of the Cardinal Grimaldi, to entreat them to cause Monsieur to be prayed for. They ordered prayers for forty hours; the Parliament put a stop to the comedians, and everything was done to mark the respect and affection entertained for his Royal Highness.

A courier arrived on the Sunday; but they did not inform me of it until after I had supped; and I myself discovered that which I so much dreaded to hear. I returned to my chamber, where I found all my people assembled. This surprised me. I asked them if a courier had returned, to whom I had given orders to do so, in the event of his ascertaining upon the road the last fatal tidings. Indeed, I no longer doubted my father's death. I went into my closet, and burst into tears. I will say it—I have a good heart; and I felt at the moment all the tenderness that nature inspires upon such dreadful occasions; and I had not one thought or feeling but that of poignant grief.

As soon as I had recovered myself a little, I felt it to be my duty to dispatch to the King intelligence of the death of his Royal Highness; for upon occasions like this it is a mark of respect in which one ought never to fail. I then gave the necessary orders for my mourning; after which, I went to bed, deeply penetrated with the sincerity of the grief which I felt. All that had passed between me and my father rushed into my mind; and, though without feelings of reproach, I deplored my unhappiness that there should ever have been people so ill disposed as to cause such estrangement between a father and a daughter. I was full of inquietude and

wretchedness, still struggling with deep grief to recollect all the occasions when he might have had reason to think me failing in duty and respect.

Although in my intentions, in my conduct, and in my heart, I found nothing to reproach myself with, yet did I not cease to grieve; weeping over the reflection that he should never have known the real sentiments of affection I ever felt for him. No wonder that all this prevented me a long while from sleeping. The King, the Queen, Monsieur, Monsieur le Prince, and all personages of high rank in France, sent or came to offer their condolences on this melancholy occasion, in addition to a number of foreign Princes; many of them, moreover, were actuated by more than a worldly feeling, without relationship or interest, by sentiments of friendship and consideration for me.

I despatched one of my equerries to Blois to offer my condolence to Madame and my sisters, with orders to express, at the same time, my affectionate love and attachment to them.

The Queen of England, who was extremely anxious to marry the Princess, her daughter, had some thoughts of Monsieur de Savoy, and to open negotiations she deputed the husband of Madame de Fienne, who was in the habit of corresponding with Madame Royale. The King one day con-

versing with Monsieur in the coach, and being inclined always to laugh at him for the extreme anxiety he evinced to get married, observed, in a merry tone, "Come! you will marry the Princess of England, for no one else will have her. Monsieur de Savoy has refused the lady. I have spoken to Monsieur de Florence respecting her, but he, too, does not wish to have anything to say to the affair; for all these reasons, therefore, I conclude that you will be sure to have her." It was evident, from all this, that the King had no predilection in her favour, notwithstanding that the Queen evinced a sincere affection for her. La Palatine conducted this marriage for poor Monsieur secretly; but it was not long before it began to be openly talked about. As for me, I took no interest in it; I had never flattered myself that I could have been happy with him. There is even a still more conclusive proof that I never wished for the establishment, inasmuch as I refused to give my hand to his Royal Highness.

The Court was at Toulon when it heard of the death of Monsieur, and as it was near the end of the carnival, the festivals drew to a sudden close. Nevertheless, the King made the tour he had resolved on, and then returned to Aix. During the absence of the Court, I took my promenades as usual, for when I saw how fine the

weather was, I could not remain in my room; hung all over, as it was, with black. I soon, however, ordered it to be covered with grey, which colour was the first that had ever appeared in a single woman's house, being only used by widows. It was thus seen that I too, like the widow, wished to appear in the deepest mourning. All my people, even to the *marmitons* and the servants of my servitors, were put in deep black; the housings of my mules, the caparisons of my horses, with those of my sumpter-horses, all were of the same sombre colour. This looked extremely imposing on the first occasion that the Court moved, and they all observed that I was *magnifique* in the whole of my arrangements.

Monsieur le Cardinal returned before the King. He came to wait upon me, and expressed much regret at the loss of his Royal Highness: talked of the obligations he owed him, adding, that these had considerably prevailed with him, and tended to stifle his resentment; indeed, that he had never felt any ill-will towards my father for what he had done. He knew, too well, that he had been influenced by ill-intentioned people —that, even during the time when we had all persecuted him, he knew that Monsieur loved him. Nay, had he not given marks of his esteem and confidence? and would not he himself

(the Cardinal) recompense him for all this in the persons of his children? He then begged me to believe that he was earnestly thinking of my establishment, although he had not yet made up his mind as to what Prince deserved me; but that it was his own special affair. He begged me, therefore, to leave it wholly to him, and to give myself no uneasiness in regard to it: saying that he should consider also of my sisters *next;* and it was required, for that Madame was sure to spoil everything in which she meddled; with regard to her, he should merely give her sufficient upon which to live, according to her station, and in consideration of her having been the wife of Monsieur. As to my eldest sister, he designed her to marry the Prince of Tuscany; in short, he had already taken his measures. The second, who was somewhat deformed, he proposed to confer upon Monsieur de Longueville for his eldest son, the Comte du Dunois; he being very rich. "You see that she need thus have nothing given her: for that, though she be a little deformed, the young gentleman ought to consider himself much honoured in marrying a daughter of Monsieur, and a sister of Mademoiselle of Orleans; she will also keep her own rank, and be much more happy than those who marry out of their country." Then, as to the youngest, she was to

be given to Monsieur le Duc d'Enghien, and there was nothing to do but to finish that little affair." For myself, I considered all these arrangements admirable. I had no particular wish to marry, but I looked upon everything that he said to me as something marvellous, and listened to the flattering tale with the sort of admiration due to some miracle.

The King, the Queen, and Monsieur did not return until the next day. They came, at the same time, to visit me. The King said, "You will see my brother to-mórrow, with a cloak that forms a splendid train behind him. Do you know, I think he is delighted with the death of your father, to have the pleasure of putting it on. It is fortunate, perhaps, that his Royal Highness was older than myself, or my brother would have wished for *my* death in order that he might wear it. He thinks to inherit his *apanage:* he talks of nothing else! But he has not got it yet." This sort of jesting did not begin until after his Majesty had made me his condolence, and been some time with me; and after having paid me many attentions, he said that he should act towards me, and consider himself as my father. The Queen, who had heard all the droll things which the King had said, also testified towards me the greatest kindness. They were quite

true; and Monsieur appeared the next day in a court mantle of most imposing length. He also took great care to dictate to me several orders for my mother-in-law, so that nothing might be wanting to the splendour and dignity of her appearance. I would not, however, charge myself with communicating all these nice details; and I believe she paid little attention to them, for she seemed to entertain very small veneration for the credit of her House.

I was informed, that all the Lorraines who had gathered round her, had observed, "Madame will be very rich now that Monsieur is dead, and she will do what she likes with her wealth." On the day of Monsieur's death, she broke up her establishment, sending for all the dishes and plates, to have them locked up; and ordering all the doors to be shut every evening, which constrained the priests, who were watching the corpse of Monsieur, to withdraw; not one was left, and consequently there could be no prayers, although it is the custom to pray without ceasing near the bodies of persons of elevated rank. Nay, her economy extended to a degree of penuriousness rather alarming; for there were not lights to burn—and no wood for the fires, although it was very cold weather. Then it was given out that the affliction of

Madame was such that she could think of nothing. No one could say the same of me, for my mind is invariably more active at periods of sorrow than when in a state of tranquillity; a disposition which leads me to hope that I shall never fail in performing my duty.

His Royal Highness, it appears, finding himself in extremity, received the Sacrament at twelve o'clock, and died four hours afterwards. Madame was not with him; her dinner was ready, and as those of her women who visited her room declared, she was occupied in eating, to keep off the *vapeurs* to which she was so subject. I am persuaded that in such a moment of affliction, eating must be productive of more harm than good. The body of Monsieur was carried to St. Denis, accompanied by some guards and almoners, but followed by very few other officers. All was conducted in a quiet manner—no pomp, and no expense. After a wish has been expressed to be interred without any great ceremony, it is praiseworthy in survivors to act in conformity with it, but I am of opinion that the great who retrench in this way, will be thought more meritorious in the sight of Heaven, than in that of men. Of one thing I am certain, that had I been at Blois, the whole ceremony would have been conducted in a very different manner.

We subsequently heard that Madame, instead of remaining indoors for forty days without leaving her chamber (hung with black, as is the custom), left it at the end of ten days, to go to Paris; and that when there, she had taken possession of my apartments without the least ceremony, or any reference whatever to me. When I first heard of it, I was not very tardy in my movements; I went at once to the Queen, and to Monsieur le Cardinal, and informed them of it exactly as it had occurred. They expressed themselves in words extremely obliging to me, and little favourable to Madame. I do not know what I wrote to her; I only remember that I did write, and that there was nothing either kind or complimentary in my letter.

The Court left Aix to repair to Marseilles, where we found all the streets and public places full of soldiers. We remained here four days, during two of which I was confined to my bed with head-ache. I was quite terrified to see the galley slaves traversing the streets, and clanking their chains. Objects like these are not very agreeable to meet in one's way. As to the town, I cannot say that I found the shops on the pier filled with the profuse show of merchandize which I had heard of; while the country round, spoken of as a sort of paradise, did not at all come

up to my ideas in that respect. The olives, from which they derive their revenue, seemed to me very ugly trees to look at. The King expressed a great curiosity to visit the Chateau d'If, which stands at about a league and a half in the sea; the Queen declined his proffered escort, but permitted me to accompany his Majesty.

From Aix we proceeded to Avignon; where the King and the Queen had determined to pursue different routes, as her Majesty wished to go to Apt, for there we were solemnly assured rested the body of St. Anne; to which she wished to pay her devotions. It is a place much frequented on the saint's account; yet I was surprised to see the little care taken to preserve the relics; they were contained in a poor wooden shrine, and an old dilapidated coffin. They gave some of the latter to the Queen. From this place, we went to Isle, known from its fountain, that spring of Vaucluse, and from having been the renowned retreat of the great Petrarch, who here produced, if we may believe what is written of him, all the poetical works which have appeared under his name. It was in this town of Isle, he says, or rather sings, that he first saw his Laura, and first fell in love with her: he ceased not to love her twenty years during her life, and twenty years after her death, and retired into

this solitude to finish the works he had begun or projected—in a word, all that he has so beautifully written.

From Avignon we went to Perpignan, which appeared to me a very wretched town, although the country is beautiful. The Queen went to see all the convents. The nuns, who are so very austere with us, are here quite *coquettish;* they wear a stomacher of plaited Quentin cloth, use rouge and white paint, and take not a little pride in having lovers. One of these ladies requested to be presented to me, begging that I might be informed that she was the mistress of St. Aunais. I was quite alarmed at this sort of compliment. She added, that she hoped, from the kindness which she was informed I had always shown for him (the Saint) I should feel a little for her: she had been for ten years his *devotée*, which is the name by which they usually designate themselves. I did not know what to reply.

The men and women of Perpignan are dressed *à l'Espagnole*, and live in the same manner. The houses are also built in the fashion of that country, with no other chimney than that in the kitchen. As it was cold, and I did not like to put on anything damp, I went into the kitchen to warm myself, taking with me my linen, which was dried in the fumes of the roasting meat, not

a very agreeable kind of perfumery for a Court. There was a ball (otherwise called *un Sarabos*) given at the Hotel de Ville, also *à la mode d'Espagne*. As the dancing was in a different style to that of France, I had a great curiosity to see it; but as so short a time had elapsed since Monsieur's death, I could not have gone, had not the Queen particularly desired that I should attend it; so I placed myself behind the other company, and was soon heartily sick of the whole affair. They had only one violin, and it was the same with all other kinds of instruments. Among them was a triangle of iron, with a curl, from which they drew sounds with another piece of iron. I rather think this is called a cymbal. The men wore swords and mantles, and seemed to take as much pleasure in their dance as we had done at our balls. I say this to show that there is no accounting for tastes.

We returned to Toulouse, where we remained or some days. The King conferred the government of Languedoc upon the Prince of Conti; and all those appointments which had been given to Monsieur's dependents were taken from them, and put up to sale. The Prince de Conti and his consort then repaired to Bourbon, which occasioned a difficulty in the ceremony of the King's marriage, inasmuch as three persons were

required to carry the train of the Queen, and I did not wish to admit, to bear me company in the office, any who were below the rank of Princesses of the blood, neither would I be mixed up with foreigners, who were too much my inferiors. The Queen, who had an esteem for the Princess Palatine, and knew that she had in her head a notion that the Prince Palatine would some day be King of Bohemia, would have been glad to oblige her on this occasion, although she did not say so openly. She merely wished, since there was no other person, that necessity might promote her to the office of carrying the train with me. For myself, I had nothing but rank and dignity in my head, and would not for the world that posterity should have cited me as having derogated from them in the least item. What pains I took to prevent Madame la Princesse de Conti from taking her departure! I even spoke of it to the Cardinal, who gave me reason to hope for her return. Seeing, however, that there was no time for this, I proposed that one of my sisters should come, at my expense, and that she should live with me, so that it might cost my mother-in-law nothing. The Cardinal replied, that if it was so arranged, the King would defray the cost; the question was, whether Madame would give her consent to it. I wrote to

ask her, and in reply she said, she would send me two of my sisters; suggesting at the same time to the Cardinal, that it would be as well that only *des petites-filles de France* should carry the Queen's train, and begging that her daughters might have their residence with the Queen, thinking they might incommode me; at the same time, she thanked me for the offer I had made.

We remained at Toulouse but a short time, for the Queen was very impatient to arrive at St. Jean de Luz. We passed by Acqs, where there are two springs, one of hot, the other of cold water; so that if you threw a dog into the one it seemed dead in an instant, but if taken out, and put quickly into the other, it recovered its senses, without appearing to have suffered the slightest inconvenience. This country appeared to me much more beautiful than Provence; I was delighted to see the goats and the cows, and to understand what was said, for the Gascon has great resemblance to the French; nearly all the people understand that language, and speak it more easily than those of Provence.

We rested eight days at Bayonne, which is, to my taste, a very pretty town, and where there are a great many ships: we found here many of

the Court, who had arrived in order to assist at the marriage. Our next stage took us to St. Jean de Luz, which is a most agreeable place of residence. The King of Spain arrived at St. Sebastian about the same time as our Court. The two Kings sent their compliments the one to the other, and Pimentel was fully occupied in going and returning between them. All these details are in different histories, and I am persuaded there is not one but gives the full account of all that passed day by day during these conferences. I shall therefore describe only what I heard and saw. Monsieur had a great curiosity to visit the place where the conferences were held, and I, entertaining the same, we repaired to a spot about two leagues from St. Jean de Luz, which they call the Isle of Pheasants. We reached it by a bridge formed and tapestried like a gallery. At the termination of this was a saloon, which opened by a door to another bridge, built in the same manner on the side of Spain, as was this on the side of France. It had a large window, looking towards the river on the side of Fontarabia. There were two doors; the one on the side of France, the other on the side of Spain, by which you entered two rooms, magnificently furnished, and ornamented with fine tapestry. There were also

small rooms with their cabinets, and, in the centre, the Hall of Assembly. It appeared to me very large, but with no other windows than those which overlooked the river, where two sentinels were stationed while the Kings were there, the *corps-de-garde* not having come over to the island. There were, besides, guards in the hall near the vestibule of which I have spoken; each chamber had only one door, except the Hall of Conference, which had two, placed opposite each other, and which, as I have said, was very large, having really formed two rooms, which had been thrown into one. The tapestry, both on the side of France and that of Spain, was admirable. The Spaniards had laid down Persian carpets, the groundwork of which was of silver and gold, remarkably beautiful. On our side, the carpets were of crimson velvet, decorated with gold and silver lace; as for the chairs, I do not recollect of what they were framed. There were two *ecretoires*, I know not of what material, but I think the locks were of gold; and, if I am not deceived, there was a clock on each table. Everything was in duplicate, and equal to its duplicate in value. Upon our return, we related to the Queen all that we had seen. We met on our route numbers of Spaniards hastening to view the Court, while the French, who, on their side,

were equally curious, went to look at the King of Spain.

I was very much displeased at the proposal made to the Cardinal by Madame, that my sisters should take up their residence with the Queen; for if they had done so, they would have been with her during those hours of the day when I was not at Court, and they would have sat at the same table with her, which I never did. I confess that I thought the project very adroitly arranged by my mother-in-law, to confer upon the young ladies, through necessity, that distinction which I had not enjoyed, notwithstanding my opulence. Had I not possessed a separate establishment, I should from my infancy have resided with the Queen, and invariably have eaten with her, as I have often heard mentioned; not but that I did very often dine with her, though I had not made it a habit from the beginning, as I did not like to put upon myself a constraint incompatible with my ideas of personal freedom. Still, I had, all my life, great ambition for that sort of grandeur which might distinguish me from others, although, on many occasions, I had neglected to carry it out, owing to a certain loftiness of spirit, and a sense of real dignity, which set me above trifles, and induced me to prefer my ease to worrying myself about little

things. The new arrangement entered into for my sisters awoke all this pride, and I was in despair for the moment, being unable to tolerate the idea of their enjoying any advantage which I had not possessed. I like to speak the truth, and, for this reason, depict my faults and my good qualities with the same impartiality that any other person might do. I confess that I was very uneasy about my sisters becoming too distinguished. I soon learnt, however, with pleasure, that though they were coming, a residence had been provided for them away from the Court. I had suffered so much from my extreme aversion to this distinction, that I neither dared act, nor say a word to any one upon the subject.

They arrived in two coaches, accompanied by some of Madame's officers. Their equipage appeared very proper, and failed in nothing as to what are esteemed necessaries or proprieties of rank: it even approached to consequence. Mademoiselles d'Alençon and de Valois were the ladies in question, for Madame would not run any risk of mortifying Mademoiselle d'Orleans by allowing her to witness the marriage of the King;—she who had so long indulged the hope of wedding him herself. They had several ladies with them.

All those who had visited St. Sebastian, where the King of Spain was, brought gratifying ac-

counts of the Infanta; and as these favourable descriptions gave her Majesty much pleasure, every one made their court, and evinced the utmost impatience to see her. About the same time, the Duke of Parma paid his addresses to the Princess Marguerite of Savoy, and married her. Every one seemed astonished that, after having aimed so high as the Crown of France, she should have deigned to accept one of the petty sovereigns of Italy—a comparative savage, moreover, who took no delight in any pursuit except it were in his excellent shoeing of horses. We could not forbear contrasting her present establishment, with the proud manner in which she had mentioned the breaking-off of her marriage with the King, and which had obtained for her the praises of every one present. Now, it was said that she had better have remained unmarried, or have retired to a convent for life.

At St. Jean de Luz, we saw a company of Spanish comedians, and the Queen went very frequently to witness their performances: I went but seldom. They danced and sang between the acts, and dressed themselves as hermits and monks—marrying, burying, and prophesying in sport—profaning without scruple the most sacred mysteries of Religion. Indeed, they shocked a great many people besides myself. The Italians however, did the same, when they came to France;

but we, at last, discountenanced them. Monsieur le Cardinal was now suffering from the gout; we went to see him every day on our return from vespers; for the Queen never missed one of these services, and often attended both compline and *salut* in addition.

One day, I was looking out of a window at the Cardinal's, which commanded a view of the river and the Pyrenees. Madame de Motteville, who was with me, said something that led to our speaking of solitude—that of a desert—and we descanted upon the happy life we might lead, freed from the fatigues of a Court, and removed from all its injustice and intrigue, dedicating our lives to religious self-knowledge and mental improvement. Such a conversation opened a field for moralizing; but the Queen was leaving for the comedy, so I accompanied her to the door, and then took a walk along the banks of the river. During my ramble, many ideas passed through my mind, with regard to some plan of leading a truly solitary life. I should not have wished for my companions the mere usual outcasts of the Court; and as I chalked out a sort of project which seemed at once as extraordinary as it was practicable and excellent, the idea so fully possessed itself of my imagination, that I hurried back to my residence, and

wrote a long letter* on the subject. This I addressed to Madame de Motteville; and gave fair notice that in this desert there were to be no *galanteries*, nor even any marriages.

After a long interval of passing and repassing between Fontarabia and St. Jean de Luz, the day of the royal espousals (by proxy) was fixed. The fancy took Monsieur and myself to go to Fontarabia to witness the ceremony, and to see the King of Spain and the young Queen. We proposed it to Monsieur the Cardinal, who gave his consent, but observed, that it would be necessary to apprise the King of Spain of our intention. For twenty-four hours, we were wild with joy: but this was soon changed, and, on my part, into crying bitterly; the King informed Monsieur that he did not wish us to go; for that the heir presumptive of Spain had not repaired to France to witness the ceremony there, neither had the grandees nor the principal seigneurs of that country attended at the Court of France. It was out of the question, therefore—we were not to go; and grieved not a little we both were at this final decision of the King. I went to the Cardinal, and declared that I was only a poor young *demoiselle* of no consequence, for that I

* This letter was published, along with many others, by the author, at the close of her memoirs.

should never inherit a kingdom; and that as it was evident that females were considered nothing in France, they ought not to be thwarted in their little pleasures, such as seeing a ceremony like the present. I found that, in an underhand manner, Monsieur did all in his power to thwart my object, as he could not go himself; but, after a cabinet council of four hours, held in the Cardinal's chamber, the royal permission was obtained for me to go to Fontarabia. Not a moment was lost in informing Don Louis de Haro that I should be present (*incognita*) to witness the solemn ceremony.

The same evening, the King, the Queen, Monsieur, and myself, supped with the Cardinal, who was still suffering from the gout. Here we arranged a casket which was to be carried to the young Queen, on the part of the King: this was a large coffer, ornamented with gold, in which was placed everything that can be imagined of bijoux, gold, and diamonds; watches, books of prayer, gloves, mirrors, patch-boxes, pastiles, smelling-bottles, all sorts of *etui* cases, furnished with scissors, knives, and tooth-picks; minature pictures, crosses, chaplets, rings, bracelets, hooks of all kinds. These were very valuable, and were placed in a little box by themselves. There were also pearls, pendants

for the ears, and a great many diamonds, in another little box; in short, everything of the most beautiful description; with the exception of the crown jewels, for these do not leave the kingdom, neither does the Queen consider them her own property. For the rest, never was there a present more magnificent or more *galand!*

The next day, I borrowed a coach, so that my arms might not appear in this *voyage de curiosité*, taking with me Madame la Duchesse de Navailles, who had arrived to attend as *dame d'honneur* to the Queen, Madame de Pontac, and Mademoiselle de Vandi. On coming to Andaye, which is the last village on the river's bank, opposite Fontarabia, Lainé, who had gone before, came to inform me that the boats were ready. There were three, each painted and gilt in a suitable and magnificent manner, and equally richly furnished in every part. Among other things, there were damask curtains, with fringes of gold and silver. With this equipage, we arrived at the port; where we found that the coaches we expected had been taken by some other ladies: but Lainé soon stopped two others, with six horses, that were passing, and in these we placed ourselves, to be conveyed to Fontarabia.

On entering the town, we found a *corps de garde* at the gate, as is customary in all fron-

tier towns. Their officers, who were walking before them, saluted us with much politeness, as did those we met in the streets. I confess that I had the vanity to attribute these extraordinary civilities to my *bonne mine*, for I could not think that I owed them to my dress, being habited in black cloth, with a plain handkerchief, a light hood, and my hair uncurled. I fancy that I must have even looked like a foreigner, with my light hair so plainly arranged, for it is a style not very ornamental.

We approached the church, which you enter by a large flight of steps. A few soldiers stood at the door; for in Spain everything is so well regulated that no one ever presumes to enter a place where he has no right to be, and, owing to this, there is never any crowding. Madame de Navailles, led by my equerry, walked first, and I followed, with Laîné. At the door of the church, we found a Lieutenant of the King's *garde du corps*, who said that he had been ordered to wait there, to receive the relation of Monsieur Laîné. Pimentel then arrived, and took me by the other hand, saying, "The King has commanded me to place myself near you, for he wishes to know you." We met the Patriarch of India, who was Great Almoner to the King of Spain, and brother to the Duke of

Medina Sidonia. He made me many compliments, and said that he had known my father in Flanders. They then led us near the altar, on the right of the side by which we entered, and which was a little raised from the rest. I met a great many French people, whom I took the trouble to place properly, ordering everything as I would in France, forgetting that I was to be there *incognita*. They then brought me a chair; and here again I forgot who I was, for I declined it.

The place reserved for the King was at the end of the choir; at least, it would have been so in a French cathedral, but here the choir and nave were not separated. The altar was raised, but lighted only by a round window, placed above the door. There was a curtain for the King, or rather, draperies like those of a bed, of gold brocade, were affixed to the ceiling. The foot-cloth for the King was under this curtain —that which opened to the altar was open. Near this drapery was a seat for Don Louïs de Haro, and on the side a bench for the grandees of Spain; opposite to which was one for the almoners. All the French were placed upon the steps at each side of the altar. The master of the ceremonies arranged the places for us.

Soon the King of Spain made his appearance,

a few of the Swiss guards walking before him; the rest were stationed at the end of the church, for it was not necessary to keep off the people, as no one dared approach his Majesty. The Bishop of Pampeluna headed the train before the King, with all the clergy, arrayed in their pontifical habits. The King was dressed in grey, embroidered with gold; a large diamond, *en table*, looped up his hat, from which hung a pearl: these were two jewels of the crown, of rare beauty; the diamond was called, "*Le Miroir du Portugal*," and the pearl "*La Pelegrine*." He made his obeisance to the altar, with inimitable gravity. The Infanta followed, by herself; she was dressed in white satin, embroidered with little knots of gold Lama, and with a profusion of trimming, in the Spanish fashion. Her jewels were very indifferent: and her head was ornamented with false hair. Her *Camarera Major* carried her train. The first act of the King and of the Infanta was, to look at me, without appearing to know me; whilst I, on my side, regarded them with equal attention. The King was not handsome, but had a bland expression of countenance; although he looked old and broken. The Infanta appeared to me very like the Queen: she pleased me extremely. The King then commanded that they should withdraw

the curtain on the side where I stood, that I might see more distinctly, even making signs to the almoners so to arrange themselves that they should not incommode me. All this seemed to me very polite and obliging. *La Camarera* stood before the curtain, a little on one side, with two other ladies dressed *à l'Espagnole*, and three young ladies, who were not handsome, although they were strongly rouged. When the mass was half over, the Commandant de Souvré bethought himself that the Bishop of Frejus was not there; so he called out to Pimentel and Lionne, who stood near me, but they did not hear him. I then told them what he had said, when they spoke to their brother, the Abbé, who hastened to bring him. M. de Frejus arrived a few minutes afterwards, with no master of the ceremonies, or any one to accompany him. As he passed near Don Louïs, he complained of the little care that had been shown in giving him proper notice.

After the service had been performed, there came six pages, with great white flambeaux, who made their reverence to the altar, and afterwards to the King. When the Priest had communicated, they again turned round and made the same reverences. The mass being finished, the King seated himself in his chair, and the Infanta upon

her cushion. After this the Bishop descended, and Don Louïs approached and presented the procuration of the King, which Monsieur de Frejus had just brought him. This was read by a priest, with the papal dispensations; and then the marriage ceremony took place. The King still stood between the Infanta and Don Louïs; and when the former had to say, "Yes," she turned round to the King, her father, making him a profound reverence, when he seemed to give her permission to reply. She said the word so feebly, that I could barely perceive her lips move, although I was standing so near. The French then pressed forward, and I could scarcely hear a word; though chiefly persons of rank, they showed less respect for propriety of conduct and order, on this occasion than the Spaniards. The Infanta did not give her hand to Don Louïs, neither did he present the ring, as is the form everywhere else.

When the ceremony was concluded, the young Queen sank on her knees before her father, and kissed his hand; while he, taking his hat in his hand embraced, but did not kiss her; she then walked on the right of the King, and at the door some farther little ceremonies, on her part, were observed. When the royal party were gone, I waited a moment to allow the crowd to pass; and, as I was leaving, Don Pedro

of Arragon approached my train with several guards, and addressing Lainé, observed, that he had been commissioned to seek the ladies. He then walked before us with the son of a grandee, whose name I have forgotten, and took us to the Château which had been arranged for the reception of the Court of Spain.

We found at the entrance, as is usual with them, a great many pages and lacqueys. This state attendance is a source of great expenditure among the Spaniards, who display a more imposing number of retainers than we do in France. We entered an antechamber, in which the French crowded round in the same manner that they had done at the church. From this, we proceeded to another apartment, where the King was eating at a little table: a gentleman of the chamber for the week was in waiting, and the *valets de chambre* brought in the meat. His Majesty's physician was stationed near the wall, a little apart; and on the other side was the Duc de Medina de las Torres. There stood also by the wall the grandees of Spain, with the Patriarch of the Indies. Like them, too, I was placed near the wall; while the French occupied the middle of the room, a little apart. The King looked at me very earnestly: he was eating a pomegranate with a spoon, which he did with a slow, formal

gravity. The Duke de Medina de las Torres handed the King his beverage, pouring out some cinnamon water, his favourite potation, into a saucer, and having tasted it, presenting it to his Royal Master on his knee. Had any of the grandees been covered at that moment, they would have taken off their hats; officers of the household never wear theirs but on ceremonials.

I was now informed that the young Queen was dining; so I slipped out without making any reverence, having been requested so to do, that it might not appear as if I were known; although the King did not cease gazing at me all the while I was in the room. I then went to the Queen, and I found a large company looking at her while she dined; I do not know whether it was owing to her being our Queen, but the crowd was much greater, and the people nearer her table than they were at that of the King her father. I made her a very low courtesy, and passed behind her chair, placing myself near Madame la Duchesse d'Usez, and Madame de Motteville, who were at the end of the table. This I did with an air somewhat familiar. When I was near her, I made a second courtsey, to which she replied by the most polite and agreeable smile: she appeared to me to have a noble,

amiable, and affable air; and I doubted not she would please the French people—as for me, I was quite enchanted. Madame de Motteville, who spoke Spanish, told her that I was extremely gratified with, and liked her much. She replied graciously, that she was very happy to hear it. All the time she was at dinner, she directed her looks to the side where I was, and talked a great deal. There was a certain buffoon present, who had come from St. Jean de Luz;* when I

* *Fools.*—The court fool was still in fashion at this time—a relic of barbarism which continued longer in Germany than elsewhere. In the present day, every man is his own fool; that is, tries to utter for himself all the sense of which he is capable, which was really the old fool's task. If he is rich, look round his table, and there you will see that the custom is not quite gone by. La Bruyère explains the olden custom by saying, "Princes, or persons independent in their circumstances, possess superabundance of joy, which inclines them to laugh at a dwarf, a monkey, a fool, or a silly story; those who are less happy smile with more discretion." Killigrew, in the reign of Charles II., was a court fool, yet was he a man of wit and of letters. A court fool was a privileged person, who, from a natural shrewdness, and a peculiar quaintness of language, was allowed to speak home truths without offence, such as other persons ventured not even to allude to. They are now not altogether strangers at rich men's tables, even in these utilitarian days. The Prince of Condé had a fool called Angeli. It was he who

entered, he cried, "Voilà Mademoiselle d'Orleans, cousin to the King of France!" She told him to hold his tongue, for he was rather a mischievous sort of fool. When she arose from table she approached me, and said, "I must embrace this *inconnue*." I wished to kiss her hand (hers are not so handsome as those of the Queen-mother), but she would not permit it; she remained near me for some moments, and then went to her apartment. Her head *femme-de-chambre* came to me, and requested me not to leave; and soon returned again to say that the Queen had inquired for me. I found her seated on a cushion, and one having been brought for me, she made a sign that I should place myself near her. I then inquired if there were any one who could speak French, and the Baron de Vatteville directly made his appearance. She requested me to tell her news of the Queen and of the Cardinal; observing that she had heard my sisters were very pretty; afterwards, spoke of the impatience she had to see the Queen: and how happy she was to know me. In short, there was no civility or kindness she did not show me, to which I replied

said that he never went to hear French sermons, because he did not love brawling, and did not understand argument. Such a speech, even at the present time, would show him neither deficient in wit nor in understanding.—*Ed.*

with all the respect possible. I then arose to depart, and begged she would give me her hand; but she held it back, and a second time embraced me. I caught her hand, upon which she arose, and made me a courtsey. She gave it to Madame de Navailles, and the other ladies who were with me. They then offered me refreshment, but I declined everything; and Vatteville, after pressing me much, conducted me to the boat, in one of the Queen's own coaches.

I hastened with all speed to Andaye, where I dined in a hurry, so impatient was I to return to the Queen mother, to tell her of what I had seen. I alighted at the Cardinal's, where she was, and gave her a faithful relation of all that had passed, with which she was as much pleased as myself. It was the day of la petite Fête Dieu, June 3, 1660: and as soon as I returned from prayers, where I went with the Queen, I had to dress for a ball, not having been to any hitherto, on account of my deep mourning. But this being the day of the marriage of the King, was in itself an ample permission: I decorated myself in pearls, and my sisters also, for this sort of *parure* of jewels is in itself mourning when worn alone.

The ball was soon over, for it had begun late, and the King wished to sup before midnight. During the dancing, the Queen mother conversed

with me, and the King joined us. He declared that he was charmed to hear what I had said of the young Queen, for that no one who had spoken of her had afforded him so much pleasure as I had done: that he was delighted to find she pleased me; for that I had good taste—that I knew everything; and that she had given a decided proof of her good sense, by having treated me so politely. There was nothing obliging which his Majesty did not say to me, so that I took more pleasure in listening to him than I did in dancing, though I was passionately attached to the amusement.

The Queen-mother went the next day to the conference, to see the King, her brother; merely taking with her the Cardinal and her *dames d'honneur*. The King, who was there *inconnu*, spoke, on his return, of the joy the Queen had felt in seeing her brother, and that evinced also by the latter; while nothing could equal the tender and obliging manner in which he had spoken of the marriage and of the peace. He had also made mention of me, regretting that it was my wish to remain *incognita*, for that it had prevented him from paying me the honour that he had desired. I had the curiosity to ask whether the King of Spain had kissed the Queen-mother? He replied, that he had not; but embraced her *à la*

mode d'Espagne. Don Louïs had entered the hall situated on the side of France. The young Queen was there also, while the King himself, approaching the door, looked at her over the shoulder of Don Louïs. The Queen-mother saw him, and smiled at the King, her brother; who fixed his eyes on the French monarch, which the young Queen also did; and, as she told us afterwards, she thought him so very handsome that she felt quite abashed. The King also seemed to be much pleased with his young consort; and confessed that he had placed himself on the banks of the river to see her embark, and he had perceived that she looked anxiously towards *his* side of the water.

They now began to think of the ceremony; and it was suggested to the royal bridegroom that he should select some marriage offering, to be presented to the bride, and as, according to this arrangement, I could not support her train, it was left for my two sisters and Madame de Carignan. There was some objection made to this, but without any reason, for, as I informed them, on the fortieth birthday of the Queen-mother, at Notre Dame, my mother-in-law had carried the offering, and I the train, with the late Princess and Madame la Comtesse. While this subject of train-bearing was being discussed, the

Duc de Roquelaure proposed himself to carry mine: I had accepted his good offers, and two dukes were now required to carry those of my sisters. As there was no one who offered, Madame de Saujon exclaimed loudly, that Madame their mother would be extremely annoyed at this distinction, and that my sisters should endeavour to have the same as I had. The Cardinal being called upon in this grand emergency, declared that he would do all that could be done; but, spite of his eloquence, not one volunteered to come to the rescue of my sisters. Not to make any further difficulty, therefore, I thanked Monsieur de Roquelaure, and told him how concerned I was that I could not accept his very obliging offer, and that I was sensibly affected that the little esteem in which my mother-in-law was held, should prevent the same honour being offered to my sisters. Addressing myself to the Cardinal, I then remarked, "Your Excellency will not fail to observe, when it becomes a question, how readily I waive my title to a distinction which is my due, to avoid creating an embarrassment to the King and to your Excellency. I have only to entreat that you will deal with me as you please; for I shall approve of everything you may decide upon." He then replied that he would give me his own nephew; and the choice pleased me ex-

tremely; indeed, it offered me more advantages than all the dukes in the kingdom could have done. Accordingly, he at last engaged the Marquis du Chastelet for one of my sisters, the Comte de Saint-Même for the other, and Monsieur de la Feuillade for the train of Madame de Carignan: so that it was all finally adjusted.

The Sunday after the Queen-mother had been to visit the King her brother, we set out early after dinner, to attend the conference. There were in the King's coach, the Queen-mother, Monsieur, my sisters, the Prince of Conti, Madame de Navailles, and myself. The Countess de Fleix declined going, because she would not yield precedence to the Duchesses of the House of Foix, to which her husband belonged. The Queen-mother wore her widow's veil, with two *demi-tours*, a cross of pearls, and pendants in her ears. The King and Monsieur (his brother) had *cordons de chapeaux* of diamonds, from which it is easy to judge of the splendid style of the whole of their attire on this occasion. As regarded the King, however, his noble air threw all exterior ornament into the shade. My sisters and myself wore our mourning cloaks, and the usual dress that marks respect when we are in mourning, and which ought never to be

dispensed with, when we see, for the first time, persons to whom that respect is due.

In the other coach were the Princesses de Carignan and de Bade, (her daughter,) the Princess Palatine, and Mesdames les Duchesses d'Usez, de Grammont, and de Navailles. Scarcely were we seated when the son of the Duke de Medina de las Torres came from the King of Spain, to compliment the King and the Queen: The way appeared to us long, on account of the excessive heat; and the King of Spain we found had arrived before us. On the Spanish frontier, we beheld the infantry and the cavalry drawn out in state array; and on ours the French and Swiss guards, with the King's guards, and the Musqueteers, all *en bataille*. Our guards and the Swiss were dressed in blue great coats, with gold and silver braid, having the King's cipher in the centre.

We entered by the gallery, and went into all the rooms which I have already mentioned. In one of these we found some Spaniards bearing presents for the King. These consisted of large coffers in the form of trunks, ornamented with bands of gold, very splendid and magnificent—such, indeed, as we had not been accustomed to see. I do not know what there was within, but I think I have heard that they contained perfumes. There

were four for the King, as many for the Queen, and two for Monsieur; and I was very sorry that there was not one for me. It was from the young Queen that they were presented.

After having passed through all the rooms, and a gallery as long as the Chamber of Conference, the Cardinal desired us to wait in a cabinet until we could proceed to the room where the King of Spain and the young Queen expected us. No one entered with the King but the Cardinal and Madame de Navailles; but in a little while they came also to conduct us. The Queen-mother told me to take off my glove, and to make an obeisance, for the King of Spain would not kiss me, not even the King or Monsieur having kissed the young Queen." The Spanish King never stirred from the place where he stood, scarcely even moving his foot, which might at least have indicated that he had a wish to make a bow, and this more particularly to me than to my sisters. The Queen-mother then presented all the Princesses, Duchesses, and ladies of her suite and of ours. The young Queen was dressed in white satin, embroidered with black and white, and bordered with fleurs-de-lis. She was *coëffée* with beautiful light hair that became her very well, and decorated with a cluster of emeralds, "*en poires*," with diamonds, the same.

that were presented to her by Monsieur de Créqui, as I have related. That nobleman's suite on the occasion was magnificent, consisting of sixty persons in livery, with a great number of gentlemen who accompanied him.

After we had all gazed at each other for some time in silence, the doors were thrown open, and a crowd of company entered on each side; though I should state that on these imposing occasions it is not considered honourable to introduce oneself without having obtained permission or received an invitation. The two Kings stood, each before his own table, and square cushions were carried to them, that to our King being presented by the Abbé de Coaslin, and that to the King of Spain by the Marquis de Malepique, grand master of the ceremonies. Monsieur le Cardinal carried the Bible, with a cross placed upon it; the Patriarch des Indes doing the same for the King of Spain, both these dignitaries being dressed in their *rochets* (wide lawn sleeves). The two Kings then went down upon their knees, when the secretaries upon each side read aloud the treaty of peace—the one in French, the other in Spanish. This being done, the two Kings placed their hands on the Bible, and swore to maintain everything contained in the treaty of peace; the King of Spain speaking the first, for which he had introduced a

special stipulation. When this ceremony was over they both rose and embraced each other; our King observing, that he vowed friendship as well as peace, and many other compliments and protestations were mutually made. When all these formalities were concluded, they each retired to the end of their respective tables. Then Don Fernand presented the Spaniards to the King, and Monsieur le Cardinal the French to the King of Spain; after which both monarchs and ministers retired into the cabinet to sign the treaty. On their re-entrance, the King of Spain observed to the Queen, that it grew late, and that he would return the next day at three o'clock; upon which the Courts broke up and separated.

CHAPTER IX.

ROYAL CONFERENCES AT FONTARABIA—CELEBRATION OF THE ROYAL NUPTIALS—AN EARTHQUAKE—MADEMOISELLE IN DANGER—MARRIAGE OF THE DUKE OF YORK (JAMES II.)—DEATH OF CARDINAL MAZARIN—THE BROTHER OF LOUIS XIV. ESPOUSES THE SISTER OF KING CHARLES II.—ECLAIRCISSEMENTS — MADEMOISELLE VISITS HER CHÂTEAU OF ÆU—BIRTH OF THE DAUPHIN.

THE Queen informed us that she had expressed to the King, her brother, how much she had feared lest ill health might have prevented him from accompanying his daughter. His Majesty had replied, that he would sooner have come on foot, than not have seen such a son as the King of France, whom he so greatly appreciated and admired. She related also, that he had noticed Monsieur de Turenne, and observed, more than once, "That man has caused me many anxious hours." We may imagine whether Monsieur de

Turenne felt himself much aggrieved by words like these.

The next day, the royal personages again repaired to the Conference, the Queen-mother going alone, unattended by her suite. But on her departure, she commanded us all to be in readiness at her residence, to receive the young Queen, who intended to remain there for two days. Both their Majesties returned together in the coach of the new Queen-consort. We stood at the door of the antechamber to receive them. The royal bride appeared to us with a joyous and rather a gay air, but we were told that she had wept very much on parting with her father; who, on his part, had not shed a tear. The King, the Queen-mother, and Monsieur were also much affected, and had also shed tears. After a delay of a few moments, they wished us all good night; and the bride ascended to the apartment of the Queen-mother. When everybody had left, she took off her *garde-enfant*, and supped, after which the King conducted her into her chamber. His Majesty kissed her hand, and observed that he must leave her to take some repose, for that it was late—inquiring, at the same time, if she were not inclined for sleep? She replied, that she had never felt less in want of it.

For my part, I had been worrying myself all

day, at having been assured that the Queen would not kiss me, and that the King had decided upon its being so. I spoke to M. le Cardinal upon the subject, bringing forward, as a precedent in my favour, that the Queen-mother had always done so; kissing even the Princesses of the blood, which she had never discontinued, except to mortify Madame de Longueville, on her return from Stenai. I represented the matter also to the Queen-mother, who replied in these words, "It is one of the whims of the King; he wishes his wife to assume an air that no Queen has ever done until now." And she added, "He may well suppose that as I have always maintained the kiss, I wish my daughter-in-law to do the same;" a reply which still left me in no little uncertainty as to what might happen. When the young Queen made her appearance, I advanced to salute her in a passage, where we could hardly see, owing to the press of company keeping the flambeaux out of sight; but she did not kiss me. I therefore instructed my sisters, that if any one asked them how she had acted in regard to me, to reply, that the Queen was not yet accustomed to the manners of France, and that as she had not kissed her father on parting with him, it was not likely

that she would kiss us. I took this precaution, in the persuasion that there would be a change.

Although Monsieur has interested himself in this matter less than he might have done, the Princess Palatine, who ruled him, and with whom he was *entêté*, soon effected a change in his opinion. She took him on his weak side—namely, the marriage of the Princess of England; and gave him to understand, that when the King, her brother, should once be firmly established on his throne, his alliance would be sought by the Austrian court, and that the Emperor, who had been unable to espouse the Queen, would marry her immediately. She thus increased her influence over Monsieur by her apparent zeal in obtaining the hand of the Princess for him. I had quarrelled with the Princess Palatine, owing to her having persisted that I had no right to call her my cousin, which she really was by marriage; and she would frequently declare, in the most ridiculous tone, that she had not "the honour of being my relation."

All this came round to the Queen-mother, who reminded me, that the Princess was the daughter-in-law of a King. To this I replied, "But it is of a King who is only so by usurpa-

tion, and whom few Princes have thought proper to recognise." Perceiving, after some discussion, that I was right, her Majesty contested the point no longer, though she was not the less displeased, for she had affected the greatest regard for the Princess Palatine. Nay, I had reason to conclude that she even neglected speaking to the King on the subject of the Queen's kissing me, merely in order to revenge herself, by giving me this mortification.

The day after the Queen came to St. Jean de Luz, she remained with the Queen-mother, dressed *à l'espagnole*. I went to visit her, and she treated me with the greatest kindness. I found her engaged in writing to the King, her father. She dined with the Queen-mother, and went afterwards to the Spanish comedy. The marriage ceremony took place the next day. As I reached the Queen's early in the morning, Madame d'Usez came to tell me that the Princess Palatine was to have a train, and to ask if I would not do something to prevent it? At the same moment, Monsieur entered, and he immediately hastened to the Queen-mother, who replied to his remonstrances, that she would take upon herself to assert, that at the marriage of the Queen of England the Princess had had

one; therefore, it required no more to be said upon the subject. She then hurried to her daughter-in-law (the young Queen), and in her presence explained the whole matter to the King himself. His Majesty replied, "That he would at once refer to Rhodes, the grand master of the ceremonies;" which he did. The answer he received was, "That the marriage of the Queen of England had never been recorded, owing to the late King having forbidden it; but that at the marriage of Charles IX., it was only the Princesses of the Blood who had worn trains." Upon this, the Prince de Conti, and Madame de Carignan, observed to me, "That if I were not there, they should know very well what to do; but that I was their elder, and it was, therefore, for me to prescribe what I wished them to do, and that they would abide by it." The Cardinal came in, and we acquainted him with the affair, just as it had occurred. While I was speaking, the King approached me; and I told his Majesty that I was supplicating the Cardinal to represent, in its proper light, that which concerned his Majesty more than it did me, for that I was nothing but what he permitted me to be; that I desired no honour, no grandeur, but such as pleased him; yet that there were others who

supposed they might act quite independently of him. I added, that my cause being so just, it was not very difficult to explain it; that I might even observe that I should not treat it lightly, for that I was in earnest, and little disposed to put up with anything degrading, my disposition being naturally impatient of wrong; the least approach to which was sure to make me uncommonly eloquent, and this M. le Cardinal admitted. The King was extremely piqued at my having declared that the affair concerned him more than it did myself; although he generally deigned to take little notice of this sort of niceties, in the way that Monsieur did; still he could not but feel annoyed; and besides, I knew that he did not like the Princess Palatine. This induced him to listen to my reasons, which so far influenced him, that he told the Cardinal to go and speak to the Queen-mother; giving his opinion, that it was not according to rule that the Princess should have a train, and that, therefore, she must take it off. She was in the room, felt assured that she would succeed, with the aid of the Queen-mother; and, in her refined policy, she had resolved not to say a word, in the belief that I should not have time to circumvent her; but the King spoke strongly on the subject to the Queen, who declared that

she wished to do nothing in derogation of the royal dignity. Accordingly, she proceeded to inform the Princess of the King's decision, when she gave way to the most passionate grief, which was shared also by the Queen-mother. The farce ended with her declining to be present at the ceremony at all, although she was ready attired for the occasion.

After dinner, the Queen-mother observed aloud, "It is I who ought to feel most concerned at what has happened this morning; for it was I who assured the Princess that what she wished for *was* according to established etiquette; it is I, therefore, who have caused her to commit this fault, if it be any." At the same time, her Majesty looked daggers at Madame de Carignan and at me; but every one else felt overjoyed at the mortification of the Princess, for no one liked her. Besides this, all persons of quality in France loved and honoured *la Maison Royale*, and were justly indignant at any undue and avowed precedence given to foreign potentates.

After this knotty affair had been resolved, we set out to attend mass. There was a bridge raised from the residence of the Queen to the church, richly laid with tapestry, for the whole length of the street they had to traverse. The Queen wore a royal mantle of violet-coloured velvet, sprinkled

with *fleurs-de-lis*. Under this was a white brocade dress, with a quantity of jewels, and, on her head a crown. I have already explained all with regard to her train; and I walked near her. For the King, I confess, I do not recollect how he was attired, but I believe his dress was richly embroidered with gold, and that of Monsieur also; and that they wore the *cordons* of diamonds, of which I have spoken. I believe that Monsieur conducted the Queen, but I do not know whether she gave him her hand, or whether he walked before her; this the registers of Monsieur de Rhodes will verify. The regiments of Swiss and French guards were drawn up in line on either side. There was a guard, also, that I had never before seen, employed only in such ceremonies, and which in former times was of great consideration. It consisted of two companies of gentlemen, and was called the *Bec-de-Corbin*.

The Bishop of Bayonne performed the service, and said the mass. The church was splendidly decorated; there was a proud display of company, and the music was grand in the extreme. I carried my offering, and made my reverences with as good a grace as any of the royal persons present could have done. Indeed, I felt myself well adapted for those grand exhibitions and days of ceremony. My personal appearance, as well as

my name, seemed to secure for me the sort of influence I had acquired over the Parisians. Upon our return from the church, the same order as that in which we had entered it was observed.

The Queen, finding herself much fatigued, retired at once to her couch, and dined alone. Every one, therefore, left. In the evening we repaired to the apartments of her Majesty, whom we found dressed *à la Francoise*, her hair beautifully arranged. The Queen-mother was there, the King, and, in short, everybody. They threw from the windows pieces of gold, which they called *les piéces de largesse*, and I was informed that it was an old usage. About eight o'clock, the Queen wished every one good night, and left, the Queen-mother conducting her to the residence of the King, where they supped. No one was present with them but Monsieur; and I verily believe (and not I alone), that the Queen-mother contrived to exclude me, to solace her own vexation and that of the Princess Palatine. Indeed, agreeably to court etiquette, my sisters and myself, as well as some other persons, were entitled to have been present. Every one was astonished, and attributed our absence to the cause I have mentioned.

The next day, we were allowed to accompany the Queen to mass, and returned in the after-

noon, when the Queen took a promenade with the King and the Queen-mother. The King appeared in the most charming spirits; he laughed and leaped about, and treated the Queen-consort with marks of tenderness and affection which it was delightful to witness. The Comtesse de Pleigo, the Queen's *Camérara*, returned with her daughters, and some of her women, to Madrid. Only four or five persons remained; a confessor, a physician, a surgeon, and the husband of one of the Queen's women, who was nephew to La Molina, her first *femme-de-chambre*, who had filled the same office to her mother. All the Spaniards who had seen me at the conference, observed that I greatly resembled the late Queen of Spain, my aunt, for whose memory they retained a great veneration.

We left St. Jean de Luz with a great deal of pleasure. I made many stages seated at the *portière* of the Queen's coach, with the Princess Palatine, who was surintendante of her house. We returned by the usual road; and when the places we passed through were not large enough to receive the whole of the Court, some part went to lodge in the neighbouring villages. In one of these arrangements, I found myself in an old ruinous house, with great holes even in the floor of my bed-room; so that I was obliged to lay

planks over it, that I might not see them; yet I slept as tranquilly as though I had been in the most beautiful residence. The room was so small that my bed was placed near the door, and that of my women at the other end. I was awakened by a great noise, and by a knocking at my door; indeed, there was a frightful uproar. I arose, opened the door, and found my surgeon, who cried, "Save yourself; the house is falling!" so out I ran, not thinking of the state I was in, jumped down the stairs, scarcely half awake, and should certainly have broken my neck had they not assisted me.

When I reached the court-yard, I looked round, and asked what was the matter. They replied, that it was "nothing but an earthquake," and as it was a very common occurrence, no one was surprised at it. On being satisfied of this, I then remembered my déshabillé, and found that I had nothing on but my *chemise*. I saw a muleteer who was taking off the coverings of his mules to reload them, and I entreated him to lend me one to wrap around me; and in this dilemma I waited until they brought my clothes; when I dressed myself, went to mass, and then continued my route without waiting for the Court. When it overtook me, they talked of nothing but the earthquake. The King said,

that the sentinel before his window had cried, *aux armes!* that he had asked him what was the matter? and upon his replying that the earth shook, he had gone to bed again without feeling any sort of apprehension.

We remained some days at Bourdeaux, during which the Comtesse de Lauzun brought her daughter, Mademoiselle de Lauzun, to be with the young Queen. The King wished her to select her attendants from persons of the first rank in the kingdom; and it would have been difficult to have found a house more ancient than this. His Majesty proceeded straight to Chambord, without resting at Blois. Monsieur le Prince brought his son, of whose talents much had been said, during the time he was still a child in Flanders. His appearance was not conformable to the expectations which had been raised by these flatteries. He seemed to us to be a little boy, neither ill nor well made, not handsome, and nothing in his air which would lead me to recognise him as a Prince of the blood. Every one wished to please the Prince, his father, and so pretended to admire him. He brought him to my apartment, and during the time I was discussing my affairs with Monsieur le Prince, he fell asleep, which I thought very extraordinary. We stopped at Fontainebleau,

whither came a world of people, for all wished to see the new Queen; and here Madame de Bethune was established as her *dame d'atour*, at which she was extremely pleased. I heard that my sister, D'Orleans, had a full court of ladies of her own age, and that her cousin, Charles de Lorraine, had shown her attentions for some time, but had discontinued them on the arrival of Mademoiselle Mancini, who had reached Paris a month before the King, and to whom he had paid great court. Madame de Choisy, who was his great friend, had advised him neither to call on, talk to, nor see, my sister any more. Whilst Monsieur de Lorraine seemed to think there was much to be done by getting into the good graces of the Cardinal's nieces.

While we remained at Fontainebleau there was much said respecting the Luxembourg residence, which occupied much of my attention. We usually treat with indifference matters that we have to arrange with those whom we neither love nor esteem. It will readily be conceived, by the warmth of character I had already evinced, how I acted in this affair: it ended by Madame being obliged to remove her daughters, and to give me back my own apartments.

The King and Queen went to Vincennes, and I returned to Paris; whither I had a great desire

to take Monsieur le Prince, to defend me, in case Madame should offer me any violence when I reached the Luxembourg. But I did not; neither do I remember what she said to me, or what I replied: I only know that I held my head very high in her presence, that I quarrelled with her very often, and despised her exceedingly. With my sister D'Orleans it was very different; she begged that I would permit her to visit me, and came often, and dined with me. I saw plainly that she desired this because the company I was always surrounded with amused her; then I often went to Vincennes, and she liked all this better than the life she led. She owned, indeed, that she wished for my friendship, that she entreated me to grant it her, that she looked on me as her mother; that Madame was a very worthy woman, but that, whatever her good intentions, she was so inactive, apt to be misled by such bad advice, and knew the court so little, that instead of doing what was necessary for their establishment, she ruined all by her interference. I replied to this very kindly, and with a tenderness that might well have satisfied her as to my feelings towards her. After thanking me, she added, "You think, perhaps, that I place great confidence in Madame de Choisy, but I beg you will undeceive yourself; for, after having

amused me some time with the hope that she would help me to marry the King, and always amusing my father with this idea, it was coming down too much to think afterwards of Monsieur de Savoy; still, she persuaded me the affair was so easy, even after the other had failed, that I listened to her; but now that I know she has no power, and live so disagreeable a life with Madame, I wish to marry; and if I forfeit the good-will of the Cardinal, it may fall to the ground. I therefore entreat you, my sister, to speak to him of this affair of Florence, and to tell him that I wish very much to have the Prince of Tuscany. I think there is no other party for me. I am young; I do not yet altogether know the Court; therefore, if the matter were concluded now, I might learn to conform to the manners of that country, and become happy. If you could manage an audience for me with the Cardinal without any one knowing it, I could speak to him myself upon the business." I found all this very reasonable, and praised her exceedingly. Some days afterwards, I arranged the meeting for her with the Cardinal, who was equally pleased with her views upon the subject. The Queen-consort was taken ill at Vincennes; but she was young and strong, and did not keep her bed long; it nevertheless re-

tarded her *entrée*, which it had been resolved should take place a few days after the arrival of the Court.

The party of the Prince said everywhere, that in Flanders, the Duke of York had yielded him precedence. On hearing this rumour, I informed Monsieur, who refused to give credit to it, being under a species of infatuation in favour of *la Maison d'Angleterre*, and disliking the idea of its rendering homage to any other, especially to a collateral branch like that of Condé. Up to this time I had regarded the Princess of England merely in the light of a little girl, without paying the least attention to her manner of conducting herself towards me, or of mine in regard to her: but on hearing this, I felt that it was right to require the same consideration as that which had been granted to my juniors. The Queen-Mother was extremely angry, and the Princess Palatine omitted no opportunity of giving me some fresh cause of annoyance.

The evening before the *entrée* of the Queen,* I

* After the marriage of Louis XIV., everything assumed a still higher air of taste and magnificence. Upon his making his entrée with the Queen-consort, Paris beheld, with respectful admiration, the young and royal bride. Her handsome features and engaging manners rendered her agreeable to the public eye, while her mild and placid

went to sleep at Vincennes, and my sisters accompanied me. The King sent to invite me to sup with the Queen, and received me with the greatest courtesy. Notwithstanding I had had a dreadful headache, which prevented my obtaining any sleep, I was obliged to be up at four in the morning, added to the fatigue of having to dress and to wear a mantle. We proceeded in a coach directly up to the throne, which was placed near the new *Arc de Triomphe*, and there we received all the addresses; but as these have all been recorded, as well as the order of the procession, it would be a waste of time to dwell upon the subject. We were in our mantles from five in the morning until seven at night. The Queen dined in a house situated near the throne. I am persuaded that if I had been in

disposition tended to conciliate rival parties. On that occasion, she appeared seated in a superb equipage of a new construction, with the King on horseback riding by her side, adorned with all that could add grace to his manly and heroic countenance. They were the theme of every tongue. At the entrance of the streets of Vincennes, a triumphal arch had been erected. The gate of St. Antoine was rebuilt; all those who now beheld it, and had seen it on the day of the great battle, when the dying and the dead nobles and citizens were borne through it, could not refrain from returning thanks to Heaven for so happy a change.—*Siècle de Louis XIV.*

better health, I should have enjoyed myself exceedingly that evening. As it was, everything seemed to add to the oppression which I felt, instead of diverting me. The display of pomp and grandeur, however, could not be exceeded, and, perhaps, in no other country was there a scene to be witnessed half so magnificent, on so grand a scale, or so admirably arranged in every respect. Although suffering much, I could not but feel greatly affected, for I loved the King, and was fully impressed with a sense of the glory of our House.

The Queen-Mother, meantime, was in the town, at the residence of Madame de Beauvais, with the Queen of England, and the Princess her daughter. There had arisen some difference between the Dukes and the foreign Princes, which was decided in favour of the latter, although the Dukes cited many precedents to the contrary. There was also some *tracasserie*, in which the Princess Palatine was mixed up; but I cannot recollect the particulars, except one, which I could not easily forget, namely—that the Queen-Mother was extremely angry with me.

Madame de Motteville now waited upon me, on the part of the Queen of England, to state, that since the re-establishment of her son, she was more desirous than ever to effect our union; that

he had charged her, on his departure, to speak to me concerning it; and that she was going to write to him, to desire that he would disclose his wishes to me more fully. "Am I to conclude, then," I inquired of Madame de Motteville, "that his marriage with Hortense is broken off? So long as the Queen of England appeared to entertain hopes of that alliance, she never thought of me." The ambassadress begged me not to turn the affair into a jest, as it was serious, and ought certainly to be brought to pass; for we were the two, signally of all the princes of Europe, most eminently qualified for each other; and, indeed, she had always considered that marriages were made in Heaven. This, too, was the opinion of the Queen of England, while the King her son entertained precisely the same ideas, although he might express them differently. I listened very seriously, and then replied, that the King and the Queen did me too much honour; and I was afraid that I did not deserve it: I had refused his Majesty during his ill fortune, a circumstance he would never forget, neither should I. This would prevent our being happy together; and he had, therefore, better try his good fortune in another alliance, where the obligation would be appreciated. In short, I would not put it in his power to reproach me,—from the lips of a hus-

band and a King, it would be doubly insufferable. Added to all which, I had no sort of impatience to marry. So the lady made her courtsey, and withdrew, leaving me in no very enviable state of mind; in truth, not a little dissatisfied with myself.

The Queen of England did not venture to speak to me on this unpleasant subject. My sister was now almost always with me; among her young companions was Mademoiselle de la Vallière, daughter of Madame de Saint Remi, by a former marriage. She was very pretty, and about fifteen years old. When I took my sisters to Court, she often went with us, although they would much rather all have remained away.

About this time a marriage took place in England which surprised all the world: the Duke of York espoused one of the maids of honour of the Princess Royal, his sister. She was a daughter of Chancellor Hyde, who did not afterwards long retain his credit and consideration with the English King. He was one of those clever worldly men, who put the best face on everything; and, of course, he was the first to condemn the conduct of the Duke of York; but whether from political reasons or from other motives, he was sent away from England, and took up his abode

in France, moving from place to place until his death.

The Queen of England was quite inconsolable at this marriage, although she had previously liked her daughter-in-law, who had been long esteemed and admired by all who knew her. The Princess Royal died a short time afterwards of the small-pox, which seized her in England, where she had been to see the King, her brother; many thought she would have married *le petit Germain*, (Lord Germain,) nephew of the Earl of St. Albans.

The winter was passed in dancing and in pleasure: the King danced a ballet; and the Louvre took fire. Monsieur le Cardinal was there, ill with the gout. It was said that he was greatly terrified, and he was removed to Vincennes, where, soon after, he died: he often declared that this fire was a bad omen for him. The Louvre was at some distance from the Luxembourg, and I never heard of the accident until I awoke the next morning. The workmen who had been employed in the little gallery, called 'the Kings', on account of the portraits there, set it on fire in making preparations for a ballet. They carried thither the *Saint Sacrament*, and the moment it arrived the fire ceased. While the Cardinal was at Vincennes, the King often went thither to sleep: he danced the ballet, supped with the

Queen-mother, and after that he set out. The Queen became *enceinte*, which obliged the Queen-mother to go to Vincennes, and to remain there, so that she might not suffer the fatigue of coming to Paris.

The illness of the Cardinal increased every day, and he was pronounced by his physicians to be in great danger. Madame du Fretoy, a great friend of Monsieur de Lorraine, took me apart one day, to inform me that he entertained great respect for me. She observed, "He is in despair that sixty years should prevent his offering himself and services to you; but hopes that you will permit him to substitute his nephew, to whom he means to leave his estates. The sister of the King, your grandfather, married into his house, and he hopes you will not take it ill that he has made you this proposal." I replied, that I was very grateful, but that I was not mistress of my wishes; that he must address himself to the King. She then said, "He would not do this without knowing that such a step would be agreeable and receive your countenance." I replied that Monsieur could do as he pleased, not knowing what else to say, although I did not wish the affair to proceed. I told my sister of what had happened. She replied, "I cannot think you are serious for a moment. What, such a *miserable?*"

I desired her to hold her tongue; told her that she spoke like a child, who did not know the respect due to the relations of her mother; that I was, in fact, extremely obliged by the honour Monsieur de Lorraine had done me. She then inveighed most bitterly against her cousin, and said all the ill-natured things imaginable. I puzzled myself to find a reason for this aversion, which I could not at all understand; so I said no more.

Two days afterwards, Monsieur de Lorraine came to see me, and waited for me at the door of my apartment, where he threw himself at my feet. He remained at least a quarter of an hour on his knees, still repeating, "Oh, if I were but master of all the world, I would give it to my nephew to make him worthy of you!" It was quite a scene.

Monsieur le Cardinal continued for some days at the point of death; every affair was delayed; and his death put a complete stop to all further proceedings. On Monsieur de Lorraine speaking to the King, his Majesty sent to me his Secretary of State, to inform me of the proposal that had been made, and to know what were my wishes upon the subject? I replied, that I had no wish but that of the King. The Count Guillaume de Furstemberg, a relation of the House of Lorraine,

was then employed to negotiate this proposed marriage. He attended every night and morning at the Luxembourg, where I walked with him in the garden. He had an infinitude of wit, and was living at much expense, making a great display; he knew all the concerns of the court and the secrets of foreign countries, so that I was very much amused with him. When he touched, however, upon the affair of Monsieur de Lorraine, I contrived to put it off, putting an infinite number of amusing questions to him; so that, in short, the grand affair he came about was the only one we did not enter upon.

When I spoke of the Cardinal's death, I forgot to state that he had married Madame de Mancini to the High Constable Colonne, at which she was almost in despair. A few days, also, before his death, he married Hortense to the son of the Maréchal de la Meilleraye, to whom he bequeathed considerable wealth, on condition that he would assume his name and his arms, and he was thenceforth called le Duc de Mazarin. Monsieur de Mancini, his nephew, was extremely enraged at this, having expected all his uncle's property; yet he had enough left him to have satisfied most people. The Cardinal was little regretted, even by those under obligations to him, and received the treatment that falls to the lot of all favourites.

The King and the Queen for a few days seemed concerned.* His illness had been long protracted; and they had accustomed themselves to look forward to his decease. He left a great variety of jewels, and other presents of the kind to different people.

The affair of Tuscany, which the Cardinal had undertaken, for my sister, was negotiated by the Bishop of Beziers, who had received the order to make the proposal of marriage. That he might act with more credit, the Grand Duke sent him a commission as Ambassador Extraordinary. Upon this, my sister, who had hitherto shown a great wish for the affair, changed all of a sudden, and declared that she should be miserable were it brought to a conclusion. On the Eve of St. Joseph, she begged me to ask permission of the Queen that she might go and dine with her at the great Convent of the Carmelites. To this the Queen consented; and she came to me early in the morning to awake me. I was astonished to find her dressed at eight o'clock; but she said she wished to go to St. Victor with me, so I rose and we went together to perform our devotions.

* When Cardinal Mazarin died, the whole court went into mourning for him, an unusual compliment to a subject. Henry IV. had paid the same compliment to Gabrielle d'Etrées.

A moment afterwards she said, "I must tell you I have not been to bed all night; I have passed it in reading a romance, which has just appeared." I replied, that it seemed to me rather a new way of preparing for devotion, and that she ought to be ashamed of having thought of it after such an occupation. I then went to confess, and heard two masses, during which she did nothing but sleep in the church. From St. Victor, we went to the Carmelites. The Queen said to my sister, "You must send me a great deal of perfume from Tuscany, for it is excellent there." She began to weep. I was more surprised at all this than the Queen seemed to be, for she had heard of some rumour, raised by Madame, on account of Prince Charles (of Savoy), of which the Bishop of Beziers had given her an account.

My sister had left us, and when I afterwards went to seek her, I found her in a cell, with Madame d'Aiguillon, quite in despair. She exclaimed that she would not marry the Prince of Tuscany, and that the King would be very unjust if he compelled her—conducting herself all the time like one bereft of reason. The Queen left the Carmelites to attend the *Salut aux Carmes*, saying to me softly, in the coach, "When I leave le Salut, ask my permission to remain at my

vent your sister holding any conversation of that kind before the King. He would be angry, and send her at once to a convent. It is too late to say, I will not consent, when her marriage is nearly settled: her own wishes were ascertained before any steps were taken by the King." I did as the Queen had commanded; and my sister and myself entered by a garden gate. She talked all the way to those she met, and then exclaimed, "Come, sister, into your closet; I have something to say to you." Here she again broke out, "I am ready to die—die with despair at all I have done! Pray write to Madame de Navailles, and say, I repent of everything I said before the Queen, and everybody else. I am very much ashamed—and say, that I wish the Tuscany affair should be concluded, from my sense of the obedience I owe the King; and of the advantage it will be to myself. Bid her tell the King and Queen that they must not be angry with me; and that if it were not so late you would go to the Louvre with me, that I might say myself what I now entreat you to write for me."

The next morning, we went to the Louvre, where she formally made her excuses before the King, who received them very graciously, and said, that she knew he had not given his word until after she had expressed her desire that the

affair should proceed, and that now he could not retract.

M. de Beziers had ceased to come to the Luxembourg, owing to some coldness shown him by my sister; for he was aware of the reason of it, which I was not, until the exposé that took place at the Carmelites. The affair again proceeding, he resumed his attendance on my sister. She rode out every day in the environs of Paris; sometimes joining the chase with the King's hounds—hunting the hare, the stag, and the roebuck. She usually left home at eleven o'clock, not returning until two or three, and sometimes not until night, with her hair and her dress all dishevelled by riding through the woods. The Prince Charles was usually with her at these parties.

After the death of the Cardinal, Monsieur redoubled his *empressemens* for his marriage with the Princess of England; and the Queen-mother had now less repugnance to it. The Cardinal had not considered it advantageous for Monsieur—nor politic in the King, to press this marriage. His Majesty one day observed to Monsieur, that he need not be in so great a hurry to espouse the bones of the Innocents, (*les os des Saints Innocens.*) It is true, that the Princess was excessively thin; yet she was extremely

amiable. There was a peculiar grace in everything she did, and she was so affable that every one who approached her was delighted. She knew the secret also of managing her figure, which was much admired, although she was crooked—a blemish that even Monsieur did not find out, until after he had married her. She was betrothed to him at the Palais-Royal, where she resided, in the Queen of England's closet; and the Bishop of Valence performed the ceremony. She was very richly adorned, and those who assisted wore most magnificent dresses. The next day, at twelve o'clock, she was married in the Queen of England's chapel, no persons being present but the King and Queen: the contract had been signed at the Louvre previous to the parties being betrothed. The King supped with them. The next day the new Madame received visits;* and the day after, with everything ad-

* The Queen-mother now began to affect retirement. The Queen-consort scarcely understood the French language, and her goodness constituted her sole merit. But the Princess of England, sister-in-law to the King, brought to court the charms of a soft and lively conversation, which she improved by the reading of good authors, and by a just and refined taste; she also perfected herself in the French language, which she soon spoke and wrote correctly. She inspired new emulation among the wits, and introduced at Court a grace and polite-

mirably arranged, went to reside with Monsieur at the Tuileries, where the King visited them nearly every day; for this young Court presented nothing, except in the dress of pleasure. Madame de Choisy gave Madame the bride the little De la Vallière as one of her ladies of honour.

Monsieur de Beziers made his entrée as Ambassador Extraordinary from Tuscany to demand my sister; and, a little while afterwards, this betrothal also took place, in the apartment of the King. The next day the ceremony of mar-

ness scarcely known at any other in Europe. She had all the wit of Charles II., heightened by superior beauty, and the gift and desire of pleasing. Some gallantries had passed between her and the king — such as *petits réunions* are not unlikely to produce. The King sent her verses, to which she replied. The Marquis de Dangeau wrote them for the King; and, without her knowing this curious fact, was employed by her also to frame the answers. This intimacy having become the subject of remark among the royal family, the King changed all appearance of gallantry into friendship and esteem, which ever after continued. When Madame employed Racine and Corneille to write the tragedy of *Berenice*, it was supposed she alluded to the restraint she had imposed upon her feelings, lest they should become dangerous—and as some excuse for them—in the following lines :—

Qu'en quelque obscurité que le ciel l'eut fait naître,
Le monde en le voyant eût reconnu son mâitre.—Tr.

riage was performed in the chapel of the Louvre; and when it was concluded, my sister asked Monsieur if he would allow her to go to St. Cloud, to spare her the fatigue of receiving visitors. After dining, then, at the Luxembourg (still full of her vagaries,) she put on an old tattered dress, took off her jewels, unbound her hair, and went with Madame and Monsieur to St. Cloud; partook of a collation, and returned in the evening to the Louvre, where we found much company, as the Court was going to remove the next day.

We took leave of the King. They had sent nothing from Tuscany but a box of jewellery for my sister, of about the value of two hundred thousand livres. Yes; there was also a picture of her husband, which could be called neither handsome nor ugly, but a very tame *juste milieu*. I remained with my sister, instead of following the Court. On the day she had named for receiving the ambassadors that were at Court, she came into my room to inform me that she was going out hunting. I asked her if she had forgotten that she had arranged to give audience? She replied, sharply, "I have seen too many foreigners, and I am so tired of it, that I will receive no more." She had no horses of her own, and I had lent her mine; but I now sent to my

equerry, directing him not to let her have one. But she was so much on the alert, that she was there before my order; and they were preparing one for her, when my messenger arrived: upon receiving it, the equerry observed, that he was extremely sorry that all my horses were lame. She laughed, and had the doors opened to get at the harness: so they sent me word of this, and I was actually obliged to go myself, to make her get off her horse, taking her by the hand, and representing to her what the nuncio of the Pope and the ambassadors would say, if they did not find her at the hour she had herself appointed. She yielded, and received all her compliments, and gave her audiences in my room—one reason for this being, that it was handsomer than her own, and another that it allowed me the opportunity of being behind her chair; for as soon as the compliments were finished, I approached and spoke for her; and, had I not done so, I verily believe, she would not have opened her lips.

We remained about thirteen days at Paris, during which time all things requisite were furnished for the Grand Ducal bride; the King gave her furniture, plate, a toilette, beautiful dresses, and suitable linen. The day she left Paris we attended mass at St. Victor. When she took leave of Madame (her mother), she cried a great

deal, which was not to be wondered at. Prince Charles came to conduct us to St. Victor; he did not see us get into the coach. My sister was not very gay on the road; she had sent on her equipage, merely keeping one *femme-de-chambre*, and sleeping with me during the few days we stayed at Fontainebleau, attended by my own women.

The ensuing morning, Monsieur de Beziers was quite hurt to see the odd way in which she received those who came to bid her adieu. She was still busy dressing herself in my *boudoir*, where her *toilette* was placed on a table; never did I see anything half so slovenly, or with less of the Italian dignity and gravity. Some of those present were astonished, and asked me how I could endure it. Finally, when she took leave of the King, and said adieu to the Queen, and to everybody, she did not shed one tear. We went to sleep at Montargis, whither she had not permitted them to carry her bed; I was very much surprised and not a little concerned, when she declared that she would sleep with me, for I loved my ease, and was not accustomed to sleep with any one. I could not resist showing my discontent; at which, however, she was not at all angry. She went to sleep the first, which was fortunate for me, as she began to dream, and, from some impulse, actually sprang at my throat; and I think, had I

been asleep, she would have strangled me. Apprehension lest so unpleasant a dream might recur kept me awake for the night. She was on horseback all the next day, I was not at all surprised to hear her complain of being ill in the evening. She ate little at supper, went to bed early, and slept the next day until two o'clock. As soon as she was dressed, she went out walking with two of my women, a *valet-de-chambre*, and two pages of the King's, and did not return until almost night; so that M. de Beziers began to entertain apprehensions that she would not return at all; but I had none of the kind, for such was my confidence in the firmness of my valet, that I knew he would not have permitted this, or would immediately have come and told me of it; besides, as she was on foot, we should have had plenty of time to overtake her. When she arrived, she told me that she had been quite charmed with the beauty of the walk she had taken in the wood — that she could not resist going farther and farther—oh, such miles upon miles! Happening to know how much the water intersected the country, I replied, "You must have cleared the ditches and hedges cleverly, to have reached the village from which you have come!" She then almost died with laughing at the adventures which had

happened to them; the villagers having taken them for *des gens de guerre*. Monsieur de Beziers, who was not accustomed to pleasure trips of this sort, seemed little gratified by listening to her description. She then asked him to delay their departure, giving as a reason the consolation it was to her to see as much of *me* as she could before she went. He replied, "If your Royal Highness would remain near Mademoiselle, it might not be amiss; but if you wished it merely to run about in the woods, I should consider it quite useless.

On the next Sunday, as we were going to mass, some one exclaimed, "Here is Monsieur le Prince de Lorraine!" My sister said nothing. He entered in his usual manner, but somewhat embarrassed; I felt equally so—I knew not what to say. After dinner they played at billiards; I saw that he yawned several times, and I told him that he was sleepy. He said he was, that he had come post from Paris, and had travelled all night. I advised him to go to bed, although it would not be very gallant. He took me at my word, and there he remained till seven in the evening.

While the Prince slept, the letters arrived from Paris. Some of my correspondents informed me that I should have to witness the parting of two lovers, and that I should observe whether my

sister was not a good deal affected. I had no idea that this passion was so well known; for I had but a confused impression of what had occurred. I was much surprised, and spoke of it to M. de Beziers and others. They replied, that they were surprised that, so observing and clear-sighted as I was in everything besides, I should so long have been deceived in an affair like this. I confessed my folly. Monsieur de Beziers highly blamed the conduct of Madame in allowing the intimacy between her daughter and her nephew to arise; leaving them to talk and walk together every day—and said it was to be hoped that time and absence would produce a change, so desirable in regard to the position of the Duke of Tuscany, who had already been informed of this painful circumstance.

The next day, when every one was gone to dinner, and Prince Charles engaged in conversing with the ladies who were with me, I observed to my sister, that I was extremely concerned she had not confided to me her wishes on the subject of marrying her cousin, for that she must feel assured I had never listened to the proposals made to me by Monsieur de Lorraine, (to espouse his nephew,) except with a view to terminate any connexion with Madame; and that had I entertained the least idea that she had seriously

thought about this marriage, as I had never dreamed of accepting him myself, I would at once have entreated M. de Lorraine to have transferred his kind intentions from me to her. Indeed, I felt convinced he would have given that proof of his regard, and thus I could have brought about her marriage with the man she loved. I concluded this painful subject by saying, "You know, my sister, that what might have suited you, was not an establishment desirable for myself; and I should have been delighted to have contributed to your happiness." She replied, with great embarrassment, that it was very true that Prince Charles had an affection for her, and that had she been as desirable a connexion for him as myself, he would certainly have married her. I was extremely averse to carry this conversation any further, from the distress I saw it too evidently gave her, and the pain it was to me to see her so disagreeably situated.

After dinner, we were to set out for Cône, where she expected to meet her own people and her train. At that moment, she began to weep so violently that her emotion was not to be subdued; and her attendants told me, that she continued the same throughout the night. Prince Charles returned to Paris; and the next day, my sister and myself, separated in the church, after

hearing mass. She was the first to set out, and uttered such dreadful cries and lamentations, that she drew tears of pity and commiseration from all who heard her. As I was getting into the coach to depart, I saw the Comte de Furstemberg, who had just arrived from St. Fargeau; and he expressed the utmost surprise, on learning all that I had witnessed. He informed me, that my sister had shown not the least inclination to break off the affair of Tuscany, until she heard that Monsieur de Lorraine wished to marry me to his nephew. That she had met him at La Haye; where, throwing herself at his feet, she exclaimed, "My uncle, you are not aware what you do, in giving your estates to your nephew, in order that he may marry my sister. She is proud and vainglorious, and thinks she does you much honour in accepting him; and, believe me, she will turn a complete termigant when she is once the mistress. She will have no consideration for you; and will never permit you even to marry the person you have selected. Now, if you will bestow your nephew upon me, I will conduct myself with perfect submission to your will. You shall marry Marianne, the young person of your choice; and I will show her the greatest tenderness and respect. Pray, therefore, uncle, break off

the affair with my sister, and think only of mine. You can want no pretext to abandon the engagement, beyond the contempt which my sister expresses for your nephew; that alone would perfectly justify you." To this tirade, Monsieur de Lorraine had replied, "You ought to consider yourself very fortunate, young lady, that your conduct is not generally known. You will do well to hasten your journey into Tuscany; it is there that your sphere of duty lies." But she was not to be so rebuffed: she returned to the charge; and threw herself, after assailing him with flatteries and compliments in vain, in her wildest passion, writhing at his feet. She had also rushed into Prince Charles's apartment, exclaiming, in the same tone, "And will *you* be base enough to desert me; to forfeit love and truth, for the sake of a little dirty gold?" I replied, with some dignity, to Monsieur de Furstemberg, "That all he had informed me of gave me great concern—more especially when I reflected that a sister of mine should have taken so strange a fancy into her head; nor could I at all excuse Prince Charles, who must be deficient in a due sense of honour and right feeling, thus to have sported with the happiness of a young, inexperienced girl, and set his own promises at nought, in the manner intimated

by my poor sister." Prince Charles now supposed that he had performed a miracle in having refused her with whom he had trifled; and the Comte intended to touch upon a tender string, in coming thus to relate the whole affair in detail, as if I should receive the recreant into favour. Believing neglect to be one of the best modes of letting Prince Charles know the little esteem in which I held him, I went to St. Fargeau to spend a month.

On my return to Paris, however, in my way to Forges, the delinquent lover came to take leave of me. He had the assurance to tell me, that he was in despair; that he did not know what would become of him, for that he was quite inconsolable; and in the same style of language he began to pay me compliments, which I knew, from his hesitation, and inability to express himself with similar eloquence and emphasis, had been dictated to him by Furstemberg. I replied with some degree of politeness, out of compassion for his extreme folly and infatuation—endeavouring, at the same time, to make him understand that what had passed was no jest, which he might have perceived had he possessed the least discernment—but my condescension was thrown away.

I was extremely glad to set out for Forges, if only to escape the remarks made upon the

conduct of the Lorraines, with which I was so pestered on all sides, that their very name became odious to me. There I took the waters very quietly; and afterwards repaired to my domain of Eu, which I had not yet visited, since it came into my possession (by purchase). I arrived late, and alighted at the church, which was properly the chapel of the Chateau, and situated close to it. The castle itself appeared noble and commanding; I had not seen it for a long time—not since the period when I had sojourned there with the Court. I could easily infer, from the portion which M. de Guise had raised, that which it was his ambition to have completed; it was a great achievement that he left only some half of the splendid edifice, and part of the old out-works of the ancient Counts of Eu, sprung from the illustrious house of Artois, for his successors to finish. The situation is certainly very fine; a view of the sea is commanded from the apartments; but there are no gardens.

My delight was to ride out on horseback every day; but I did not long enjoy that pleasure; for I fell ill with the tertian ague, of which I had fourteen successive attacks. The long duration of my malady induced me, at last, to reject all remedies; for, however patient and persevering, it was impossible I could take all the medicines

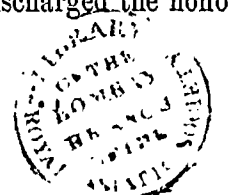
prescribed by different physicians. I had naturally a great desire to return to Paris; not so much because I did not consider the air of Eu good for me, as from a knowledge that a change is always desirable on recovering from an attack of sickness. The fatigue of the journey, however, again brought on the fever, which left me, for a considerable period, indisposed and debilitated.

About the time of my arrival, a great sensation was produced at Court by the following event. The King made a journey into Bretagne, and gave orders that Monsieur Fouquet, Minister of State, and Surintendant of Finance, should be arrested at Nantes. This proved so serious and protracted a business, and was attended by results so important, and in which so many people were interested, that it must necessarily become the subject of special memoirs and histories; to which I shall gladly resign the discussion of it, without hazarding a single comment upon its character and bearings.*

The accouchement of the Queen, and birth of the Dauphin, on the 1st of November, was another event which, it may well be imagined, was hailed with joy throughout the kingdom. I was still confined to my couch, yet I could hardly

* See a brief notice of Fouquet in the list of personages mentioned in this work, pp. 43, 44, vol. i.—*Ed.*

resist the impulse which I felt to repair to Notre Dame, and return thanks to God. The *feux de joie*, and a general festival, in which I should most gladly have participated, from regard to the public weal, in addition to the interest I felt in everything which concerned the King (and that rather from feelings of friendship and personal affection, than even from the honour I had of being related to him), bore witness to the extent of the national exultation. I was not able to repair even to Fontainebleau; but I sent a gentleman, to express to the King and Queen how much I sympathized in their joy, and that of the nation. Six weeks after the happy event, their Majesties proceeded, with the Queen-mother, to Notre Dame (of Chartres); while Monsieur le Dauphin was conveyed to Paris. As I was beginning to recover, I rose immediately on learning the gratifying tidings, hurried to the Louvre, and can with difficulty express the true pleasure I felt in contemplating the Royal Infant, while Madame de Montansier, his governess, discharged the honours due to his House.



CHAPTER X.

MYSTIFICATION WITH RESPECT TO LA VALLIÈRE—QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA, KING CHARLES, AND MADEMOISELLE —LA VALLIÈRE BORNE FROM A CONVENT BY THE KING —MONSIEUR DE TURENNE PROPOSES TO MAKE MADEMOISELLE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL—SHE PREFERS INCURRING THE DISPLEASURE OF THE KING—RETIRES FROM COURT, AND MEETS WITH ADVENTURES.

MADAME (former Princess of England) returned ill from Fontainebleau, and was constrained to keep either her bed or her apartments, during the ensuing winter. She still appeared full dressed, as she lay with the curtains open to receive company, from morning until nine in the evening. She was very thin; looked extremely ill and haggard, and could not sleep unless she took repeated doses of opium. Her malady was a complaint on the chest, and when the cough seized her she ran great risk of being suffocated.

The King repaired very regularly to visit her; and while the Court remained at Fontainebleau, these visits had been so frequent as to give rise to some doubt whether he was not in love with her, and this, too, at a time when the Count de Guiche affected to be paying great attention to Mademoiselle de la Vallière; but it was soon discovered that the King was really in love with La Vallière, and that it was the Count who indulged the tender passion for the fair invalid. All this, however, was only whispered, although it was sufficiently evident to be perceived. The Queen of England had quitted Fontainebleau a little before my own departure for Forges. She had gone to meet the King, her son, and to consult with him on the state of his affairs. I accompanied her to St. Denis; and, upon taking my leave of her, she observed, as she embraced me, "I never shall forgive you for the injury you have done my son, in not consenting to marry him. The only revenge I will take is, to assure you," she continued, "that you would have been the happiest person in the world."

During the entire winter, the favourite game of intrigue and cabal was by no means forgotten at Court. The Queen-mother was a prey to the greatest uneasiness respecting his Majesty's con-

tinued and extreme assiduities towards the young La Vallière.* As she was in attendance on Madame, and resided at the Palais-Royal (the residence of Monsieur), the Queen could know nothing with regard to the scenes that passed there. One day, something must have occurred—I know not what—which offended the young lady extremely; for she suddenly left the Palace, and no one could discover what had become of her. It was sermon day, and the King, who ought to have attended with his Consort at the service, was busily engaged in seeking for Mademoiselle de la Vallière, though unsuccessful in all his inquiries;

* The partiality which the King had conceived for Madame, gave place to a deep-seated passion for her maid of honour, Mademoiselle de la Vallière. She had been the concealed object of every entertainment and feast the King had given. A young poet, named Belloe, composed several recitatives, expressive of this love; these were sung between the dances at the Queen's and sometimes at Madame's—and the secret of their hearts was soon *mysteriously* understood between them. All the public diversions instigated by the King, were merely so many homages to her he loved. In 1662, a tournament was held in La Place du Carousel. The Queen-mother, the Queen-consort, and the Queen of England, widow of Charles I., sat under a canopy at this magnificent entertainment. The Count de Sault won the prize, and received it from the hands of the Queen-mother.

while the Queen-mother was in the utmost alarm lest the Queen should divine the reason of the royal absence. In her own words, she suffered *un chagrin mortel.*

After the sermon, the Queen went to Chaillot; while the King, with his face muffled in a grey cloak, hastened to a little convent of Nuns near St. Cloud, where he had discovered that La Vallière then was. *La Tourière* (one who attends to the turning-box) would not speak to him. After being repulsed several times, however, he obtained an interview with the *supérieuse*, and finally returned with La Vallière in his coach. This sudden withdrawal of herself made a great noise, and caused no little trouble to those who were concerned; of which I neither know the particulars, nor do I desire to speak. After Easter, Madame was confined of a daughter; and I had a return of my fever, which mercifully restricted itself to two attacks.

During my illness, the Queen-mother came to see me, and informed me of a great *fracas* that had taken place between Monsieur and Madame, on the subject of the Comte de Guiche. She seemed to me very dissatisfied with the conduct of Madame; and exclaimed, "*Ah quelle faute ai-je faite!* If you had been my daughter-in-law, you would have conducted yourself towards me in a

much better manner, while my son would have been happy indeed to have had a wife as sensible as yourself." She sat by my bed-side for two hours, detailing all her grievances: I could not reply, for I was suffering with fever; indeed, had I not been ill, these complaints were enough to have made me so, being of a kind to which no wise person, who is well and could beat a retreat, would willingly listen. I even told her this, because it was the truth; neither did these lamentations, nor the wishes her Majesty expressed, give me one feeling of regret that I had not wedded Monsieur; but I shall say nothing further upon so sore and delicate a subject, for, in some cases, it is more advantageous to hold one's tongue.

Monsieur de Turenne, who was related to me on the mother's side, had always conducted himself towards me in the politest manner. When I returned from my exile, I sought to be on good terms with him, and to make him my particular friend; and it seemed to me that this feeling was mutual, and that the idea afforded him pleasure. One day, as I was descending the stairs to my coach, I met him in the court, and we returned together to my closet; where, as we were seated by the fire, he observed, "I have always loved you as a daughter: although there is a wide

disparity between us, I venture to take the liberty of making use of these terms, to express how much I am interested in everything that concerns you. I feel also that you have a friendship for me, and that the honour I have of being related to you will have its weight, in leading you to place confidence in me, and to yield to my advice in the most important affairs of life." I answered with all the politeness which his attention obliged me to use, yet, at the same time, being rather *brusque* and impatient, I abruptly inquired, "But what is the subject in question?" "A marriage for you," he replied. I interrupted him, by observing, that it was a difficult affair of which to treat, for that I was perfectly contented with my present condition, and almost resolved never to change it. He answered, "Pray, don't be rash. I wish to make you a Queen. Listen to me—permit me to inform you of all, and afterwards you shall reply to all. Yes! I wish to make you Queen of Portugal." "Get away with you!" exclaimed I, rather quickly, "I will have nothing to do with your Queen of Portugal." To this he rejoined, "Young ladies of your rank ought to have no will independent of that of the King." Upon this I inquired, if it were by order of his Majesty that he had come to talk to me? He replied,

"No, it was not;" and then proceeded to explain that the Queen of Portugal was a person of sense, and possessed great ambition. That ambition she had displayed, when she had made her husband a King.* It was she who had conducted the revolt, and maintained affairs in the position they then stood. Finding that her son† was of an age to marry, and that he had favourites, who in a moment might upset all that she had done, she was desirous that he should form an alliance which would enable her to preserve order; upon this, the Prince had proposed a marriage with me. He then stated that it was the Queen's wish to retire; for that she saw clearly that the favourites would otherwise procure her banishment. She had informed her son of this design, and he had shown no disinclination to it. M. de Turenne then went on to observe, that whether from want of judgment, or from his regard for the State (knowing, too, that I was so clever), he had come to the conclusion that the King of

* John IV., Duke of Braganza, surnamed the Fortunate. —His wife, Luiza de Gusman, made him King of Portugal. He was father to the Queen of our Charles II., Catherine of Braganza, and died in 1656.

† Alphonso, son of the former. If John was made King by his wife, Alphonso was dethroned by his. He was confined in the Island of Terceira, where he died in 1683. —*Ed.*

Portugal would never preserve his position except by means of one who would govern him and the people with absolute power. The Queen would retire, and leave everything in my hands; in the hope that, from owing the arrangement to her, I should show her consideration; and that an alliance with France was the only means of preserving the country against the power and wiles of the Spaniards. That the Prince of Portugal, moreover, was a boy, who had till now had no will but that of his mother, who up to this period had governed him at her pleasure, but that, dreading the influence of favourites, she wished to transfer that power into my hands. I should be absolute mistress. That he (M. Turenne) was not aware whether the Prince had sense, or whether he had not, but he was just the sort of husband with whom to be happy. That he was tolerably good-looking, fair, and would have been well-made, but that he was born with a paralysis of one side, which made it a little weaker than the other, but that this was not observable when he was dressed; he merely drew his leg a little after him, and could use only one of his arms; but he was beginning to get on his horse without help. That he had neither good nor evil inclinations, so that I should easily mould him as I wished; and that as for mere personal qualifications, a

virtuous person such as myself need have no anxiety, for that I should be only so much more assuredly the mistress; that I could amuse myself with my great wealth, and control him as much or little as I pleased. Then the King (of Portugal) had a design to raise a great army; I should have the power of selecting the general officers in France, and appointing one to command under my own orders. In short, that I should dispose of everything, giving and taking away whatever it was my pleasure, while the King would be perfectly satisfied with all that I did.

I could bear it no longer, and interrupted him in a kind of despair, "But, my cousin, do you dispose in this manner of the King's troops, and he know nothing about it? It seems that you are in high credit! Now, all that you have been so very eloquent upon may be exceedingly fine upon the surface, but it appears to me perfectly horrible to become the bond of an eternal war, and a war between France and Spain. All this, likewise, for the sake of supporting a King who has revolted against his legitimate Sovereign. Neither, I am persuaded, would it be less revolting to me to see peace restored, in such a state of things; for indisputably the Spaniards would only watch their opportunity, until the French were out of

Portugal, to drive this mock heroic monarch into the sea. He would then, of course, repair to France, to ask charity; but not till my wealth should be quite exhausted, and all my future consolation would be to retire and play the Queen in some little paltry town. No; I prefer rather to be Mademoiselle in France, with five hundred thousand livres a year, to do honour to the Court, ask for nothing, and to be held in as high consideration for character as for rank. Believe me, cousin, when we find ourselves in a position such as I occupy, good sense enjoins us to remain in it." When I had concluded, he replied, "All that you have stated is very finely imagined, but you have forgotten one thing—that while you are Mademoiselle, with all your good qualities and wealth at your command, you are not less a subject of the King's. He can do just what he wishes with you and with it; and if he forbears, yet he is not at all forgetful. He is little scrupulous with those who presume to oppose his wishes: he annoys them in a thousand ways; he even goes further, he drives people away when the whim takes him; he removes them from one house to send them to another; if they happen to be too pleased with the place in which they reside, he sends them packing. At other times he will make them walk where it pleases

him, and not unfrequently he walks them into prison, or makes a prison of their own houses, or condemns them to a convent. Nor is that all! for, after subjecting persons to such visitations, he will not be the less obeyed, and will compel every one to do by force that which is not performed with a good grace. Now, when you have reflected on what I have said, I will ask you frankly what you have to reply to it." "All I want, and more than enough for your argument," was my saucy reply; "I know what I have to do, and am bound to do; and I know that if the King had spoken to me as you have done, I should have given him his proper answer. But you are not the King." When M. de Turenne saw that I was angry, he relaxed a little, and said some kind things, to which I merely replied very politely; contenting myself with repeating several times, that if he wished me to believe his protestations, I begged he would say no more of the affair; but although he promised to interfere no farther when he left me, he spoke of it again some days afterwards. I only the more firmly replied in the same manner as before.

The King often took his promenade during the winter months with the Queen; he had also accompanied her two or three times to St. Germain. It was rumoured that he had taken much notice

of La Motte Houdancourt, who was one of the Queen's young ladies, and that La Vallière was jealous. The Countess de Soissons conducted the affair, and the Queen detested La Motte even more than La Valliere, for she would rather have witnessed his making open love to the former, than allow him to pay the least attention to the latter. Madame de Navailles, who wished to pay her court to the Queen-mother, and to acquire for herself the reputation of great propriety, having heard it rumoured that the King had been seen to converse with La Motte through her window, ordered iron bars to be affixed, with the addition of lattices. I do not know how it was managed, but these *grilles* of iron were found in the court-yard, and the King laughed heartily at Madame de Navailles for her indiscreet zeal. The rumour now ran that the King certainly entered by the window of La Motte's room, and that he had one day carried pendants of diamonds for her ears, which she had thrown in his face, exclaiming, "I care for neither you nor your pendants, unless you will give up La Vallière!" Those who saw clearly into things, were persuaded that the King only *appeared* to take notice of La Motte, the better to conceal his passion for La Vallière. The Queen still continued jealous of the one, at the same time that she was

pitied for her blindness in regard to the other; and this, indeed, was carried to such a point that even the King himself was amused by it.

Monsieur de Turenne had spoken to me no more respecting the King of Portugal; but I was sorry to see that his Majesty had, in conversing with me, an air of constraint which was not usual with him; yet I feared, from some indefinable feeling, to ascertain the cause. The Queen-mother, who naturally hated the Portuguese, listened with attention to the account I gave her of all Monsieur de Turenne had communicated to me; and it struck me that she was aware that the affair was not over, when she observed, "It would be a great pity if the King should wish it to be so, for he is the master, and I know not how to advise you." I saw that all parties were against me; and, as I had no other resource to escape from the discussion of a hateful project, I longed ardently for the time when I could repair to Forges for the waters. Intrigue was still active at the Court; the reputation of many ladies suffered, and in one of these affairs Monsieur de Peguilin was so mixed up, that he was sent to the Bastile for six or seven months, with an express order from the King, that he was not to be allowed to see any one. Numbers of people, besides his friends, felt much

grief at his imprisonment; and, although I did not know him then so well as I have since done, I could not but feel greatly concerned, for he had acquired the reputation of being one of the few honest and disinterested men about the Court. He had excellent sense, was most faithful to his friends, and possessed a handsome and noble appearance. The fact is, it was rumoured that he caused quarrels among the ladies, from his too often giving them occasion of jealousy, by his not having the resolution to be cruel to those who distinguished him with their regard. Their complaints were the means of producing great mischief, and drew upon him that chastisement which was not so difficult to bear as was the pain he suffered in having displeased the King, for whom he had entertained the most profound respect and attachment. It was thus I heard him spoken of by his friends, and even by those whose interests were opposed to his own, but who could not, although his enemies, forbear to render justice to his signal merit—at once the friend, the advocate, and the martyr of the court ladies. Even men are inclined to be somewhat tender of the reputation of those among themselves who are the best treated by us.

When Monsieur de Beziers returned from Tuscany, they talked of sending him as Ambas-

sador to Venice. He related to me the public reception they had given my sister, the ballets they had danced, the comedies they had acted—everything, in short, being done in the most magnificent manner. I was not at all surprised at this, knowing that the Grand Duke was extremely rich. He also informed me that the first time my sister saw him, she had not thought him ill-looking; but that her ladies and her women had laughed at his dress, at which she was angry. She had even complimented him by observing, "I am very well satisfied with everything I see here." The Grand Duke had repaired above a league on this side to escort her into Florence. They had remained outside the city until the public entrée which they were expected to make was ready. He added, that during this interval the Grand Duke had returned to Florence, taking with him the Prince his son, instead of staying with my sister; that he had remained three days without seeing her; and that the little *empressement* he testified on her account, had so wounded her, that she had begun to feel a downright aversion for him; from all which, the worst results might be anticipated.

When I took leave of his Majesty to go to Forges, to escape the persecution of the Portuguese affair, I told him that Monsieur de Beziers,

in his way to Venice, would pass through Turin; that he was very much my friend, and if he (the King) would authorize him to arrange a marriage for me with the Duke of Savoy, he would do it with pleasure. The King replied, "Who has told you that he is going to Venice, and will pass through Turin?" I answered, "It is commonly reported so." "Then know," he said, in a sharp tone, "I shall marry you in a quarter where you will be useful for my service." I replied, "That *that* would cause me extreme pleasure; for that I passionately desired to be of use to him in all his projects." He saluted me very coldly, and I went to take the waters. While at Forges a letter which I had written to the Comte de Charny in Spain, was conveyed to me; after the Count's death, it had been found among his effects. In this letter I had jested upon the King of Portugal, expressing a hope that the Comte would join battle with him, for I had not thought it then a crime to jest; and, in fact, I cared so little for this king, that I was not sorry he should know that I neither considered nor esteemed him, although brother-in-law to the King of England, who had lately espoused his sister, a lady whose beauty was much talked of.

When Comminges went on his embassy, he had caused a most agreeable likeness to be taken

of her. All those who had seen her said that her affability was extraordinary; but that she was dark, and had two projecting teeth, which made her mouth appear to great disadvantage. For the rest, she was of exemplary piety and patience; virtues which the King, her husband, gave her continual occasions for exercising.

After having taken the waters I went to Eu, where I remained some time. Three days before my intended departure from thence, whilst at mass, a page came to say that Monsieur le Marquis de Gevres, captain in the gardes-du-corps, had arrived from Court, and that no one knew the object of his journey. This account gave me some uneasiness; but as, in cases where there is no remedy, it is proper to determine what to do, I resolved not to lose courage, but to bear whatever might befal me with fortitude; for I doubted not but his visit portended no good; and I even said to those confidential friends near me, "This comes of the affair of Portugal, and of the threats of Monsieur de Turenne." It was late when he came; I was in my closet with some company, whom I desired to leave. When we were alone, he said, "The King has commanded me to tell you that, until you receive a second order from him, you will proceed to and remain at St. Fargeau," adding, that he hoped I

was aware how painful it must be to him, to be charged with a commission that could be little agreeable to me. I replied, that I should obey, if he would tell me the day I was expected to set out. He answered, that in this I was the mistress. I asked if he were to escort me, and if the road was named by which I was to travel? He again replied to me, that in this I was *la maîtresse*. "You will tell the King, then," I said, "that I shall set out on such a day; and that I shall go by the road furthest from Paris; and, as All Saints' day is near, I should think he would prefer my spending these fêtes at Jouare rather than in a village." He replied, he doubted not but the King would be satisfied with this arrangement. I then expressed to him how much I should be puzzled to guess what I had done, (having nothing with which to reproach myself,) did I not remember the threats that Monsieur de Turenne had held out to me: and this I begged he would tell the King. He replied, that he humbly intreated me not to make him the bearer of such a commission. He remained whilst I was at supper, during which I talked to him of indifferent affairs; and upon my leaving the table, he quitted me, and repaired to the hotel; for he would neither sleep nor eat in my house.

The day came, on which, independently of the

King's message, I had intended to leave; and I did so without thinking it necessary to write to him, or to do anything further than to execute his orders. Nevertheless, I sent a courier to a friend, to beg her to speak to the Queen-mother, and to solicit her to obtain permission for me to repair to Eu, instead of to St. Fargeau; and, that I might receive the reply on the road, the two first days I merely went ten leagues; but the answer was, that the King was so much incensed against me, that the Queen-mother did not dare to speak to him on the subject. So I continued my journey, during which I received many complimentary letters; and, as the affair was well known, in my replies I begged my friends everywhere to explain that my sole crime was, my unwillingness to marry the King of Portugal; that Monsieur de Turenne had made me the proposal, and that on my declining it he had threatened me with exile. Perhaps it was not prudent thus to speak of the affair, since he who had predicted what should happen to me, had power to effect it. On my arrival at St. Fargeau I wrote to the King, the Queen-mother, to Monsieur, and to all those at court, who could show my letters. I received no answer from their Majesties; and the Queen declared she had never seen the King so angry with any one as he was with me. I

could not repent, having nothing to repent of; I knew that I had done nothing that in any way merited the King's displeasure, and I sought comfort therefore in my own good conscience.

There remained for me nothing but to pass my life in the solitude which had been decreed for me; and I lived as placidly as possible, passing my time in innocent occupations, and receiving such intelligence as came in my way. I learned here that whatever cause of quarrel Monsieur may have had with the Comte de Guiche, they had not thought it proper to drive him away, from the fear that it might give rise to unpleasant rumours; but they had sent him to command the troops that were at Nancy, which was, in point of fact, a polite manner of disposing of him; two of Madame's ladies, however, were dismissed on some pretext set up for the occasion; while every one knew that the real cause was the affair of the Comte de Guiche.

Before I quitted Paris, Monsieur le Prince had taken into his head that he should like me to marry Monsieur le Duc, (his son,) but I excused myself on account of our disparity in age—saying, nevertheless, everything I could to express my esteem and friendship; and to prove myself sensible to the full, of the honour the Prince did me in making such a proposition, I told no one

of the circumstance, so that little was said about it. Monsieur le Duc paid me great attention; but it did not render me less aware of the little merit he possessed, or the strange manner in which he everywhere conducted himself. He was of a very uncertain disposition, and this displayed itself as well in trifles as in serious affairs. They said he possessed knowledge and spirit; but an inferior mind can never please.

About this time, it came into some busybody's head to write the Queen a letter, addressed in Spanish, and informing her of the King's passion for La Vallière. This letter fell into the hands of La Molina, first *femme-de-chambre* to the Queen, who was a Spaniard. But she was prudent; and having some suspicions, and wishing to do nothing to displease the King, she at once took it to him. He opened it, and read the contents; yet was he a long time ere he could discover who had done him this *bon office;* but Madame, who had quarrelled with the Comtesse de Soissons, to revenge herself, said that it was she and another, of the name of Vardes, who had written the letter; upon which Vardes was immediately sent prisoner to the Citadel of Montpellier. Madame de Soissons was outrageous, and confessed to the King that the letter had been written by the Coemt de Guiche, who knew

Spanish very well, and that Madame had helped him in the matter: nevertheless, Vardes was allowed to remain in prison, the Comte de Guiche was sent to Poland, and Madame treated ill enough by the King. Such was the mischief brought about by the quarrel of two women!

Before the Comte de Guiche set out for Poland, he came, after the siege of Marsal, to pay his respects to the King; upon which occasion, Monsieur, who was present, turned his back upon him. I had arrived at St. Fargeau about the month of November; and in January, Monsieur d'Entragues, who corresponded with me regularly, wrote to say, that Monsieur de Turenne had been to see him, and after asking concerning me, had made a thousand protestations of service, and commissioned him to inquire whether I had reflected on the proposal he had made me with regard to Portugal, and whether I was not now disposed to listen to a proposition so desirable for the service of the King, and so advantageous to myself. I replied to this letter in the tone I had previously adopted in the affair; and concluded by observing, that my separation from the Court already made me feel how hard it would be for me to be separated from it for life.

As I was walking one day at St. Fargeau, I

saw a monk approaching: I am afraid of hermits, for I am one of those who look upon them as either angels or devils; so I sent a valet to see which he was. He brought me word that the monk was a Franciscan, who preached in a neighbouring village. I desired that he might be called, and he told me that he was *Observantin* of the Province of Toulouse, which gave me an opportunity of inquiring after a monk of this order, named le Père Gaffardy, whom I knew to be a great astrologer. He claimed the father as a friend of his own, and made me most satisfactory answers to every question I put to him. Thinking to entrap him, I asked him why he travelled without a companion? He replied, with unconcern, that his companion was ill; adding, that this circumstance only had retarded his return—he had concluded preaching for Advent, and, being near St. Fargeau, he had a great desire to see me, having lately returned from a country where he had heard me much spoken of. This observation excited my curiosity; so I asked from whence he came? He answered, from Portugal, which he had left about four months since, after having tarried there some time, during which he had frequently seen the Queen—the religieux, though foreigners, having always the privilege of appearing before

her Majesty. He then related to me a number of marvellous stories concerning her Majesty, the Queen of England, and the King of Portugal; the latter, he assured me, without exaggeration, was as well made a person as the King of France.

The Queen, he said, had often spoken to him of the design she had of inducing me to marry her son, and had stated it to be her intention to retire, so as to leave me the control of everything; and he added, that Portugal was the first country in the world. I asked him if he had ever heard of the man the King of Portugal had killed by throwing him from a window? He answered, very seriously, that it was a mistake; and seemed surprised to find me so well informed. He then observed, "I dare say they have also told you that he runs about the streets, killing all he meets?" He remained two days; at the end of which time, I found myself much better informed than I had previously been upon the subject of the vices of the King of Portugal, and I then made the Franciscan understand that he might take his departure.

It was not long before another gentleman, M. Richardière, came to pay me his respects. I hardly recollected him; and on my asking from whence he came, he replied, with an air of good

humour, "I come from Portugal, where I have been for some years." He then presented me a letter from Monsieur de Turenne, which informed me that I might place entire credit in everything the bearer said, and repeated his own assurances of service. After reading it, I put it into my pocket, without saying anything to Richardière, and continued my occupation until the hour of my promenade, when I went out, and talked to every one except the bearer of the letter. He soon saw that I would neither speak myself on the subject, nor give him an opportunity of so doing; but he was not to be put off; so approaching me suddenly, he said, "I am surprised at the little curiosity you possess, or the little confidence your Royal Highness is disposed to place in me." The company drew back; and I replied, "I have known you too long to believe that you wish to deceive me: I do not see even how you could bring it about; nor on what to ground my suspicions, could I even imagine that you came here for such a purpose; it is, therefore, for you to explain." "What!" cried he, "a man who is come from Portugal, who has left the Portuguese Ambassador in England, and who comes hither concerning your marriage!—and your Royal Highness neither listen to me, nor acknowledge the slightest curiosty! Monsieur de Turenne

never explained to me that you were so indifferent with regard to the affair." I replied, "If he has told you that I have one thought concerning Portugal, he has deceived you: he knows well that I will listen to nothing, so great is my aversion to the affair." "But this is not as the matter is understood in Portugal," he answered, "as you may judge by their having despatched an ambassador to seek you." I became curious at mention of this proceeding of Monsieur de Turenne, and begged him to tell me all he knew of the matter. "Your Royal Highness will easily believe," he answered, "that a captain of cavalry, like me, can know nothing but what is made public, unless of affairs in which I chance to be employed. After this prelude, he continued, "Last year the King of Portugal caused it to be intimated to the Queen his mother, 'that he wished her to interfere no longer in affairs, and that it was his pleasure she should retire'—nobody doubting that the Marquis de Castelmior, his favourite, had obliged the King to pay her Majesty this compliment. The Queen replied, that she would obey her son with pleasure; but that, before she did so, she must be permitted to offer her advice, which was, that his Majesty should marry. This she did, under the impression that the favourite would oppose the

arrangement; that the King would then become incensed against him; and that, by this means, she would continue to govern. She found, however, that her plans were ill-concerted, for the favourite agreed with her, and recommended that the matter should receive immediate consideration; and it was resolved in full council, that the project of an alliance with France was the only one that Portugal could entertain; and that everything must be done to obtain Mademoiselle d'Orleans, a Princess of great virtue, with a mind capable of governing,—possessed of great wealth, and one who, by her own *savoir faire*, and the protection of France, would maintain the integrity of the kingdom, and might even extend it at the expense of Spain. The Queen, the favourite, and the council, had with one consent agreed to this; and, the point resolved, they had sent for Monsieur de Schomberg, who had dispatched a courier to Monsieur de Turenne; from whom, after awhile, an answer was returned, to the effect, that the King had most graciously received the proposition, that he was about to sign the peace with Spain, and would endeavour to do so without giving cause of complaint to Portugal. The affair, M. Richardière added, soon became known, even among the troops, creating a universal joy, for it was the ardent desire of

the Portuguese to have me for their Queen. There was also another thing he told me, which was, that it was whispered that the King of France had sent Mademoiselle to one of her estates, so that it might appear she was not on good terms with him; and thus lead the Spaniards to believe that the treaty had been concluded without his participation.

When this fine discourse was finished, I began to laugh, and said to Richardière, "You are quite right in telling me all that has passed, and you must now, in the same spirit, listen to what I have to say." I then gave him an account of everything that had occurred between Monsieur de Turenne and myself: he seemed quite astonished at the recital. I asked him, what sort of a person the King of Portugal was? and he described him, and the Queen his mother. He also told me, that the Queen had discovered that she had lost her influence over the mind of her son, who was naturally spiteful and cruel, took a singular pleasure in killing people, loved wine very much, and was given to other irregularities. His favourite was as great a young libertine as himself, yet possessing much sweetness of disposition, and affability of manner. Richardière then assured me, that I should reign supreme in the country, where money was abun-

dant; that I should regulate everything, and introduce some liberty among the women, who were now held as slaves, saw no one, and if caught speaking to a man, or looking out of the window, acquired the reputation of being good for very little: hence they were miserable; but I should be able to regulate all this as I thought fit. I finished the conversation by assuring Richardière, that I should have great pleasure in doing anything I could for him, but that he would never, while he lived, receive any marks of my protection in Portugal. I then wrote a letter to Monsieur de Turenne; and, as may be seen by the copy, endeavoured to make him clearly understand the futility of the hope he entertained of sending me to Portugal.

"MONSIEUR MON COUSIN,—I have conversed a great deal with the gentleman, the bearer of this letter, who has, however, convinced me no more than yourself; neither would it have been right, that his eloquence should have prevailed over yours. I should be willing to believe that the motive which has actuated you in this affair was a desire to serve me, but the means you have taken to obtain my consent are such as render it extremely difficult. You are aware that, for a year past, whenever

you have spoken to me of the Portuguese affair, I have protested against it; that it is an affair which I dislike; and that, if you had any friendship for me, you would think no more of it. And, as I am now thirty-five years old (to my great regret), you may suppose that I have taken this resolution after such reflection as will prevent my ever changing it. You know how you have acted since the time I mention; you are not ignorant of my situation, nor of the state of my affairs, and you may judge if I have any reason to be satisfied with you. My esteem for you I shall retain, and I am only sorry you compel me to say, that it cannot, henceforward, be accompanied with my friendship. I am, Monsieur mon Cousin,

"Votre très affectionnée cousine,

"ANNE-MARIE-LOUISE D'ORLEANS.

"*De St. Fargeau, March* 31*st*, 1663."

The eldest son of the King of Denmark, who was travelling, spent the Carnival at Paris, and was well received by the King. They told me that he was exceedingly handsome; that he danced, went *en masque* with Monsieur and Madame, and spoke French remarkably well. I heard nothing talked of but him, and there were even people who averred, that I was not entirely

a stranger to his thoughts. Madame de Choisy did her utmost to marry him to my sister d'Alençon, but she was a little deformed, and he would not have her. I was told that it was his intention to pay me a visit, and that the King had made no objection; but, as I had as little inclination to go into Denmark as into Portugal, I was sorry he should think of taking the trouble. I do not know whether he was apprised of this, but I was very glad that he failed to carry out his intention.

My sister, De Valois, was married about this time to her cousin, Monsieur le Duc de Savoy; but my mind was so occupied with this affair of Portugal, which still kept me in exile, that I felt little interest in any other subject. I was, besides, suffering from a cold, which very much affected my breathing; so I wrote to the King, stating that I had been altering a fish-pond at St. Fargeau, which had so infected the air, that it was killing me; I therefore humbly begged him to consider that I had done nothing which ought to have drawn on me so great a misfortune, and I ventured once more to ask him if he would do me the honour to tell me of what I had been guilty? Or, that if he would not do so, but was resolved that I should endure a further punishment for crimes I had not committed, he would

have the goodness to permit me to go to Eu; as I was well aware that I ought not to desire to return to Court, since I had had the misfortune to displease him. Monsieur d'Entragues gave this letter to the King; who, after he had read it, said, "I must return no answer to this until after I have seen Monsieur de Turenne; I have promised him to do nothing in regard to my cousin without his knowledge." And this he had said with a great deal of kindness, going at the same time to seek Monsieur de Turenne. The next day the answer given was, that the King would not write, but that he made no objection to my visiting Eu; to which Monsieur de Turenne added, that the affection the King had for me, and the care he took of my health, ought to induce me to obey him in matters essential to his interest.

I quitted St. Fargeau with very great pleasure. The next day, while at dinner, I heard that the King was ill; this obliged me to remain two days at Beaumont, where I learnt that the Queen had taken the measles, and had given them to the King; but that she had only suffered from fever for two days, when the disease had left her, and she was then out of danger. When I had a little recovered from the anxiety this illness of the King occasioned me, I continued my journey;

but when I arrived at Beauvais, a messenger, whom they had sent express from Eu, acquainted me that I had better not proceed, as the small-pox was raging in every place through which I had to pass. I confess that this information gave me great uneasiness, for I knew not where to go. In this perplexity, I wrote to Monsieur le Tellier, explaining that the air of St. Fargeau made me ill, that the small-pox raged at Eu, and that it was too early to take the waters at Forges; I conjured him, therefore, to entreat the King to name some town on the Seine or the Oise to which I might proceed. I waited at Beauvais for the answer; which was, that the King permitted me to go to Vernon, a pretty town enough, but with no promenade nearer than a long quarter of a league. All the ladies in the environs visited me during my stay there, and even some from Paris. Yet it was far from agreeable to me to be residing in a *bourgeoise* house in a small town, and I waited with impatience for the time when I might set out for Forges.

Here I took the waters, and lived the same sort of life as before. From thence I went to Eu, to pass the winter; I had newly fitted up a pavilion previously to quitting it; and, although the place was very cold, on account

of the sea, the winter appeared to me less severe there than elsewhere. A troop of comedians offered me their services, but I had begun to despise amusements of the kind, and would not allow them to perform; preferring rather to occupy myself in reading, or at my journal, while, on the post days, my time was spent in reading my letters and in replying to them; so that I had not the leisure to feel ennui. I attended, also, Compline every day, and began to understand that it is part of the duty of a Christian to attend high mass on fête-days and on Sundays; I therefore became very regular in my observances. I also visited two convents, one that of the Ursulines, the other of the *Hospitalières*, (where they take the vow to assist the poor and the way-faring traveller.) I confess that, at the latter, I was always afraid of taking some disorder from the sick, and entered it with repugnance. I established a general hospital for the instruction of the poor children of the town, and passed my time in marvellous tranquillity.

Monsieur le Prince married his son to the second daughter of the Princess Palatine, on whom the Queen of Poland had bestowed much wealth, and whom she had adopted as her child. I confess that this marriage surprised me, after all that I had heard; but in this world it is best to

be surprised at nothing. The letters I received spoke of nothing but the splendour of this wedding, at which the King, the Queen, and the whole Court had attended; there were all sorts of amusements, and the Queen of Poland sent jewels of a most extraordinary beauty. In short, there was no end to the marvels recorded in these letters—one of them was, that Madame la Duchesse went out with two coaches, like myself, which appeared to me a very novel proceeding.

My sister, the Grand Duchess, was brought to bed of a son at Florence, which occasioned a great joy to our House. I do not know how she took the marriage of Savoy; from the desire she had for it herself before the alliance with the Grand Duke. Madame Royale was very well content with my sister, and Monsieur de Savoy lived very happily with her. She deferred entirely to the wishes of her husband, accompanying him in the chase, studying his pleasures, and accommodating her tastes and pursuits to his own. Madame Royale fell ill, and died in a few months. I heard the news without being much afflicted, for she had never liked me, therefore I saw no necessity for displaying any violent grief. I thought of ordering black for the occasion, when, fifteen days afterwards, I received news of the death of my sister, which gave me real sorrow; and I then put all

my people, and my equipage, in deep mourning. I did not write to Monsieur de Savoy upon these two losses, for, as I had never written to him, I scarcely knew how to set about it. As for his sister, after the King had compelled me to yield her precedence at Lyons, she had written me a letter as from equal to equal, to which I had made no reply; so that we were still resting on our first pretensions.

CHAPTER XI.

THE KING RELENTS TOWARDS MADEMOISELLE — SHE RETURNS TO COURT—GIVES AUDIENCE TO CONDÉ AND TURENNE, AND RETIRES TO THE CHÂTEAU D'EU—TROUBLES OF THE QUEEN, THE QUEEN-MOTHER, AND THE PRINCESS OF ENGLAND—DEATH OF THE QUEEN-MOTHER—A DELICATE AFFAIR, IN WHICH THE QUEEN SHOWS HER DISCRIMINATION.

DURING the time I was at Fargeau, the Queen had given birth to a daughter, and, at Eu, I learnt that she was again *enceinte*. It was long since I had written to the Court; I saw no prospect of my recal, and I cared little in respect to it; yet I thought the situation of the Queen would furnish a polite pretext for my writing to the King; and that if I omitted to do so, he might fancy I neglected him. I wrote, therefore, offering my congratulations, and exaggerating the desire I had that the Almighty might bestow on him a son; after which I dwelt on the grief I felt at

so long a separation from him, and the great desire I had for the honour of seeing him.

I received a most gracious reply, acquainting me that the King would be most happy to receive me; that I might return to Court, and set out as soon as I thought proper. I confess that this letter gave me great pleasure, for I did not expect it; and, feeling that I ought immediately to avail myself of the permission, I left Eu as soon as the fêtes of Pentecost were over.

On my way, I slept at St. Denis, for my sister, D'Alençon, lay ill of the small-pox at the Luxembourg. She had taken it from Madame de Nemours, who had died of the disorder. Numbers of people came to visit me; and Madame de Sully brought the Comtesse de Fiesque, to whom I had not spoken since we parted at St. Fargeau. She fell on her knees before me, and cried with joy, when I raised and embraced her. She is a good creature, and of a disposition so yielding, that she is persuaded either by good or evil counsellors. We have since been on good terms, and I have learned to like her much better than I did at first.

The next day I dined in Paris, where many came to visit me. I slept at Petit-bourg, and on my way from this place to Fontainebleau, the road was filled with the coaches of those coming

out to meet me. With the exception of Monsieur de Turenne, the whole Court came; Monsieur le Prince and Monsieur le Duc (his son) amongst the foremost. I went directly to the Queen's apartments, where I found the King, who advanced to salute me, saying, in the kindest manner, that he was very glad to see me. I know not what reply I made, for I was very much overcome at the moment. The Queen was in bed, and I made her a very low courtsey; for since she had not permitted me to kiss her, I always approached her in this respectful manner. The Queen-mother embraced me with every demonstration of affection, and everybody seemed to be my friend—a thing of which I was not so well persuaded, since, during my exile, the same solicitude had not been shown concerning me: it is the custom at court, where every one should be able to distinguish friends. I accompanied the Queen-mother *au salut*, and afterwards to the Queen's, where Monsieur de Turenne approached me, saying, that he had not dared to present himself, but was most anxious to pay me his respects, if I found it agreeable; and this was said with every appearance of embarrassment. I replied to him politely, but proudly enough. The next day the Queen-mother told me, that the mourning for my sister was too nearly over to

allow of my wearing crape and serge. I told her that it was the same I had worn for my uncle de Guise, who had died not long previously. She answered, that she thought it too fine; adding, that we ought never to make so much display for any one beneath us. I remarked, that I inherited, by my sister's death; but she declared that this was no sufficient reason, and despatched me immediately to attire myself in a different manner. I am persuaded, that if my mother-in-law had known of this polite attention, and had seen the anxiety which her Majesty manifested in the matter, she would have been very much mortified, and, indeed, the whole House of Lorraine.

It was at this time that Madame de Navailles had orders to retire from Court, and her husband to resign his place and his government. The Queen-mother and the Queen were very sorry for this. I went to see her; and found her on a little sofa, reading the Psalms of David. She was a woman of great virtue and merit; but was so strangely occupied with her *ménage*, and so niggardly therein, that it did great harm both to herself and her husband. They were both devout; and, presuming to meddle with the King's affairs, Monsieur de Navailles ventured to speak to his Majesty on the subject of his amours. The King was very much annoyed at

it: and, in good truth, it required a different character from Monsieur de Navailles to have the privilege of taking such a liberty. Yet was he a man of merit; and even those who censured, could not fail to pity him. It was quite otherwise with regard to his wife, for she was disliked by every one. This disgrace, however, did not ruin their affairs,—they sold their places well. The Duke de Chaunes bought that of commander of the light horse; the Duc de St. Aignan the government of Havre; and the place of *dame d'honneur* was bought by Madame de Montausier, who held it until her death, and was much better fitted for it than her predecessor, as well as for taking charge of the Dauphin. She was a person of great good sense and of excellent manners, and much superior to an employment involving the choice of milk, of nurses, and the jargon suited to the nursery. La Maréchale de la Motte, who succeeded her, succeeded to nothing but her good looks and her office; she was only fitted to converse with nurses, and to decide upon broths, and the quality of the *bouillie*; and these qualities she might have inherited from her mother, who had nursed the King.

To return to what concerns myself, the King took me with him upon the canal, where he had a performance of music, intended more for

Mademoiselle la Vallière than for the rest of the spectators; for she was then in the height of favour. I did all I could to induce the Queen to tell me why I had been so long exiled; but she would neither reply, nor speak of the past: I think they were ashamed at having followed so blindly the advice of Monsieur de Turenne. The King, one evening, at the conclusion of the comedy, took me to a terrace; where he said that we must forget the past, that for the future I might rely on receiving from him every kindness, and that he would see to my establishment, observing that Monsieur de Savoy was a better match now his mother was dead. I answered, that I desired nothing in the world but his good opinion of me, and that if he would tell me in what way I had offended, I should find it easy to justify myself; for that I had always suspected that Monsieur de Turenne had told him that I had promised to marry the King of Portugal, and that I had then retracted; that this, I feared, had made him angry; but that I assured him, I had never in my life given any such promise, for that, from the first time Turenne had mentioned the affair, I entreated him to think of it no more. He replied, "Let us not talk of it; I tell you that I am satisfied with you:" and he then embraced me very ten-

derly. When he came near the Queen and the rest of the company, he said aloud, "My cousin and myself are come to embrace you;" and he then began to jest with me, and said, "Now, confess the truth, you were very much *énnuyée* in the country?" I assured him I was not, and that often, in the midst of my occupations, I said to myself, they are monstrously deceived at Court—they fancy that I am in despair, and I find myself far more tranquil and happy than they!" All this was said in the *raillerie* of the moment.

Monsieur le Prince requested me to give him a private audience; when he spoke of nothing but the marriage of his son, and declared that Madame de Choisy had persuaded him to it. I could not but tell him how surprised I had been at hearing of it, after what he had said to me concerning la Palatine, his quarrel with her, &c., &c. I confessed I had much desired that Monsieur le Duc should marry my sister; for though she was not pretty, his daughter-in-law was not better looking. I added, "I am your friend, therefore I tell you the truth;" and in this manner our conversation finished. Monsieur de Turenne called on me in the morning, *comme j'allois prendre ma chemise;* so that he was forced to cool himself for half an hour in my closet; every one thought that this was brought to pass

intentionally, but it is very certain that I never thought about it. Our conversation was more polite than cordial; I was not pleased with him, and he had to reproach himself with having given me just cause for this displeasure. After remaining at Court as long as I intended, I returned to Eu, again to taste the quiet of the country; occupying myself as before, and finding every day more pleasure in attending regularly the services of the Church.

During this time, the Queen was brought to bed—a fever having hastened her accouchement. Having a cold, I feared to undertake a journey, but her fever continuing and becoming more violent, she received the Holy Sacrament, and, on receipt of this news, I set out immediately, and reached her towards the fêtes of Christmas. I recollect that the Queen-mother went to the Théatins (a religious order), for the nine days' devotion they pass before Christmas, and that she would not allow us to speak aloud in the Queen's chamber, where, nevertheless, I heard that she was suffering from the cancer of which she afterwards died. She said a thousand kind things to me, and avowed that she had felt much impatience to see me. She gave me an account of the indisposition of the Queen, who seemed to have been so ill that her death had been

expected: "But," she added, "it is I who ought to fear, with the malady I have." She then asked me if I had not heard of it? I told her I had not; she informed me of it, and I endeavoured to persuade her that, very probably, she had but little reason for alarm.

Monsieur told me of the trouble they had all been in during the illness of the Queen: of the crowd there was when the sacrament was administered; how Monsieur l'Abbé de Gordes, her first almoner, had nearly fainted away from affliction, whereat Monsieur le Prince and the rest had laughed, which vexed her Majesty extremely; that the infant very much resembled a little dwarf that Monsieur de Beaufort had brought with him from some foreign country, and that there was no chance of the child's living, although they had not stated this to the Queen. When she began to get better, I went every day to the Louvre; and she told me that Madame de Bregy had come into her room so highly perfumed as to have made her so faint that she lost the power to speak—that she had made signs for them not to bleed her in the foot, which, nevertheless, they had done; and treated her in other particulars very much against her inclination, but, happily, with a successful result. She told me also of their laughing, and of the indig-

nation it had caused her; that she had always thought she was not so ill as they said; that the Queen-mother had proposed the sacrament, and that she felt unwilling to refuse it. She added, that she had been very angry at seeing Madame decked with a quantity of yellow ribbons, and her hair dressed as though she were going to a ball, and that she thought that her hair dressed low, and a plain habit, would have been much more becoming, and more respectful towards herself.

The Queen-mother spent the fêtes of Christmas at Val de Grace, whither I went also, to show my respect for her Majesty. The Court went to St. Germain, making frequent journeys to Versailles. Madame * having met with an accident, was brought to bed of a still-born child. It was all so sudden that a woman of St. Cloud attended her, for they had no time to fetch any one from Paris. They awoke the King, and sent for the curé of Versailles to see if the child could be christened; and he was cautioned to take care what he was about, as baptism was never refused to children of this rank. It was not baptized, however, which caused great grief to the Queen.

I was not long at Court, for the season for my

* The Princess Henrietta of England, sister-in-law to Louis XIV., and Duchess of Orleans.

visiting Forges had arrived. I had just began to take the waters, when a courier arrived to inform me that the Queen-mother was dying. I set off immediately for St. Germain; where the King, the Queen, and the Queen-mother (who was better), received me very kindly, and seemed pleased with the solicitude which I had shown. It did not appear that there was any immediate danger, so I returned to the waters.

On my way from Forges to St. Fargeau, I joined the Court at Villers-Cotterets. Here the ladies were always magnificently attired; they joined in the chase every day—dancing, or attending the comedy, in the evening. The Queen-mother took no part in these amusements, for her illness had increased. Two days after our return, we received the account of the death of the King of Spain; whereat the Queens were very much afflicted: we all immediately assumed the deepest mourning. Some time after, the Queen-mother found herself growing worse daily; it was ven said that she had fainted in being carried from one bed to another. I had been to St. Antoine with the Queen, and on our return they told us that the Queen-mother had had some repose; we found her, however, very ill, and on the same night she received the sacrament. On the Monday, she

was still worse, and it was debated whether she should be made acquainted with her state, for her end was evidently near. At length, the Archbishop of Auch said, "Madame, your illness increases; you are believed to be in danger;" intelligence which she received with sentiments the most Christian. It was proposed to bring down the shrine of Sainte Génévieve, as customary upon such occasions, and this, although without the sanction of the King, was done. I went to see the processions from the neighbouring churches and convents, and afterwards to the *Salut* (a part of the holy office), at St. Severin, where the Holy Sacrament was exposed on behalf of the Queen. On returning to the Louvre, I found her Majesty worse than in the morning. La Lunée (her medical attendant), who was a clever man, said to me, "There are the worst symptoms; she is a dead woman." I saw that no one told the King of this, and said to him, "Sire, this is not well; your Majesty should command the physicians to declare the truth, in order that the consolations of religion may be thought of." The King followed my advice, and ordered them to flatter him no longer. They made answer that, since his Majesty commanded them to conceal nothing, they confessed that the Queen might die in a moment, and that there

was no longer any hope. The King called Monsieur d'Auch and M. de Montaigu, and told them that they must exhort the Queen to think of her end. M. de Montaigu exclaimed, "Ah, Sire! she is now in such a state, that to tell her this, will be death at once!" "What!" replied the King, "after an illness of six months, you would allow her to die without the consolations of the Church? I will never be reproached with this; it is no time for ceremony." All agreed that he was right, and the Archbishop, having received the King's commands, made the Queen acquainted with her state; telling her that she had but a very short time to live. She received the intelligence with much fortitude and Christian tranquillity, yet with so sharp a fear of death, that both states equally surprised me. She asked for her confessor; saying to us, "Retire, I require nothing —have to do with nothing—but to think of God." Upon which, the King, the Queen, Monsieur, Madame, and myself, retired to her closet, while they brought the Sacrament; and there being little time, we resolved upon matters connected with the mourning. Other affairs which it was necessary to regulate were also spoken of: it was arranged that the King should set out for Versailles immediately upon the death of the Queen, and that Monsieur should proceed to St.

Cloud, while I was to remain to give the necessary directions.

As soon as we heard of the arrival of the Holy Sacrament, we went out into the court to meet it; the Archbishop had been to the church to fetch it, and a crowd of people had entered the room with him. The King and Monsieur held the altar-cloth while the Queen communicated. Afterwards she called the King and the Queen, Monsieur and Madame, the one after the other; and after speaking to each one separately, she asked for the King and Queen together; and then for Monsieur and Madame. This took up but little time, and I was very much surprised that she said nothing either to Monsieur le Prince or myself, who were present. The King then reconducted the Blessed Sacrament back to the church: I went as far as the court only; and the Archbishop returned and placed himself near the Queen, where he remained with Montaigu, and never did I hear a prelate speak so well, or exhort with so much zeal, ability, and piety.

They sent for the extreme unction, which was carried by a back-door into the oratory of the Queen-mother. She asked for it, saying they had not far to send for it, having heard them open the door of her oratory: so it was brought. I confess that when I saw appear the large and

beautiful crystal flambeaux, with which the Queen had adorned her oratory, and which were enriched by the diamonds and the cross wherewith the Queen my grandmother had caused them to be decorated with so much care—I confess that I entered upon reflections of a kind which ought to be ever present to the mind; to show us the vanity of the things of this life, and to lead us to think seriously of the life to come.

We preserve our usual habits, good or evil, to the last; and I was now witness to a proof of this. The Queen received the last Sacrament with a devotion impossible to describe; but when they came to pour the holy oil in her ears, she exclaimed, "Ha, Madame de Fleix, take care of my cap, lest the oil fall upon it, and occasion a disagreeable smell." Thus, even in death, did she display her aversion to the least impropriety; for she was naturally extremely punctilious. Monsieur kissed her feet; for myself, whatever desire I might have had to follow his example, I had not the power to do so. A moment after, she expressed a wish for something, which being called for, the King thought they said that she was dead, and immediately fell against Mademoiselle d'Elbœuf and myself, as though fainting: we took him away from the bed side, and Monsieur le Prince led him into the ante-

chamber, where he seemed to be choking. I threw water in his face; but finding that he did not recover, I advised them to loosen his dress. We were with the Queen from ten o'clock at night, until half-past six the next morning; but the King was prevented from returning. I was extremely concerned to find a crowd of all sorts of people coming in, one after the other, merely to observe what was going forward.

After midnight, they began to say mass in the oratory close at hand, and the Queen heard through a door which opened near the altar. At five o'clock they gave her some broth, which she took as one who had great need of nourishment; Monsieur Seguin was even obliged to ask her to swallow more slowly: she answered, that she found it very good, and that she must sustain herself as well as she could. Her first femme-de-chambre had told her in the evening, when it was announced to her that she had nothing to hope, that an astrologer had said that if she lived over the Tuesday, she would recover. She recollected this prediction, and often asked what hour it was? It seemed to give her some hope, and she was most impatient for midnight to be passed. At six o'clock, the King attended mass: I heard the great bell of Notre Dame, which was tolled only upon extra-

ordinary occasions; and said, "They think the Queen is dead!" A moment after this, Monsieur uttered a loud cry—the physician entered—and the King exclaimed, "She is, then, dead?" He replied, "Yes, sire;" and the King began to weep, as one penetrated with grief. Madame de Fleix carried some keys to the King, upon which they went into the Queen's cabinet, to look for the will. It was read before all those of kin, with the exception of Monsieur, who would not remain. After Monsieur de Tellier had concluded the reading of it, the King got into his coach and went away, and I retired to my own apartments.

The next day and the two days following, I received visits of condolence from all the ladies, who came to St. Germain in their deep mourning veils, which trailed upon the ground. I assisted, with Monsieur d'Auch, in conveying the heart to the Val-de-Grace. The next day, I went to St. Germain, to receive the orders of the King for the removal of the body to St. Denis. After he had explained to me in what manner he would have this effected, I asked, "If there should happen any disputes for precedence between the foreign Princesses and the Duchesses, how am I to deal with them?" He replied, "In the usual manner." My sister and the Princesses of the

blood went in the King's coach, or the Queen's: I went in that of the Queen-mother, accompanied by the dames d'honneur, d'atour, and by others. When they had chanted the *Libera*, we set out from the Louvre, at about seven o'clock in the evening: we arrived at St. Denis at eleven, and waited for more than an hour and a half in the church, the arrival of the body having been retarded by reason of the procession from the abbey, which had gone out to meet it, and by an oration delivered by the Archbishop at the door of the church, and the reply thereto, by the Père Prior; and during this time I suffered greatly from fatigue and from the cold. We did not leave the church till two o'clock. The other services, both at St. Denis and at Notre Dame, were the same as usual: I took my part in them, but need not enter into detail.

All now returned to Court—Monsieur and Madame among the first. The King had hitherto endeavoured to keep secret his attachment to La Vallière,—he had been unwilling to cause the Queen uneasiness; but now that he had no longer any apprehensions, the affair became public.

Up to this time, the Queen had had but six ladies of honour, of whom Madame de Montespan was one; but the number was now increased, for the King delighted in parade. He often went to

Versailles; but no one could follow his Majesty without his order, which occasioned a great many cabals at Court, as every one desired the distinction: my sister often made the attempt to attain it, but very rarely succeeded. She had living with her a young lady, Mademoiselle Poussé, who was considered to be very beautiful, though not at all to my taste; she possessed merely extreme youth, and, with this, the air of a rustic. I recollect one day saying to the King that he would see a very pretty girl with my sister. He replied, that he thanked me for the warning, and that, when she appeared, he would support himself by leaning against the wall, having been persuaded that he could not see her without losing his senses. I knew from this that they had already spoken of this girl at La Vallière's, where Madame de Montespan had now begun to visit. The latter had a great deal of wit, and much agreeable conversation, where she wished to please; she never failed to introduce herself between the King and this young demoiselle; whilst La Vallière, who had need of help of the kind she could afford, was delighted that she came to see her. At that time, she would have looked upon the project which Madame de Montespan had formed—that of supplanting her in the favour of the King—as a great misfortune; while, situated as she now is, she can doubtless

render thanks to God for having withdrawn her from a state which, however happy she may then have considered it, she can now only look back to as most miserable.

My sister went to St. Germain, where Mademoiselle de Poussé was not much admired for her beauty. I learnt, by a letter of Madame de Choisy's, which, whilst paying my sister a visit, I found upon her table, that she called this girl her 'angel;' and told her, that though the ladies considered her very handsome, the men were in no way charmed with her. My sister, even with the assistance of Madame de Choisy, not being able to succeed in getting permission to go to Versailles, begged that I would ask this favour of the King, for a day of pleasure we were about to take. I did so, and at first was refused; but on my pressing for it, the King granted the permission, on the condition that I would solicit it no more. I had afterwards reason to repent the having obtained it for once, and I took care never to ask it again; for my sister repeated to the King some conversation that had passed in the Queen's coach, and this so cleverly as to embroil herself with Madame, and to mix me up with the affair. I took her, however, by the arm, and told the King there was not a word of truth in what she had related, and that I felt convinced that Madame de Choisy had prompted

her to this proceeding. "You wished your sister to come," said the King, "and now you see the result." The Queen, who heard of the affair, wished her to be sent home, but this I begged might not be done: so she remained; appearing very much ashamed, and not allowed to appear in presence of the Queen. These journeys to Versailles concluded by the removal of the Court to Fontainbleau, whither I did not at first accompany it, having matters to settle in Paris.

The King continued to occupy himself, as he has ever done, with warlike affairs. He ordered his troops to encamp at Fontainbleau during the time he was there with the Court; and he showed us, by the discipline to which he submitted them, and the duties he made them perform, that he would allow them to remain neither useless nor idle. He had observed that, above all his troops, the dragoons had served the best; so the name of the regiment, 'La Ferté,' was changed to that of the *Regiment du Roi.* It then became his desire to choose a man of merit and of rank, to place at the head of it; and his choice fell on the Marquis de Peguillin,* a captain in the regiment of his uncle, Grammont. He had performed

* Afterwards the celebrated Count de Lauzun. He rendered good and chivalrous service to King James II. and his Queen, (see Agnes Strickland's Memoirs of the Queens of England, vol ix. p. 253, *et seq.*)

several extraordinary and gallant actions, and in choosing him the King selected one of the best men in France,—a man of infinite worth, and one who had given evidence of this in affairs where his good sense and courage had been equally conspicuous.

But all this has drawn me from the account I was giving of the encampment at Fontainbleau. The King's household, and the regiments of French and Swiss guards, were encamped near Moret, whither we went every day to see them. The dragoons were encamped separately; they were no less distinguished in peace than by their actions in war; their manner, their bearing, everything, in short, about this regiment had an air that was not to be observed in any other. One day, the King, wishing the ladies to see it, ordered it to take up a position between the Mall and the Park; every one admired the address with which it went through the different exercises, and all ceased to wonder at the feats it was said to have performed during the war. The Colonel appeared with an air which distinguished him even above the other officers. The King visited the camp every day, sometimes alighting, and entering the tent of Monsieur de Peguillin, which he found magnificently furnished. As soon as the King was within, Monsieur de Peguillin caused the dragoons to mount

guard before the door of the tent; which was something new, since the regiment of guards, which was not far off, ought always to have been charged with the safety of the King. However, he who gave these orders was an extraordinary man, and what would have seemed surprising in another, in him was considered quite of course by every body. As for me, I perceived him to be *un homme de bon esprit*, and liked to converse with him; so much was I attracted by his reputation as *honnête homme* and *homme singulier*. He was very eccentric, and allowed few to become acquainted with his real sentiments: I have learned more concerning him from others than ever I gleaned from himself; and in this way it was that I heard, that when war was declared against Spain, after the siege of Lille, where Monsieur de Pegüillin, as was usual with him, had behaved in a most surprising manner, the King had increased the dragoons by two regiments, creating the post of Colonel-General expressly to bestow upon him.

From Fontainbleau I went to Forges, and from thence to Eu; where I learned, a few days after my arrival, by a courier sent to me by Monsieur le Duc, that my sister d'Alençon was married to Monsieur de Guise. I found also that the King was setting out for Picardy, and he inti-

mated to me the day that he would arrive at Amiens. Madame, my mother-in-law, wrote also, giving me an account of my sister's marriage. It being only seventeen leagues from Eu to Amiens, I arrived there in a day. On my meeting the King, he said, "I have not allowed you to be concerned in this marriage of your sister's, because it is not I who have brought it about; your mother-in-law was so importunate that I consented, after having rejected her proposition for an alliance with Prince Charles, which I could not entertain on account of the state of affairs between us." He then added, "I have given nothing to your sister; you see that I have kept clear of the affair." "If you have thought proper not to give her anything," I replied, "I hope it has not been on my account?" "No," he answered, "I had never the intention."

The King visited the entire frontier,* going

* During the King's journeys, the finest paraphernalia of the Crown was carried into the villages where the court was staying. In every town through which it passed, there were fireworks, and a masked or a dress ball. All the household troops attended the King, and his suite, with all the usual attendants, preceded or followed him. The tables were served as ceremoniously as at St. Germain. The court, in this splendour, was held at all the conquered towns. The principal ladies in each place attended to view its uncommon magnificence. His Majesty invited

from town to town *en corps d'armée*, yet without having declared war. He brought the Queen to see the troops, and then took his departure with them, while we proceeded to Compiégne. There our occupations were the promenade, and play. I remained nearly every evening until near midnight on the terrace with Madame de Montespan, whom the Queen had desired to take a part in her game; but the stakes being too high for Madame, her Majesty requested me to share with her. One morning, after walking with her until nearly two o'clock, I had not long retired to rest when I heard a great noise in the room beneath me; so I sent to the Princesse of Baden, by whom the apartment was occupied, to beg that it might cease. They brought me word that the Princess had risen, a courier having arrived from the King, to desire the Queen to set out for Amiens the next morning. I hastened

them to his table, and made them presents with infinite gallantry. All the officers of the troops in garrison received gratuities, so that it frequently cost the King fifteen hundred louis-d'or a day in liberalities. These honours were designed as a homage for Madame de Montespan, except in as far as duty required them for the Queen. The King, however, made a distinction between his pleasures and the business of the State, and never let his favourite into the secret of his expedition.—*Siècle de Louis XIV.*

to inquire into this intelligence, when I met Madame de Montespan, who confirmed it, and we immediately set about the needful preparations.

Before the King's departure from Paris, he had acknowledged a daughter of Mademoiselle de la Vallière, purchasing at the same time an estate for the mother, whom they began to call Madame la Duchesse de la Vallière. She was at Versailles when the King left, having with her Mademoiselle Marianne, the little girl acknowledged by the King as his daughter, and who was received publicly as such by Madame Colbert. This lady had been at Versailles, and in the chamber of Mademoiselle de la Vallière during her accouchment, and told us that they had removed everything which might give rise to the least suspicion of the state in which she was; that she had said to her, "*Je me meurs de la colique*," that she had remained up the same evening until nearly midnight, and, it being Saturday, had attended *medianox* like the rest of the company, and with her head uncovered, as though she had been at a ball.

On leaving Compiégne we went to la Fére; and here one evening, I remarked that every one spoke low, and with an air of great mystery. I retired early to my chamber, where I discovered what all this portended: Madame de la Vallière

was to arrive the next day. The Queen had reason for being annoyed at this: the circumstance occasioned her considerable chagrin. The next day I rose early, her Majesty having signified her intention of setting out the moment she was up. I was much surprised to find in her antechamber Madame la Duchesse de la Vallière, and Madame du Roure. They saluted me, and said they were so tired they could hardly support themselves; not having slept all night. I asked if they had seen the Queen? They replied that they had not. I entered, and found her Majesty in tears: she said that she was ill. Madame de Montauzier shrugged her shoulders, and repeated two or three times, "You see the state her Majesty is in;" while Madame de Montespan raised even a greater clamour to make me understand how much she sympathised in her affliction. The Queen heard mass from a small gallery; and the Duchesse de la Vallière descending from it, her Majesty ordered the door to be fastened, lest she might return. Despite her precautions, however, la Duchesse presented herself before her just as we were getting into the coach. At dinner she prohibited her from bringing any of the dishes; Villacerf taking care that none were given her to carry. The conversation in the coach related to her solely. Madame de Mon-

tespan declared that she admired *sa hardiesse* in daring to present herself before the Queen; adding, "It is certain that the King has not ordered her to come hither; and when she takes her departure she must count for nothing the discourtesy she has encountered, and the ill usage which, no doubt, she will consider she has received from her Majesty." All this was much improved by the condolences of Madame de Montauzier, and Madame de Bade, whom Madame de Montespan interrupted by exclaiming, "Heaven defend me from being mistress to the King; but, were such a misfortune to befall me, I should certainly not have the effrontery to appear before the Queen." Thus it continued; for myself I thought it most becoming to keep silence. The Duchess did not appear in the evening at Guise; and the Queen gave orders to the officers of her escort, to allow no one to depart in the morning before her, so that she might be the first to reach the King. Madame de la Vallière, however, descrying from a height the army, caused her carriage to be driven towards it, across the fields, at speed. The Queen threw herself into a fearful passion, and was tempted to give orders for it to be stopped, but every one advised her not to do so, but to tell the King of the manner in which

she had been treated. When his Majesty reached the Queen's coach, she pressed him to enter, but this he declined, saying he was splashed with dirt. On our alighting, the King remained only a moment with the Queen, and then set off to Madame de la Vallière, who, that evening, did not appear. The next day, she went to mass in the Queen's coach. It was full, but they contrived to make a place for her; she dined also with the Queen and her ladies. We remained here three days, during which Madame de Montespan begged me to hold her cards, while she remained in her chamber, which was also the apartment of Madame de Montauzier, and near to that of the King. It was observed, that a sentinel, who had been placed on the stairs which communicated with this apartment and the King's, had been removed, and placed below, to hinder any one from ascending. The King remained nearly the whole day in his chamber, the door of which he locked; and Madame de Montespan neither played at cards with the Queen, nor accompanied her to the promenades, as she had been in the habit of doing. After these three days were passed, the King set out with the army in one direction, and we departed in another. The first night we slept at Vervins, and on the 13th

at Notre Dame de Liesse, where Madame de la Vallière, who returned with us, went to confession, and Madame de Montespan also.

The Spanish Ambassador, the Marquis de Fuentes, had always suspected that the King would declare war. The first news he had of it was, that of the loss of Douay and Tournay, attacked and taken in a few days, so that on the day we went to hear the *Te Deum*, he was in despair, and preferred remaining near the Queen, who was a little indisposed, and kept her chamber. After the surrender of these two places, the King came to Compiégne. I was lodged in his apartment, but he would not allow me to be disturbed, saying, he should remain but a few days, and would content himself with an antechamber. One day, at table, the Queen told me that the King remained up until four o'clock every morning; upon which his Majesty remarked, that he was occupied in reading and writing letters. The Queen observed, that he might choose some other hours for this employment; whereupon he turned his head aside, that she might not see him laugh; while, for a similar reason, I dared not raise my eyes from my plate. Madame de la Vallière had gone to Versailles, whither the King went to see her; on his return, he continued his attentions to Madame de Mon-

tespan, who appeared very merry in the Queen's coach, laughing and jesting continually with the King, who often escorted her to it. Not knowing that the Queen desired me to follow her, I had resolved to go to Forges, when I learnt that she was going into Flanders; and, as I had a great wish to take this journey with her, I put off my own to a future opportunity. The first day we reached Mondidier. In the evening, when I went into the Queen's room, the King said to me, "Madame de Montespan has left off cards—the play is too high for her; I have, therefore, taken her place. I suppose you have no desire to share with *me?*" I replied, that I had not.

We now received news of the taking of Courtray, where M. de Peguillin displayed his usual heroism. The King heard the particulars with great pleasure. From Amiens we went to Douay; and soon after fell in with the army of Monsieur de Turenne, encamped around a village called Contiche, where he gave us an intolerably bad supper: in addition to his usually wretched fare, the viands on this particular evening were all burned, which much increased their original *mauvais goût.* I endeavoured to sleep on a bench, and in the coach, but the next morning I was so drowsy that I did not hear the drums beat

in the wood through which we passed, and whither detachments had been sent. The King, who was diverting himself with Madame de Montespan, when we were near Orchies, cried out that we were overturned, making a great noise on purpose to awaken me; I looked about, and seeing two Capuchins viewing us from the wall of their garden, I told the King it was a vision that boded no good. At break of day we reached Tournay, and went straight to the cathedral, where we found neither priests nor canons; but they came soon after, dropping in one by one, in a most irregular manner, to sing the *Te Deum*, in honour of the Queen's arrival. After this we went to the residence set apart for her Majesty, where a repast had been provided; but she preferred retiring to partaking of it. The King asked me if I would dine? and replying in the affirmative, I placed myself with him at the table. The other ladies made some scruple of eating with the King, the Queen not being present: but he called out, "What need of this reluctance? My cousin is here, therefore pray place yourselves as though the Queen were present." Hereupon, some of them returned. Madame de Montespan accompanied the Queen to mass, excusing herself from the promenades by saying she would retire to rest.

We remained three days at Tournay, when the King set out for the army; the Queen also took her departure, with an escort. That of the King was attacked, but did its duty well, driving the enemy back into his fortifications. We slept at Douay, and the next day, upon the road to Arras, experienced a great alarm, which caused us to push on much faster than usual. It was surprising to see the speed of the sutler's horses, which before could hardly drag themselves along; but, urged by the affrighted drivers, now went with incredible swiftness. Whilst we remained at Arras, we had daily news of the King; and our prayers for his preservation and for the success of his arms were constant. Madame de Montespan continued to lodge with Madame de Montauzier, and occupied herself nearly every day in visiting the hospitals; in the evening recounting all she had seen, and illustrating anything ridiculous in such a manner as extremely to divert the Queen, who showed her a hundred kindnesses.

One day, being alone with the Queen, she said to me, "I received yesterday a letter which informs me that the King is in love with Madame de Montespan, and that he cares no longer for La Vallière: I cannot believe it. I am also informed," she continued, "that it is Madame de

Montauzier who is conducting this intrigue; that she is deceiving me; and that the King was with Madame de Montespan, in her apartment nearly the whole time we were at Compiégne. They have left nothing unsaid to convince me of this intrigue, and to excite my hatred against the parties. I have sent the letter to the King." I answered that she had done right. Madame de Montespan, hearing of my reply to the Queen, made me many thanks for the obligation which she owed me. It was agreed that the letter came from Madame d'Armagnac; and, in order to show that she entirely discredited the accusation, the Queen treated Madame de Montespan with even greater consideration. However, Madame de Bade, having been accused of conducting herself in a manner displeasing to the Queen, Madame de Montauzier thought proper to volunteer some excuses for her. "I fear that some one has done her an ill office with your Majesty," said she. "Since they even accuse me of giving a mistress to the King, of what are they not capable of accusing others?"

The Queen made rather an equivocal reply to this. "I am aware of more than you may suppose," said she; "I have both sense and penetration, and am the dupe of no one, though, perhaps, it is otherwise imagined."

I was greatly surprised at hearing her speak in this manner, but said nothing. On the morrow, I was told by Villacerf that the Queen's remarks were intended to apply to Madame de Montauzier.

END OF VOL. II.

T. C. Savill, Printer, 4, Chandos-street, Covent garden.

00141392

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 26 March, 2016